THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES. A FOUNDLING.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

— Mores hominum multorum vidit —

VOL. I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the HONOURABLE

GEORGE LYTTELTON, Esq;

One of the Lords Commissioners of the TREASURY.

NOTWITHSTANDING your constant refusal, when I have asked leave to prefix your name to this dedication, I must still insist on my right to desire your protection of this work.

To you, Sir, it is owing that this history was ever begun. It was by your desire that I first thought of such a composition. So many years have since past, that you may have, perhaps, forgotten this circumstance: but your desires are to me in the nature of commands; and the impression of them is never to be erased from my memory.

Again, Sir, without your assistance this history had never been completed. Be not startled at the assertion. I do not intend to draw on you the suspicion of being a romance writer. I mean no more than that I partly owe to you my existence during great part of the time which I have employed in composing it: another matter which it may be necessary to remind you of; since there

are certain actions of which you are apt to be extremely forgetful; but of theſe, I hope, I ſhall always have a better memory than yourſelf.

Laſtly, it is owing to you that the hiſtory appears what it now is. If there be in this work, as ſome have been pleaſed to ſay, a ſtronger picture of a truly benevolent mind than is to be found in any other, who that knows you, and a particular acquaintance of yours, will doubt whence that benevolence hath been copied? The world will not, I believe, make me the compliment of thinking I took it from myſelf. I care not: this they ſhall own, that the two perſons from whom I have taken it, that is to ſay, two of the beſt and worthieſt men in the world, are ſtrongly and zealouſly my friends. I might be contented with this, and yet my vanity will add a third to the number; and him one of the greateſt and nobleſt, not only in his rank, but in every public and private virtue. But here whilſt my gratitude for the princely benefactions of the duke of Bedfort burſts from my heart, you muſt forgive my reminding you that it was you who firſt recommended me to the notice of my benefactor.

And what are your objections to the allowance of the honour which I have ſolicited? Why, you have commended the book ſo warmly, that you ſhould be aſhamed of reading your name before the dedication. Indeed, Sir, if the book itſelf doth not make you aſhamed of your commendations, nothing that I can here write will, or ought. I am not to give up my right to your protection and patronage, becauſe you have commended my book: for though I acknowledge ſo many obligations to you, I do not add this to the number; in which friendſhip, I am convinced, hath ſo little ſhare; ſince that can neither biaſs your judgment, nor pervert your integrity. An enemy may at any time obtain your commendation by only deſerving it; and the utmoſt which the faults of your friends can hope for, is your ſilence; or, perhaps, if too ſeverely accuſed, your gentle palliation.

In ſhort, Sir, I ſuſpect, that your diſlike of public praiſe is your true objection to granting my requeſt. I have obſerved, that you have, in common with my two other friends, an unwillingneſs to hear the leaſt mention of your own virtues; that, as a great poet ſays of one of you, (he might

juſtly have ſaid it of all three) you

Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.

If men of this diſpoſition are as careful to ſhun applauſe, as others are to eſcape cenſure, how juſt muſt be your apprehenſion of your character falling into my hands; ſince what would not a man have reaſon to dread, if attacked by an author who had received from him injuries equal to my obligations to you!

And will not this dread of cenſure increaſe in proportion to the matter which a man is conſcious of having afforded for it? If his whole life, for inſtance, ſhould have been one continued ſubject of ſatire, he may well tremble when an incenſed ſatiriſt takes him in hand. Now, Sir, if we apply this to your modeſt averſion to panegyric, how reaſonable will your fears of me appear!

Yet ſurely you might have gratified my ambition, from this ſingle confidence, that I ſhall always prefer the indulgence of your inclinations to the ſatisfaction of my own. A very ſtrong inſtance of which I ſhall give you in this addreſs; in which I am determined to follow the example of

all other dedicators, and will conſider not what my patron really deſerves to have written, but what he will be beſt pleaſed to read.

Without further preface then, I here preſent you with the labours of ſome years of my life. What merit theſe labours have is already known to yourſelf. If, from your favourable judgment, I have conceived ſome eſteem for them, it cannot be imputed to vanity; ſince I ſhould have agreed as implicitly to your opinion, had it been given in favour of any other man's production. Negatively, at leaſt, I may be allowed to ſay, that had I been ſenſible of any great demerit in the work, you are the laſt perſon to whoſe protection I would have ventured to recommend it.

From the name of my patron, indeed, I hope my reader will be convinced, at his very entrance on this work, that he will find in the whole courſe of it, nothing prejudicial to the cauſe of religion and virtue; nothing inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt rules of decency, nor which can offend even the chaſteſt eye in the peruſal. On the contrary, I declare, that to recommend goodneſs and innocence hath been my ſincere endeavour

in this hiſtory. This honeſt purpoſe you have been pleaſed to think I have attained: and to ſay the truth, it is likelieſt to be attained in books of this kind; for an example is a kind of picture, in which virtue becomes as it were an object of ſight, and ſtrikes us with an idea of that lovelineſs, which Plato aſſerts there is in her naked charms.

Beſides diſplaying that beauty of virtue which may attract the admiration of mankind, I have attempted to engage a ſtronger motive to human action in her favour, by convincing men, that their true intereſt directs them to a purſuit of her. For this purpoſe I have ſhewn, that no acquiſitions of guilt can compenſate the loſs of that ſolid inward comfort of mind, which is the ſure companion of innocence and virtue; nor can in the leaſt balance the evil of that horror and anxiety which, in their room, guilt introduces into our boſoms. And again, that as theſe acquiſitions are in themſelves generally worthleſs, ſo are the means to attain them not only baſe and infamous, but at beſt incertain, and always full of danger. Laſtly, I have endeavoured ſtrongly to inculcate, that virtue and innocence can ſcarce ever be injured but by

indiſcretion; and that it is this alone which often betrays them into the ſnares that deceit and villainy ſpread for them. A moral which I have the more induſtriouſly laboured, as the teaching it is, of all others, the likelieſt to be attended with ſucceſs; ſince, I believe, it is much eaſier to make good men wiſe, than to make bad men good.

For theſe purpoſes I have employed all the wit and humour of which I am maſter in the following hiſtory; wherein I have endeavoured to laugh mankind out of their favourite follies and vices. How far I have ſucceeded in this good attempt, I ſhall ſubmit to the candid reader, with only two requeſts: Firſt, That he will not expect to find perfection in this work; and Secondly, That he will excuſe ſome parts of it, if they fall ſhort of that little merit which I hope may appear in others.

I will detain you, Sir, no longer. Indeed I have run into a preface, while I profeſſed to write a dedication. But how can it be otherwiſe? I dare not praiſe you; and the only means I know of to avoid it, when you are in my thoughts, are either to be entirely ſilent, or to turn my thoughts to ſome other ſubject.

Pardon, therefore, what I have ſaid in this epiſtle, not only without your conſent, but abſolutely againſt it; and give me at leaſt leave, in this public manner, to declare, that I am, with the higheſt reſpect and gratitude,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

obedient humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

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ERRATA.

Pag. 6, lin. 13, sound, *read* a sound.
P. 110, l. 2, si, *r.* is.
P. 133, l. 21, occured . . . yed, *r.* occurred . . . yet.
P. 201, l. 13, t, *r.* to.
P. 229, l. 16, fisty cuff-war, *r.* fisty-cuff-war.
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THE END.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK I.

Containing as much of the birth of the Foundling as is neceſſary or proper to acquaint the reader with in the beginning of this hiſtory.

CHAP. I.

The introduction to the work, or bill of fare to the feaſt.

AN Author ought to conſider himſelf, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemoſynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all perſons are welcome for their money. In the former caſe, it is well known, that the entertainer provides what fare he pleaſes; and though this ſhould be very indifferent, and utterly diſagreeable to the taſte

of his company, they muſt not find any fault; nay, on the contrary, good breeding forces them outwardly to approve and to commend whatever is ſet before them. Now the contrary of this happens to the maſter of an ordinary. Men who pay for what they eat, will inſiſt on gratifying their palates, however nice and whimſical theſe may prove; and if every thing is not agreeable to their taſte, will challenge a right to cenſure, to abuſe, and to d——n their dinner without controul.

To prevent therefore giving offence to their cuſtomers by any ſuch diſappointment, it hath been uſual with the honeſt and well-meaning hoſt, to provide a bill of fare, which all perſons may peruſe at their firſt entrance into the houſe; and, having thence acquainted themſelves with the entertainment which they may expect, may either ſtay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to ſome other ordinary better accommodated to their taſte.

As we do not diſdain to borrow wit or wiſdom from any man who is capable of lending us either, we have condeſcended to take a hint from theſe honeſt victuallers, and ſhall prefix not only a general bill of fare to our whole entertainment, but ſhall likewiſe give the reader particular bills to every courſe which is to be ſerved up in this and the enſuing volumes.

The proviſion then which we have here made is no other than HUMAN NATURE. Nor do I fear that my ſenſible reader, though moſt luxurious in his taſte, will ſtart, cavil, or be offended, becauſe I have named but one article. The tortoiſe, as the alderman of Briſtol, well learned in eating, knows by much experience, beſides the delicious Calibaſh and Calipee, contains many different kinds of food; nor can the learned reader be ignorant, that in human nature, though here collected under one general name, is ſuch prodigious variety, that a cook will have ſooner gone through all the ſeveral ſpecies of animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author will be able to exhauſt ſo extenſive a ſubject.

An objection may perhaps be apprehended from the more delicate, that this diſh is too common and vulgar; for what elſe is the ſubject of all the romances, novels, plays, and poems, with which the ſtalls abound? Many exquiſite viands might be rejected by the epicure, if it was a ſufficient cauſe for his contemning of them as common and vulgar, that ſomething was to be found in the moſt paltry alleys under the ſame name. In reality, true nature is as difficult to be met with in authors, as the Bayonne ham or Bologna ſauſage is to be found in the ſhops.

But the whole, to continue the ſame metaphor, conſiſts in the cookery of the author; for as Mr. Pope tells us,

True wit is nature to advantage dreſt,
What oft' was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſt.

The ſame animal which hath the honour to have ſome part of his fleſh eaten at the table of a Duke, may perhaps be degraded in another part, and ſome of his limbs gibbeted, as it were, in the vileſt ſtall in town. Where then lies the difference between the food of the nobleman and the porter, if both are at dinner on the ſame ox or calf, but in the ſeaſoning, the dreſſing, the garniſhing, and the ſetting forth? Hence the one provokes and incites the moſt languid appetite, and the other turns and palls that which is the ſharpeſt and keeneſt.

In like manner, the excellence of the mental entertainment conſiſts leſs in the ſubject, than in the author's ſkill in well dreſſing it up. How pleaſed therefore will the reader be to find, that we have, in the following work, adhered cloſely to one of the higheſt principles of the beſt cook which the preſent age, or perhaps that of Heliogabalus, hath produced! This great man, as is well known to all lovers of polite eating, begins at firſt by ſetting plain things before his hungry gueſts, riſing afterwards by degrees, as

their ſtomachs may be ſuppoſed to decreaſe, to the very quinteſſence of ſauce and ſpices. In like manner, we ſhall repreſent human nature at firſt to the keen appetite of our reader, in that more plain and ſimple manner in which it is found in the country, and ſhall hereafter haſh and ragoo it with all the high French and Italian ſeaſoning of affectation and vice which courts and cities afford. By theſe means, we doubt not but our reader may be rendered deſirous to read on for ever, as the great perſon, juſt above-mentioned, is ſuppoſed to have made ſome perſons eat.

Having premiſed thus much, we will now detain thoſe who like our bill of fare, no longer from their diet, and ſhall proceed directly to ſerve up the firſt courſe of our hiſtory, for their entertainment.

CHAP. II.

A ſhort deſcription of Squire Allworthy, and a fuller account of Miſs Bridget Allworthy his ſiſter.

IN that part of the weſtern diviſion of this kingdom, which is commonly called Somerſetſhire, there lately lived (and perhaps lives ſtill) a gentleman whoſe name was Allworthy, and

who might well be called the favourite of both nature and fortune; for both of theſe ſeem to have contended which ſhould bleſs and enrich him moſt. In this contention, nature may ſeem to ſome to have come off victorious, as ſhe beſtowed on him many gifts, while fortune had only one gift in her power; but in pouring forth this, ſhe was ſo very profuſe, that others perhaps may think this ſingle endowment to have been more than equivalent to all the various bleſſings which he enjoyed from nature. From the former of theſe, he derived an agreeable perſon, ſound conſtitution, a ſolid underſtanding, and a benevolent heart; by the latter, he was decreed to the inheritance of one of the largeſt eſtates in the county.

This gentleman had, in his youth, married a very worthy and beautiful woman, of whom he had been extremely fond: by her he had three children, all of whom died in their infancy. He had likewiſe had the misfortune of burying this beloved wife herſelf, about five years before the time in which this hiſtory chuſes to ſet out. This loſs, however great, he bore like a man of ſenſe and conſtancy; though it muſt be confeſt, he would often talk a little whimſically on this head: for he ſometimes ſaid, he looked on himſelf as ſtill married, and conſidered his wife as only gone a little before

him a journey which he ſhould moſt certainly, ſooner or later, take after her; and that he had not the leaſt doubt of meeting her again, in a place where he ſhould never part with her more. Sentiments for which his ſenſe was arraigned by one part of his neighbours, his religion by a ſecond, and his ſincerity by a third.

He now lived, for the moſt part, retired in the country, with one ſiſter, for whom he had a very tender affection. This lady was now ſomewhat paſt the age of 30, an æra, at which, in the opinion of the malicious, the title of old maid may, with no impropriety, be aſſumed. She was of that ſpecies of women, whom you commend rather for good qualities than beauty, and who are generally called by their own ſex, very good ſort of women — as good a ſort of woman, Madam, as you would wiſh to know. Indeed ſhe was ſo far from regretting want of beauty, that ſhe never mentioned that perfection (if it can be called one) without contempt; and would often thank God ſhe was not as handſome as Miſs ſuch a one, whom perhaps beauty had led into errors, which ſhe might have otherwiſe avoided. Miſs Bridget Allworthy (for that was the name of this lady) very rightly conceived the charms of perſon in a woman to be no better than ſnares for herſelf, as well as for others; and yet ſo diſcreet was

ſhe in her conduct, that her prudence was as much on the guard, as if ſhe had all the ſnares to apprehend which were ever laid for her whole ſex. Indeed, I have obſerved (though it may ſeem unaccountable to the reader) that this guard of prudence, like the trained bands, is always readieſt to go on duty where there is the leaſt danger. It often baſely and cowardly deſerts thoſe paragons for whom the men are all wiſhing, ſighing, dying, and ſpreading every net in their power; and conſtantly attends at the heels of that higher order of women, for whom the other ſex have a more diſtant and awful reſpect, and whom (from deſpair, I ſuppoſe, of ſucceſs) they never venture to attack.

Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee, that I intend to digreſs, through this whole hiſtory, as often as I ſee occaſion: of which I am myſelf a better judge than any pitiful critic whatever. And here I muſt deſire all thoſe critics to mind their own buſineſs, and not to intermeddle with affairs, or works, which no ways concern them: for till they produce the authority by which they are conſtituted judges, I ſhall plead to their juriſdiction.

CHAP. III.

An odd accident which befell Mr. Allworthy, at his return home. The decent behaviour of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, with ſome proper animadverſions on baſtards.

I HAVE told my reader, in the preceding chapter, that Mr. Allworthy inherited a large fortune; that he had a good heart, and no family. Hence, doubtleſs, it will be concluded by many, that he lived like an honeſt man, owed no one a ſhilling, took nothing but what was his own, kept a good houſe, entertained his neighbours with a hearty welcome at his table, and was charitable to the poor, *i. e.* to thoſe who had rather beg than work, by giving them the offals from it; that he died immenſely rich, and built an hoſpital.

And true it is, that he did many of theſe things; but, had he done nothing more, I ſhould have left him to have recorded his own merit on ſome fair free-ſtone over the door of that hoſpital. Matters of a much more extraordinary kind are to be the ſubject of this hiſtory, or I ſhould groſsly miſpend my time in writing ſo voluminous a work; and you, my ſagacious friend, might, with equal profit and pleaſure,

travel through ſome pages, which certain droll authors have been facetiouſly pleaſed to call *The Hiſtory of England.*

Mr. Allworthy had been abſent a full quarter of a year in London, on ſome very particular buſineſs, though I know not what it was; but judge of its importance, by its having detained him ſo long from home, whence he had not been abſent a month at a time during the ſpace of many years. He came to his houſe very late in the evening, and after a ſhort ſupper with his ſiſter, retired much fatigued to his chamber. Here, having ſpent ſome minutes on his knees, a cuſtom which he never broke through on any account, he was preparing to ſtep into bed, when, upon opening the cloaths, to his great ſurpriſe, he beheld an infant, wrapt up in ſome coarſe linen, in a ſweet and profound ſleep, between his ſheets. He ſtood ſome time loſt in aſtoniſhment at this ſight; but, as good-nature had always the aſcendant in his mind, he ſoon began to be touched with ſentiments of compaſſion for the little wretch before him. He then rang his bell, and ordered an elderly woman ſervant to riſe immediately and come to him, and in the mean time was ſo eager in contemplating the beauty of innocence, appearing in thoſe lively colours with which infancy and ſleep always diſplay it, that his thoughts were too

much engaged to reflect that he was in his ſhirt, when the matron came in. She had indeed given her maſter ſufficient time to dreſs himſelf; for, out of reſpect to him, and regard to decency, ſhe had ſpent many minutes in adjuſting her hair at the looking-glaſs, notwithſtanding all the hurry in which ſhe had been ſummoned by the ſervant, and though her maſter, for aught ſhe knew, lay expiring in an apoplexy or in ſome other fit.

It will not be wondered at, that a creature, who had ſo ſtrict a regard to decency in her own perſon, ſhould be ſhocked at the leaſt deviation from it in another. She therefore no ſooner opened the door, and ſaw her maſter ſtanding by the bed-ſide in his ſhirt, with a candle in his hand, than ſhe ſtarted back in a moſt terrible fright, and might perhaps have ſwooned away, had he not now recollected his being undreſt, and put an end to her terrors, by deſiring her to ſtay without the door, till he had thrown ſome cloaths over his back, and was become incapable of ſhocking the pure eyes of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, who, though in the 52d year of her age, vowed, ſhe had never beheld a man without his coat. Sneerers and profane wits may perhaps laugh at her firſt fright; yet, my graver reader, when he conſiders the time of night, the ſummons from her bed, and

the ſituation in which ſhe found her maſter, will highly juſtify and applaud her conduct; unleſs the prudence, which muſt be ſuppoſed to attend maidens at that period of life at which Mrs. Deborah had arrived, ſhould a little leſſen his admiration.

When Mrs. Deborah returned into the room, and was acquainted by her maſter with the finding the little infant, her conſternation was rather greater than his had been; nor could ſhe refrain from crying out, with great horror of accent as well as look: My good Sir! what's to be done? Mr. Allworthy anſwered, ſhe muſt take care of the child that evening, and in the morning he would give orders to provide it a nurſe. Yes, Sir, ſays ſhe, and I hope your worſhip will ſend out your warrant to take up the huſſy its mother, (for ſhe muſt be one of the neighbourhood) and I ſhould be glad to ſee her committed to Bridewell, and whipt at the cart's tail. Indeed ſuch wicked ſluts cannot be too ſeverely puniſhed. I'll warrant 'tis not her firſt, by her impudence in laying it to your worſhip. In laying it to me! Deborah, anſwered Allworthy, I can't think ſhe hath any ſuch deſign. I ſuppoſe ſhe hath only taken this method to provide for her child; and truly I am glad ſhe hath not done worſe. I don't know what is worſe, cries Deborah, than for ſuch

wicked ſtrumpets to lay their ſins at honeſt men's doors; and though your worſhip knows your own innocence, yet the world is cenſorious; and it hath been many an honeſt man's hap to paſs for the father of children he never begot; and if your worſhip ſhould provide for the child, it may make the people the apter to believe: beſides, why ſhould your worſhip provide for what the pariſh is obliged to maintain? For my own part, if it was an honeſt man's child indeed; but for my own part, it goes againſt me to touch theſe miſbegotten wretches, whom I don't look upon as my fellow-creatures. Faugh, how it ſtinks! It doth not ſmell like a chriſtian: if I might be ſo bold to give my advice, I would have it put in a baſket, and ſent out and laid at the church-warden's door. It is a good night, only a little rainy and windy; and if it was well wrapt up, and put in a warm baſket, it is two to one but it lives, till it is found in the morning. But if it ſhould not, we have diſcharged our duty in taking proper care of it; and it is, perhaps, better for ſuch creatures to die in a ſtate of innocence, than to grow up and imitate their mothers; for nothing better can be expected of them.

There were ſome ſtrokes in this ſpeech which, perhaps, would have offended Mr. Allworthy, had he ſtrictly attended to it; but he had now

got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which, by its gentle preſſure, ſeeming to implore his aſſiſtance, had certainly out-pleaded the eloquence of Mrs. Deborah, had it been ten times greater than it was. He now gave Mrs. Deborah poſitive orders to take the child to her own bed, and to call up a maid-ſervant to provide it pap, and other things againſt it waked. He likewiſe ordered that proper cloaths ſhould be procured for it early in the morning, and that it ſhould be brought to himſelf as ſoon as he was ſtirring.

Such was the diſcernment of Mrs. Wilkins, and ſuch the reſpect ſhe bore her maſter, under whom ſhe enjoyed a moſt excellent place, that her ſcruples gave way to his peremptory commands; and ſhe took the child under her arms, without any apparent diſguſt at the illegality of its birth; and declaring, it was a ſweet little infant, walked off with it to her own chamber.

Allworthy here betook himſelf to thoſe pleaſing ſlumbers which a heart that hungers after goodneſs, is apt to enjoy when thoroughly ſatisfied: as theſe are poſſibly ſweeter than what are occaſioned by any other hearty meal, I ſhould take more pains to diſplay them to the reader, if I knew any air to recommend him to for the procuring ſuch an appetite.

CHAP. IV.

The reader's neck brought into danger by a deſcription; his eſcape, and the great condeſcenſion of Miſs Bridget Allworthy.

THE Gothic ſtile of building could produce nothing nobler than Mr. Allworthy's houſe. There was an air of grandeur in it, that ſtruck you with awe, and rivalled the beauties of the beſt Grecian architecture; and it was as commodious within, as venerable without.

It ſtood on the ſouth-eaſt ſide of a hill, but nearer the bottom than the top of it, ſo as to be ſheltered from the north-eaſt by a grove of old oaks, which roſe above it in a gradual aſcent of near half a mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a moſt charming proſpect of the valley beneath.

In the midſt of the grove was a fine lawn, ſloping down towards the houſe, near the ſummit of which roſe a plentiful ſpring, guſhing out of a rock covered with firs, and forming a conſtant caſcade of about thirty foot, not carried down a regular flight of ſteps, but tumbling in a natural fall over the broken and moſſy ſtones, till it came to the bottom of the rock; then running off in a pebbly channel, that with

many leſſer falls winded along, till it fell into a lake at the foot of the hill, about a quarter of a mile below the houſe on the ſouth-ſide, and which was ſeen from every room in the front. Out of this lake, which filled the center of a beautiful plain, embelliſhed with groupes of beeches and elms, and fed with ſheep, iſſued a river, that, for ſeveral miles, was ſeen to meander through an amazing variety of meadows and woods, till it emptied itſelf into the ſea; with a large arm of which, and an iſland beyond it, the proſpect was cloſed.

On the right of this valley opened another of leſs extent, adorned with ſeveral villages, and terminated by one of the towers of an old ruined abby, grown over with ivy, and part of the front, which remained ſtill entire.

The left-hand ſcene preſented the view of a very fine park, compoſed of very unequal ground, and agreeably varied with all the diverſity that hills, lawns, wood, and water, laid out with admirable taſte, but owing leſs to art than to nature, could give. Beyond this the country gradually roſe into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds.

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably ſerene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where

the

the dawn opened every minute that lovely proſpect we have before deſcribed, to his eye. And now having ſent forth ſtreams of light, which aſcended the blue firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majeſty up roſe the ſun; than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himſelf preſented; a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himſelf moſt acceptable to his creator, by doing moſt good to his creatures.

Reader, take care, I have unadviſedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr. Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck, I do not well know. However, let us e'en venture to ſlide down together; for Miſs Bridget rings her bell, and Mr. Allworthy is ſummoned to breakfaſt, where I muſt attend, and, if you pleaſe, ſhall be glad of your company.

The uſual compliments having paſſed between Mr. Allworthy and Miſs Bridget, and the tea being poured out, he ſummoned Mrs. Wilkins, and told his ſiſter he had a preſent for her; for which ſhe thanked him, imagining, I ſuppoſe, it had been a gown, or ſome ornament for her perſon. Indeed, he very often made her ſuch preſents; and ſhe, in complacence to him,

ſpent much time in adorning herſelf. I ſay, in complacence to him, becauſe ſhe always expreſt the greateſt contempt for dreſs, and for thoſe ladies who made it their ſtudy.

But if ſuch was her expectation, how was ſhe diſappointed, when Mrs. Wilkins, according to the order ſhe had received from her maſter, produced the little infant! Great ſurpriſes, as hath been obſerved, are apt to be ſilent; and ſo was Miſs Bridget, 'till her brother began, and told her the whole ſtory, which, as the reader knows it already, we ſhall not repeat.

Miſs Bridget had always expreſt ſo great a regard for what the ladies are pleaſed to call virtue, and had herſelf maintained ſuch a ſeverity of character, that it was expected, eſpecially by Wilkins, that ſhe would have vented much bitterneſs on this occaſion, and would have voted for ſending the child, as a kind of noxious animal, immediately out of the houſe; but, on the contrary, ſhe rather took the good-natured ſide of the queſtion, intimated ſome compaſſion for the helpleſs little creature, and commended her brother's charity in what he had done.

Perhaps the reader may account for this behaviour from her condeſcenſion to Mr. Allworthy, when we have informed him, that the good man had ended his narrative with

owning a reſolution to take care of the child, and to breed him up as his own; for, to acknowledge the truth, ſhe was always ready to oblige her brother, and very ſeldom, if ever, contradicted his ſentiments; ſhe would indeed ſometimes make a few obſervations, as, that men were headſtrong, and muſt have their own way, and would wiſh ſhe had been bleſt with an independent fortune; but theſe were always vented in a low voice, and at the moſt amounted only to what is called muttering.

However, what ſhe with-held from the infant, ſhe beſtowed with the utmoſt profuſeneſs on the poor unknown mother, whom ſhe called an impudent ſlut, a wanton huſſy, an audacious harlot, a wicked jade, a vile ſtrumpet, with every other appellation with which the tongue of virtue never fails to laſh thoſe who bring a diſgrace on the ſex.

A conſultation was now entered into, how to proceed in order to diſcover the mother. A ſcrutiny was firſt made into the characters of the female ſervants of the houſe, who were all acquitted by Mrs. Wilkins, and with apparent merit; for ſhe had collected them herſelf; and perhaps it would be difficult to find ſuch another ſet of ſcarecrows.

The next ſtep was to examine among the inhabitants of the pariſh; and this was referred

to Mrs. Wilkins, who was to enquire with all imaginable diligence, and to make her report in the afternoon.

Matters being thus ſettled, Mr. Allworthy withdrew to his ſtudy, as was his cuſtom, and left the child to his ſiſter, who, at his deſire, had undertaken the care of it.

CHAP. V.

Containing a few common matters, with a very uncommon obſervation upon them.

WHEN her maſter was departed, Mrs. Deborah ſtood ſilent, expecting her cue from Miſs Bridget; for, as to what had paſſed before her maſter, the prudent houſe-keeper by no means relied upon it, as ſhe had often known the ſentiments of the lady, in her brother's abſence, to differ greatly from thoſe which ſhe had expreſſed in his preſence. Miſs Bridget did not, however, ſuffer her to continue long in this doubtful ſituation; for having looked ſome time earneſtly at the child, as it lay aſleep in the lap of Mrs. Deborah, the good lady could not forbear giving it a hearty kiſs, at the ſame time declaring herſelf wonderfully pleaſed with its beauty and innocence. Mrs. Deborah no ſooner obſerved this, than ſhe fell to ſqueezing

and kiſſing, with as great raptures as ſometimes inſpire the ſage dame of forty and five towards a youthful and vigorous bridegroom, crying out in a ſhrill voice: O the dear little creature, the dear, ſweet, pretty creature! Well, I vow, it is as fine a boy as ever was ſeen!

Theſe exclamations continued, 'till they were interrupted by the lady, who now proceeded to execute the commiſſion given her by her brother, and gave orders for providing all neceſſaries for the child, appointing a very good room in the houſe for his nurſery. Her orders were indeed ſo liberal, that, had it been a child of her own, ſhe could not have exceeded them: but, leſt the virtuous reader may condemn her for ſhewing too great regard to a baſe-born infant, to which all charity is condemned by law as irreligious, we think proper to obſerve, that ſhe concluded the whole with ſaying, ſince it was her brother's whim to adopt the little brat, ſhe ſuppoſed little maſter muſt be treated with great tenderneſs: for her part, ſhe could not help thinking it was an encouragement to vice; but that ſhe knew too much of the obſtinacy of mankind to oppoſe any of their ridiculous humours.

With reflections of this nature ſhe uſually, as hath been hinted, accompanied every act of compliance with her brother's inclinations; and

ſurely nothing could more contribute to heighten the merit of this compliance, than a declaration, that ſhe knew, at the ſame time, the folly and unreaſonableneſs of thoſe inclinations to which ſhe ſubmitted. Tacit obedience implies no force upon the will, and, conſequently, may be eaſily, and without any pains, preſerved; but when a wife, a child, a relation, or a friend, performs what we deſire, with grumbling and reluctance, with expreſſions of diſlike and diſſatisfaction, the manifeſt difficulty which they undergo, muſt greatly enhance the obligation.

As this is one of thoſe deep obſervations which very few readers can be ſuppoſed capable of making themſelves, I have thought proper to lend them my aſſiſtance; but this is a favour rarely to be expected in the courſe of my work. Indeed, I ſhall ſeldom or never ſo indulge him, unleſs in ſuch inſtances as this, where nothing but the inſpiration with which we writers are gifted, can poſſibly enable any one to make the diſcovery.

CHAP. VI.

Mrs. Deborah is introduced into the parish with a simile. A short account of Jenny Jones, with the difficulties and discouragements which may attend young women in the pursuit of learning.

MRS. Deborah, having disposed of the child according to the will of her master, now prepared to visit those habitations which were supposed to conceal its mother.

Not otherwise than when a kite, tremendous bird, is beheld by the feathered generation, soaring aloft, and hovering over their heads; the amorous dove, and every innocent little bird, spread wide the alarm, and fly trembling to their hiding-places. He proudly beats the air, conscious of his dignity, and meditates intended mischief.

So when the approach of Mrs. Deborah was proclaimed through the street, all the inhabitants ran trembling into their houses, each matron dreading lest the visit should fall to her lot. She with stately steps proudly advances over the field; aloft she bears her tow'ring head, filled with conceit of her own preeminence, and schemes to effect her intended discovery.

The ſagacious reader will not, from this ſimile, imagine theſe poor people had any apprehenſion of the deſign with which Mrs. Wilkins was now coming towards them; but as the great beauty of the ſimile may poſſibly ſleep theſe hundred years, till ſome future commentator ſhall take this work in hand, I think proper to lend the reader a little aſſiſtance in this place.

It is my intention, therefore, to ſignify, that, as it is the nature of a kite to devour little birds, ſo is it the nature of ſuch perſons as Mrs. Wilkins to inſult and tyrannize over little people: this being indeed the means which they uſe to recompenſe to themſelves their extreme ſervility and condeſcenſion to their ſuperiors; for nothing can be more reaſonable, than that ſlaves and flatterers ſhould exact the ſame taxes on all below them, which they themſelves pay to all above them.

Whenever Mrs. Deborah had occaſion to exert any extraordinary condeſcenſion to Mrs. Bridget, and by that means had a little ſoured her natural diſpoſition, it was uſual with her to walk forth among theſe people, in order to refine her temper, by venting, and, as it were, purging off all ill humours; on which account, ſhe was by no means a welcome viſitant: to ſay the truth, ſhe was univerſally dreaded and hated by them all.

On her arrival in this place, ſhe went immediately to the habitation of an elderly matron; to whom, as this matron had the good fortune to reſemble herſelf in the comelineſs of her perſon, as well as in her age, ſhe had generally been more favourable than to any of the reſt. To this woman ſhe imparted what had happened, and the deſign upon which ſhe was come thither that morning. Theſe two began preſently to ſcrutinize the characters of the ſeveral young girls, who lived in any of thoſe houſes, and at laſt fixed their ſtrongeſt ſuſpicion on one Jenny Jones, who they both agreed was the likelieſt perſon to have committed this fact.

This Jenny Jones was no very comely girl, either in her face or perſon; but nature had ſomewhat compenſated the want of beauty with what is generally more eſteemed by thoſe ladies, whoſe judgment is arrived at years of perfect maturity; for ſhe had given her a very uncommon ſhare of underſtanding. This gift Jenny had a good deal improved by erudition. She had lived ſeveral years a ſervant with a ſchool-maſter, who diſcovering a great quickneſs of parts in the girl, and an extraordinary deſire of learning, (for every leiſure hour ſhe was always found reading in the books of the ſcholars) had the good-nature, or folly (juſt as the reader pleaſes

to call it) to inſtruct her ſo far, that ſhe obtained a competent ſkill in the Latin language, and was, perhaps, as good a ſcholar as moſt of the young men of quality of the age. This advantage, however, like moſt others of an extraordinary kind, was attended with ſome ſmall inconveniencies: for as it is not to be wondered at, that a young woman ſo well accompliſhed ſhould have little reliſh for the ſociety of thoſe whom fortune had made her equals, but whom education had rendered ſo much her inferiors; ſo is it matter of no greater aſtoniſhment, that this ſuperiority in Jenny, together with that behaviour which is its certain conſequence, ſhould produce among the reſt ſome little envy and ill-will towards her; and theſe had, perhaps, ſecretly burnt in the boſoms of her neighbours, ever ſince her return from her ſervice.

Their envy did not, however, diſplay itſelf openly, till poor Jenny, to the ſurpriſe of every body, and to the vexation of all the young women in theſe parts, had publickly ſhone forth on a ſunday in a new ſilk gown, with a laced cap, and other proper appendages to theſe.

The flame, which had before lain in embryo, now burſt forth. Jenny had, by her learning, increaſed her own pride, which none of her neighbours were kind enough to feed with the

honour ſhe ſeemed to demand; and now, inſtead of reſpect and adoration, ſhe gained nothing but hatred and abuſe by her finery. The whole pariſh declared, ſhe could not come honeſtly by ſuch things; and parents, inſtead of wiſhing their daughters the ſame, felicitated themſelves that their children had them not.

Hence perhaps it was, that the good woman firſt mentioned the name of this poor girl to Mrs. Wilkins; but there was another circumſtance that confirmed the latter in her ſuſpicion: for Jenny had lately been often at Mr. Allworthy's houſe. She had officiated as nurſe to Miſs Bridget, in a violent fit of illneſs, and had ſat up many nights with that lady; beſides which, ſhe had been ſeen there the very day before Mr. Allworthy's return, by Mrs. Wilkins herſelf, though that ſagacious perſon had not at firſt conceived any ſuſpicion of her on that account: for, as ſhe herſelf ſaid, ſhe had always eſteemed Jenny as a very ſober girl, (though indeed ſhe knew very little of her) and had rather ſuſpected ſome of thoſe wanton trollops, who gave themſelves airs, becauſe, forſooth, they thought themſelves handſome.

Jenny was now ſummoned to appear in perſon before Mrs. Deborah, which ſhe immediately did; when Mrs. Deborah, putting on the gravity of a judge, with ſomewhat more than his auſterity,

began an oration with the words, — You audacious ſtrumpet, in which ſhe proceeded rather to paſs ſentence on the priſoner than to accuſe her.

Though Mrs. Deborah was fully ſatisfied of the guilt of Jenny, from the reaſons above ſhewn, it is poſſible Mr. Allworthy might have required ſome ſtronger evidence to have convicted her; but ſhe ſaved her accuſers any ſuch trouble, by freely confeſſing the whole fact with which ſhe was charged.

This confeſſion, though delivered rather in terms of contrition, as it appeared, did not at all mollify Mrs. Deborah, who now pronounced a ſecond judgment againſt her, in more opprobrious language than before: nor had it any better ſucceſs with the by-ſtanders, who were now grown very numerous. Many of them cried out, they thought what Madam's ſilk gown would end in; others ſpoke ſarcaſtically of her learning. Not a ſingle female was preſent, but found ſome means of expreſſing her abhorrence of poor Jenny; who bore all very patiently, except the malice of one woman, who reflected upon her perſon, and, toſſing up her noſe, ſaid, the man muſt have a good ſtomach, who would give ſilk gowns for ſuch ſort of trumpery. Jenny replied to this, with a bitterneſs which might have ſurpriſed a judicious perſon, who

had obſerved the tranquillity with which ſhe bore all the affronts to her chaſtity: but her patience was, perhaps, tired out; for this is a virtue which is very apt to be fatigued by exerciſe.

Mrs. Deborah having ſucceeded beyond her hopes in her enquiry, returned with much triumph, and, at the appointed hour, made a faithful report to Mr. Allworthy, who was much ſurpriſed at the relation; for he had heard of the extraordinary parts and improvements of this girl, whom he intended to have given in marriage, together with a ſmall living, to a neighbouring curate. His concern therefore, on this occaſion, was at leaſt equal to the ſatisfaction which appeared in Mrs. Deborah, and to many readers may ſeem much more reaſonable.

Mrs. Bridget bleſſed herſelf, and ſaid, for her part, ſhe ſhould never hereafter entertain a good opinion of any woman. For Jenny before this had the happineſs of being much in her good graces alſo.

The prudent houſe-keeper was again diſpatched to bring the unhappy culprit before Mr. Allworthy, in order, not, as it was hoped by ſome, and expected by all, to be ſent to the houſe of correction; but to receive wholeſome admonition and reproof, which thoſe who reliſh that kind of inſtructive writing, may peruſe in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing ſuch grave matter, that the reader cannot laugh once through the whole chapter, unleſs peradventure he ſhould laugh at the author.

WHEN Jenny appeared, Mr. Allworthy took her into his ſtudy, and ſpoke to her as follows: You know, child, it is in my power, as a magiſtrate, to puniſh you very rigorouſly for what you have done; and you will, perhaps, be the more apt to fear I ſhould execute that power, becauſe you have, in a manner, laid your ſins at my door.

But perhaps this is one reaſon which hath determined me to act in a milder manner with you: for, as no private reſentment ſhould ever influence a magiſtrate, I will be ſo far from conſidering your having depoſited the infant in my houſe, as an aggravation of your offence, that I will ſuppoſe, in your favour, this to have proceeded from a natural affection to your child; ſince you might have ſome hopes to ſee it thus better provided for, than was in the power of yourſelf, or its wicked father, to provide for it. I ſhould indeed have been highly offended with you, had you expoſed the little wretch in the

manner of ſome inhuman mothers, who ſeem no leſs to have abandoned their humanity, than to have parted with their chaſtity. It is the other part of your offence, therefore, upon which I intend to admoniſh you, I mean the violation of your chaſtity: a crime, however lightly it may be treated by debauched perſons, very heinous in itſelf, and very dreadful in its conſequences.

The heinous nature of this offence, muſt be ſufficiently apparent to every chriſtian, inaſmuch as it is committed in defiance of the laws of our religion, and of the expreſs commands of him who founded that religion.

And here its conſequences may well be argued to be dreadful: for what can be more ſo, than to incur the divine diſpleaſure, by the breach of the divine commands; and that in an inſtance, againſt which the higheſt vengeance is ſpecifically denounced?

But theſe things, though too little, I am afraid, regarded, are ſo plain, that mankind, however they may want to be reminded, can never need information on this head. A hint therefore, to awaken your ſenſe of this matter, ſhall ſuffice: for I would inſpire you with repentance, and not drive you to deſperation.

There are other conſequences, not indeed ſo dreadful, or replete with horror, as this; and

yet ſuch as, if attentively conſidered, muſt, one would think, deter all, of your ſex at leaſt, from the commiſſion of this crime.

For by it you are rendered infamous, and driven, like lepers of old, out of ſociety; at leaſt, from the ſociety of all but wicked and reprobate perſons; for no others will aſſociate with you.

If you have fortunes, you are hereby rendered incapable of enjoying them; if you have none, you are diſabled from acquiring any; nay, almoſt of procuring your ſuſtenance: for no perſons of character will receive you into their houſes. Thus you are often driven by neceſſity itſelf into a ſtate of ſhame and miſery, which unavoidably ends in the deſtruction of both body and ſoul.

Can any pleaſure compenſate theſe evils? Can any temptation have ſophiſtry and deluſion ſtrong enough to perſuade you to ſo ſimple a bargain? Or can any carnal appetite ſo overpower your reaſon, or ſo totally lay it aſleep, as to prevent your flying with affright and terror from a crime which carries ſuch puniſhment always with it?

How baſe and mean muſt that woman be, how void of that dignity of mind, and decent pride, without which we are not worthy the name of human creatures, who can bear to level herſelf with the loweſt animal, and to ſacrifice all

all that is great and noble in her, all her heavenly part, to an appetite which ſhe hath in common with the vileſt branch of the creation! For no woman, ſure, will plead the paſſion of love for an excuſe. This would be to own herſelf the meer tool and bubble of the man. Love, however barbarouſly we may corrupt and pervert its meaning, as it is a laudable, is a rational paſſion, and can never be violent, but when reciprocal; for though the ſcripture bids us love our enemies, it means not with that fervent love, which we naturally bear towards our friends; much leſs that we ſhould ſacrifice to them our lives, and what ought to be dearer to us, our innocence. Now in what light, but that of an enemy, can a reaſonable woman regard the man, who ſolicits her to entail on herſelf all the miſery I have deſcribed to you, and who would purchaſe to himſelf a ſhort, trivial, contemptible pleaſure, ſo greatly at her expence? For, by the laws of cuſtom, the whole ſhame, with all its dreadful conſequences, falls entirely upon her. Can love, which always ſeeks the good of its object, attempt to betray a woman into a bargain where ſhe is ſo greatly to be the loſer? If ſuch corrupter, therefore, ſhould have the impudence to pretend a real affection for her, ought not the woman to regard him, not only as an enemy, but as the worſt of all enemies; a falſe,

deſigning, treacherous, pretended friend, who intends not only to debauch her body, but her underſtanding at the ſame time?

Here Jenny expreſſing great concern, Allworthy pauſed a moment, and then proceeded: I have talked thus to you, child, not to inſult you for what is paſt and irrevocable, but to caution and ſtrengthen you for the future. Nor ſhould I have taken this trouble, but from ſome opinion of your good ſenſe, notwithſtanding the dreadful ſlip you have made; and from ſome hopes of your hearty repentance, which are founded on the openneſs and ſincerity of your confeſſion. If theſe do not deceive me, I will take care to convey you from this ſcene of your ſhame, where you ſhall, by being unknown, avoid the puniſhment which, as I have ſaid, is allotted to your crime in this world; and I hope, by repentance, you will avoid the much heavier ſentence denounced againſt it in the other. Be a good girl the reſt of your days, and want ſhall be no motive to your going aſtray: and believe me, there is more pleaſure, even in this world, in an innocent and virtuous life, than in one debauched and vicious.

As to your child, let no thoughts concerning it moleſt you; I will provide for it in a better manner than you can ever hope. And now nothing remains, but that you inform me who

was the wicked man that ſeduced you; for my anger againſt him will be much greater than you have experienced on this occaſion.

Jenny now lifted up her eyes from the ground, and with a modeſt look, and decent voice, thus began:

To know you, Sir, and not love your goodneſs, would be an argument of total want of ſenſe or goodneſs in any one. In me it would amount to the higheſt ingratitude, not to feel, in the moſt ſenſible manner, the great degree of goodneſs you have been pleaſed to exert on this occaſion. As to my concern for what is paſt, I know you will ſpare my bluſhes the repetition. My future conduct will much better declare my ſentiments, than any profeſſions I can now make. I beg leave to aſſure you, Sir, that I take your advice much kinder, than your generous offer with which you concluded it. For, as you are pleaſed to ſay, Sir, it is an inſtance of your opinion of my underſtanding. — Here her tears flowing apace, ſhe ſtopped a few moments, and then proceeded thus: Indeed, Sir, your kindneſs overcomes me; but I will endeavour to deſerve this good opinion: for if I have the underſtanding you are ſo kindly pleaſed to allow me, ſuch advice cannot be thrown away upon me. I thank you, Sir, heartily, for your intended kindneſs to my poor helpleſs child: he is innocent, and,

I hope, will live to be grateful for all the favours you ſhall ſhew him. But now, Sir, I muſt on my knees intreat you, not to perſiſt in aſking me to declare the father of my infant. I promiſe you faithfully, you ſhall one day know; but I am under the moſt ſolemn ties and engagements of honour, as well as the moſt religious vows and proteſtations, to conceal his name at this time. And I know you too well to think you would deſire I ſhould ſacrifice either my honour, or my religion.

Mr. Allworthy, whom the leaſt mention of thoſe ſacred words was ſufficient to ſtagger, heſitated a moment before he replied, and then told her, ſhe had done wrong to enter into ſuch engagements to a villain; but ſince ſhe had, he could not inſiſt on her breaking them. He ſaid, it was not from a motive of vain curioſity he had enquired, but in order to puniſh the fellow; at leaſt, that he might not ignorantly confer favours on the undeſerving.

As to theſe points, Jenny ſatisfied him by the moſt ſolemn aſſurances, that the man was entirely out of his reach, and was neither ſubject to his power, nor in any probability of becoming an object of his goodneſs.

The ingenuity of this behaviour had gained Jenny ſo much credit with this worthy man, that he eaſily believed what ſhe told him: for

as ſhe had diſdained to excuſe herſelf by a lie, and had hazarded his farther diſpleaſure in her preſent ſituation, rather than ſhe would forfeit her honour, or integrity, by betraying another, he had but little apprehenſion that ſhe would be guilty of falſhood towards himſelf.

He therefore diſmiſſed her with aſſurances, that he would very ſoon remove her out of the reach of that obloquy ſhe had incurred, concluding with ſome additional documents, in which he recommended repentance, ſaying: Conſider, child, there is one ſtill to reconcile yourſelf to, whoſe favour is of much greater importance to you than mine.

CHAP. VIII.

A dialogue between Meſdames Bridget and Deborah; containing more amuſement, but leſs inſtruction, than the former.

WHEN Mr. Allworthy had retired to his ſtudy with Jenny Jones, as hath been ſeen, Mrs. Bridget, with the good houſe-keeper, had betaken themſelves to a poſt next adjoining to the ſaid ſtudy; whence, through the conveyance of a key-hole, they ſucked in at their ears the inſtructive lecture delivered by Mr. Allworthy, together with the anſwers of Jenny, and indeed

every other particular which paſſed in the laſt chapter.

This hole in her brother's ſtudy-door was indeed as well known to Mrs. Bridget, and had been as frequently applied to by her, as the famous hole in the wall was by Thiſbe of old. This ſerved to many good purpoſes. For by ſuch means Mrs. Bridget became often acquainted with her brother's inclinations, without giving him the trouble of repeating them to her. It is true, ſome inconveniencies attended this intercourſe, and ſhe had ſometimes reaſon to cry out with Thiſbe, in Shakeſpear: O wicked, wicked wall! For as Mr. Allworthy was a juſtice of peace, certain things occurred in examinations concerning baſtards, and ſuch like, which are apt to give great offence to the chaſte ears of virgins, eſpecially when they approach the age of forty, as was the caſe of Mrs. Bridget. However, ſhe had, on ſuch occaſions, the advantage of concealing her bluſhes from the eyes of men; and *De non apparentibus & non exiſtentibus eadem eſt ratio.* In Engliſh, When a woman is not ſeen to bluſh, ſhe doth not bluſh at all.

Both the good women kept ſtrict ſilence during the whole ſcene between Mr. Allworthy and the girl; but as ſoon as it was ended, and that gentleman out of hearing, Mrs. Deborah could not help exclaiming againſt the clemency of

her maſter, and eſpecially againſt his ſuffering her to conceal the father of the child, which ſhe ſwore ſhe would have out of her before the ſun-ſet.

At theſe words Mrs. Bridget diſcompoſed her features with a ſmile; (a thing very unuſual to her.) Not that I would have my reader imagine, that this was one of thoſe wanton ſmiles, which Homer would have you conceive came from Venus, when he calls her the laughter-loving goddeſs; nor was it one of thoſe ſmiles, which lady Seraphina ſhoots from the ſtage-box, and which Venus would quit her immortality to be able to equal. No, this was rather one of thoſe ſmiles, which might be ſuppoſed to have come from the dimpled cheeks of the auguſt Tiſiphone, or from one of the miſſes her ſiſters.

With ſuch a ſmile then, and with a voice, ſweet as the evening breeze of Boreas in the pleaſant month of november, Mrs. Bridget gently reproved the curioſity of Mrs. Deborah; a vice with which it ſeems the latter was too much tainted, and which the former inveighed againſt with great bitterneſs, adding, that among all her faults, ſhe thanked heaven, her enemies could not accuſe her of prying into the affairs of other people.

She then proceeded to commend the honour and ſpirit with which Jenny had acted. She ſaid,

ſhe could not help agreeing with her brother, that there was ſome merit in the ſincerity of her confeſſion, and in her integrity to her lover: that ſhe had always thought her a very good girl, and doubted not but ſhe had been ſeduced by ſome raſcal, who had been infinitely more to blame than herſelf, and very probably had prevailed with her by a promiſe of marriage, or ſome other treacherous proceeding.

This behaviour of Mrs. Bridget greatly ſurpriſed Mrs. Deborah; for this well-bred woman ſeldom opened her lips either to her maſter or his ſiſter, till ſhe had firſt ſounded their inclinations, with which her ſentiments were always ſtrictly conſonant. Here, however, ſhe thought ſhe might have launched forth with ſafety; and the ſagacious reader will not perhaps accuſe her of want of ſufficient forecaſt in ſo doing, but will rather admire with what wonderful celerity ſhe tacked about, when ſhe found herſelf ſteering a wrong courſe.

Nay, Madam, ſaid this able woman, and truly great politician, I muſt own I cannot help admiring the girl's ſpirit, as well as your ladyſhip. And, as your ladyſhip ſays, if ſhe was deceived by ſome wicked man, the poor wretch is to be pitied. And, to be ſure, as your ladyſhip ſays, the girl hath always appeared like a good, honeſt, plain girl, and not vain of her face,

forſooth, as ſome wanton huſſeys in the neighbourhood are.

You ſay true, Deborah, ſaid Mrs. Bridget, if the girl had been one of thoſe vain trollops, of which we have too many in the pariſh, I ſhould have condemned my brother for his lenity towards her. I ſaw two farmers daughters at church, the other day, with bare necks. I proteſt they ſhocked me. If wenches will hang out lures for fellows, it is no matter what they ſuffer. I deteſt ſuch creatures; and it would be much better for them, that their faces had been ſeamed with the ſmall-pox: but I muſt confeſs, I never ſaw any of this wanton behaviour in poor Jenny; ſome artful villain, I am convinced, hath betrayed, nay, perhaps, forced her; and I pity the poor wretch with all my heart.

Mrs. Deborah approved all theſe ſentiments, and the dialogue concluded with a general and bitter invective againſt beauty, and with many compaſſionate conſiderations for all honeſt, plain girls, who are deluded by the wicked arts of deceitful men.

CHAP. IX.

Containing matters which will ſurpriſe the reader.

JENNY returned home well-pleaſed with the reception ſhe had met with from Mr. Allworthy, whoſe indulgence to her ſhe induſtriouſly made public; partly perhaps as a ſacrifice to her own pride, and partly from the more prudent motive of reconciling her neighbours to her, and ſilencing their clamours.

But though this latter view, if ſhe indeed had it, may appear reaſonable enough, yet the event did not anſwer her expectation; for when ſhe was convened before the juſtice, and it was univerſally apprehended, that the houſe of correction would have been her fate; though ſome of the young women cry'd out, it was good enough for her, and diverted themſelves with the thoughts of her beating hemp in a ſilk gown; yet there were many others who began to pity her condition: but when it was known in what manner Mr. Allworthy had behaved, the tide turned againſt her. One ſaid: I'll aſſure you, Madam hath had good luck. A ſecond cry'd: See what it is to be a favourite. A third: Ay, this comes of her learning. Every

perſon made ſome malicious comment or other, on the occaſion, and reflected on the partiality of the juſtice.

The behaviour of theſe people may appear impolitic and ungrateful to the reader, who conſiders the power and the benevolence of Mr. Allworthy; but as to his power, he never uſed it; and as to his benevolence, he exerted it ſo much, that he had thereby diſobliged all his neighbours: for it is a ſecret well known to great men, that by conferring an obligation, they do not always procure a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies.

Jenny was, however, by the care and goodneſs of Mr. Allworthy, ſoon removed out of the reach of reproach; when malice, being no longer able to vent its rage on her, began to ſeek another object of its bitterneſs, and this was no leſs than Mr. Allworthy himſelf; for a whiſper ſoon went abroad, that he himſelf was the father of the foundling child.

This ſuppoſition ſo well reconciled his conduct to the general opinion, that it met with univerſal aſſent; and the outcry againſt his lenity ſoon began to take another turn, and was changed into an invective againſt his cruelty to the poor girl. Very grave and good women exclaimed againſt men who begot children, and then diſowned them. Nor were there wanting ſome, who, after

the departure of Jenny, inſinuated, that ſhe was ſpirited away with a deſign too black to be mentioned, and who gave frequent hints, that a legal inquiry ought to be made into the whole matter, and that ſome people ſhould be forced to produce the girl.

Theſe calumnies might have probably produced ill conſequences (at the leaſt, might have occaſioned ſome trouble) to a perſon of a more doubtful and ſuſpicious character than Mr. Allworthy was bleſſed with; but in his caſe they had no ſuch effect; and, being heartily deſpiſed by him, they ſerved only to afford an innocent amuſement to the good goſſips of the neighbourhood.

But as we cannot poſſibly divine what complexion our reader may be of, and as it will be ſome time before he will hear any more of Jenny, we think proper to give him a very early intimation, that Mr. Allworthy was, and will hereafter appear to be, abſolutely innocent of any criminal intention whatever. He had indeed committed no other than an error in politics, by tempering juſtice with mercy, and by refuſing to gratify the good-natured diſpoſition of the mob, * with an object for their compaſſion to work on in the

* Whenever this word occurs in our writings, it intends perſons without virtue, or ſenſe, in all ſtations; and many of the higheſt rank are often meant by it.

perſon of poor Jenny, whom, in order to pity, they deſired to have been ſacrificed to ruin and infamy by a ſhameful correction in Bridewell.

So far from complying with this their inclination, by which all hopes of reformation would have been aboliſhed, and even the gate ſhut againſt her, if her own inclinations ſhould ever hereafter lead her to chuſe the road of virtue, Mr. Allworthy rather choſe to encourage the girl to return thither by the only poſſible means; for too true, I am afraid, it is, that many women have become abandoned, and have ſunk to the laſt degree of vice, by being unable to retrieve the firſt ſlip. This will be, I am afraid, always the caſe, while they remain among their former acquaintance; it was therefore wiſely done by Mr. Allworthy, to remove Jenny to a place where ſhe might enjoy the pleaſure of reputation, after having taſted the ill conſequences of loſing it.

To this place, therefore, wherever it was, we will wiſh her a good journey, and for the preſent take leave of her, and of the little foundling her child, having matters of much higher importance to communicate to the reader.

CHAP. X.

The hoſpitality of Allworthy; with a ſhort ſketch of the characters of two brothers, a doctor, and a captain, who were entertained by that gentleman.

NEITHER Mr. Allworthy's houſe, nor his heart, were ſhut againſt any part of mankind; but they were both more particularly open to men of merit. To ſay the truth, this was the only houſe in the kingdom where you was ſure to gain a dinner by deſerving it.

Above all others, men of genius and learning ſhared the principal place in his favour; and in theſe he had much diſcernment: for though he had miſſed the advantage of a learned education, yet being bleſt with vaſt natural abilities, he had ſo well profited by a vigorous, though late, application to letters, and by much converſation with men of eminence in this way, that he was himſelf a very competent judge in moſt kinds of literature.

It is no wonder that in an age when this kind of merit is ſo little in faſhion, and ſo ſlenderly provided for, perſons poſſeſſed of it ſhould very eagerly flock to a place where they were ſure of being received with great complaiſance; indeed,

where they might enjoy almoſt the ſame advantages of a liberal fortune, as if they were entitled to it in their own right; for Mr. Allworthy was not one of thoſe generous perſons, who are ready moſt bountifully to beſtow meat, drink, and lodging on men of wit and learning, for which they expect no other return but entertainment, inſtruction, flattery, and ſubſerviency; in a word, that ſuch perſons ſhould be enrolled in the number of domeſtics, without wearing their maſters cloaths, or receiving wages.

On the contrary, every perſon in this houſe was perfect maſter of his own time: and as he might at his pleaſure ſatisfy all his appetites within the reſtrictions only of law, virtue, and religion; ſo he might, if his health required, or his inclination prompted him to temperance, or even to abſtinence, abſent himſelf from any meals, or retire from them whenever he was ſo diſpoſed, without even a ſolicitation to the contrary: for indeed, ſuch ſolicitations from ſuperiors always ſavour very ſtrongly of commands. But all here were free from ſuch impertinence, not only thoſe whoſe company is in all other places eſteemed a favour from their equality of fortune, but even thoſe whoſe indigent circumſtances make ſuch an eleemoſynary abode convenient to them, and who are therefore leſs welcome to a great man's table, becauſe they ſtand in need of it.

Among others of this kind was Dr. Blifil, a gentleman who had the misfortune of loſing the advantage of great talents by the obſtinacy of a father, who would breed him to a profeſſion he diſliked. In obedience to this obſtinacy, the doctor had in his youth been obliged to ſtudy phyſic, or rather to ſay he ſtudied it; for in reality books of this kind were almoſt the only ones with which he was unacquainted; and unfortunately for him, the doctor was maſter of almoſt every other ſcience but that by which he was to get his bread; the conſequence of which was, that the doctor at the age of forty had no bread to eat.

Such a perſon as this was certain to find a welcome at Mr. Allworthy's table, to whom misfortunes were ever a recommendation, when they were derived from the folly or villainy of others, and not of the unfortunate perſon himſelf. Beſides this negative merit, the doctor had one poſitive recommendation. This was a great appearance of religion. Whether his religion was real, or conſiſted only in appearance, I ſhall not preſume to ſay, as I am not poſſeſſed of any touch-ſtone, which can diſtinguiſh the true from the falſe.

If this part of his character pleaſed Mr. Allworthy, it delighted Miſs Bridget. She engaged him in many religious controverſies; on which occaſions

occaſions ſhe conſtantly expreſſed great ſatisfaction in the doctor's knowledge, and not much leſs in the compliments which he frequently beſtowed on her own. To ſay the truth, ſhe had read much Engliſh divinity, and had puzzled more than one of the neighbouring curates. Indeed her converſation was ſo pure, her looks ſo ſage, and her whole deportment ſo grave and ſolemn, that ſhe ſeemed to deſerve the name of ſaint equally with her name-ſake, or with any other female in the Roman kalendar.

As ſympathies of all kinds are apt to beget love; ſo experience teaches us that none have a more direct tendency to this way than thoſe of religious kind between perſons of different ſexes. The doctor found himſelf ſo agreeable to Miſs Bridget, that he now began to lament an unfortunate accident which had happened to him about ten years before; namely, his marriage with another woman, who was not only ſtill alive, but what was worſe, known to be ſo by Mr. Allworthy. This was a fatal bar to that happineſs which he otherwiſe ſaw ſufficient probability of obtaining with this young lady; for as to criminal indulgencies, he certainly never thought of them. This was owing either to his religion, as is moſt probable, or to the purity of his paſſion, which was fixed on thoſe things, which matrimony only, and not

criminal correſpondence, could put him in poſſeſſion of, or could give him any title to.

He had not long ruminated on theſe matters, before it occurred to his memory that he had a brother who was under no ſuch unhappy incapacity. This brother he made no doubt would ſucceed; for he diſcerned, as he thought, an inclination to marriage in the lady; and the reader perhaps, when he hears the brother's qualifications, will not blame the confidence which he entertained of his ſucceſs.

This gentleman was about 35 years of age. He was of a middle ſize, and what is called well-built. He had a ſcar on his forehead, which did not ſo much injure his beauty, as it denoted his valour (for he was a half-pay officer.) He had good teeth, and ſomething affable, when he pleaſed, in his ſmile; though naturally his countenance, as well as his air and voice, had much of roughneſs in it, yet he could at any time depoſite this, and appear all gentleneſs and good humour. He was not ungenteel, nor entirely void of wit, and in his youth had abounded in ſprightlineſs, which, though he had lately put on a more ſerious character, he could, when he pleaſed, reſume.

He had, as well as the doctor, an academic education; for his father had, with the ſame

paternal authority we have mentioned before, decreed him for holy orders; but as the old gentleman died before he was ordained, he choſe the church militant, and preferred the king's commiſſion to the biſhop's.

He had purchaſed the poſt of lieutenant of dragoons, and afterwards came to be a captain; but having quarrelled with his colonel, was by his intereſt obliged to ſell; from which time he had entirely ruſticated himſelf, had betaken himſelf to ſtudying the ſcriptures, and was not a little ſuſpected of an inclination to methodiſm.

It ſeemed therefore not unlikely that ſuch a perſon ſhould ſucceed with a lady of ſo ſaint-like a diſpoſition, and whoſe inclinations were no otherwiſe engaged than to the married ſtate in general; but why the doctor, who certainly had no great friendſhip for his brother, ſhould for his ſake think of making ſo ill a return to the hoſpitality of Allworthy, is a matter not ſo eaſy to be accounted for.

Is it that ſome natures delight in evil, as others are thought to delight in virtue? Or is there a pleaſure in being acceſſary to a theft when we cannot commit it ourſelves? Or laſtly, (which experience ſeems to make probable) have we a ſatisfaction in aggrandizing our families, even though we have not the leaſt love or reſpect for them?

Whether any of theſe motives operated on the doctor, we will not determine; but ſo the fact was. He ſent for his brother, and eaſily found means to introduce him at Allworthy's, as a perſon who intended only a ſhort viſit to himſelf.

The captain had not been in the houſe a week, before the doctor had reaſon to felicitate himſelf on his diſcernment. The captain was indeed as great a maſter of the art of love as Ovid was formerly. He had beſides received proper hints from his brother, which he failed not to improve to the beſt advantage.

CHAP. XI.

Containing many rules, and ſome examples, concerning falling in love: deſcriptions of beauty, and other more prudential inducements to matrimony.

IT hath been obſerved by wiſe men or women, I forget which, that all perſons are doomed to be in love once in their lives. No particular ſeaſon is, as I remember, aſſigned for this; but the age at which Miſs Bridget was arrived, ſeems to me as proper a period as any to be fixed on for this purpoſe: it often indeed happens much earlier; but when it doth not, I have

obſerved, it ſeldom or never fails about this time. Moreover, we may remark, that at this ſeaſon love is of a more ſerious and ſteady nature than what ſometimes ſhews itſelf in the younger parts of life. The love of girls is uncertain, capricious, and ſo fooliſh that we cannot always diſcover what the young lady would be at; nay, it may almoſt be doubted, whether ſhe always knows this herſelf.

Now we are never at a loſs to diſcern this in women about forty; for as ſuch grave, ſerious and experienced ladies well know their own meaning; ſo it is always very eaſy for a man of the leaſt ſagacity to diſcover it with the utmoſt certainty.

Miſs Bridget is an example of all theſe obſervations. She had not been many times in the captain's company before ſhe was ſeized with this paſſion. Nor did ſhe go pining and moping about the houſe, like a puny fooliſh girl, ignorant of her diſtemper; ſhe felt, ſhe knew, and ſhe enjoyed, the pleaſing ſenſation, of which, as ſhe was certain it was not only innocent but laudable, ſhe was neither afraid nor aſhamed.

And to ſay the truth, there is, in all points, great difference between the reaſonable paſſion which women at this age conceive towards men, and the idle and childiſh liking of a girl to a

boy, which is often fixed on the outside only, and on things of little value and no duration; as on cherry cheeks, small lily-white hands, sloe-black eyes, flowing locks, downy chins, dapper shapes; nay, sometimes, on charms more worthless than these, and less the party's own; such are the outward ornaments of the person, for which men are beholden to the taylor, the laceman, the periwig-maker, the hatter, and the milliner, and not to nature. Such a passion girls may well be ashamed, as they generally are, to own either to themselves or to others.

The love of Miss Bridget was of another kind. The captain owed nothing to any of these fop-makers in his dress, nor was his person much more beholden to nature. Both his dress and person were such as, had they appeared in an assembly, or a drawing-room, would have been the contempt and ridicule of all the fine ladies there. The former of these was indeed neat, but plain, coarse, ill-fancied, and out of fashion. As for the latter, we have expressly described it above. So far was the skin on his cheeks from being cherry-coloured, that you could not discern what the natural colour of his cheeks was, they being totally over-grown by a black beard, which ascended to his eyes. His shape and limbs were indeed exactly proportioned, but so large, that they denoted the strength rather of a ploughman

than any other. His ſhoulders were broad, beyond all ſize, and the calves of his legs larger than thoſe of a common chairman. In ſhort, his whole perſon wanted all that elegance and beauty, which is the very reverſe of clumſy ſtrength, and which ſo agreeably ſets off moſt of our fine gentlemen; being partly owing to the high blood of their anceſtors, viz. blood made of rich ſauces and generous wines, and partly to an early town education.

Though Miſs Bridget was a woman of the greateſt delicacy of taſte; yet ſuch were the charms of the captain's converſation, that ſhe totally overlooked the defects of his perſon. She imagined, and perhaps very wiſely, that ſhe ſhould enjoy more agreeable minutes with the captain, than with a much prettier fellow; and forewent the conſideration of pleaſing her eyes, in order to procure herſelf much more ſolid ſatisfaction.

The captain no ſooner perceived the paſſion of Miſs Bridget, in which diſcovery he was very quick-ſighted, than he faithfully returned it. The lady, no more than her lover, was remarkable for beauty. I would attempt to draw her picture; but that is done already by a more able maſter, Mr. Hogarth himſelf, to whom ſhe ſat many years ago, and hath been lately exhibited by that gentleman in his print of a winter's morning, of

which ſhe was no improper emblem, and may be ſeen walking (for walk ſhe doth in the print) to Covent-Garden church, with a ſtarved footboy behind carrying her prayer-book.

The captain likewiſe very wiſely preferred the more ſolid enjoyments he expected with this lady, to the fleeting charms of perſon. He was one of thoſe wiſe men, who regard beauty in the other ſex, as a very worthleſs and ſuperficial qualification; or, to ſpeak more truly, who rather chuſe to poſſeſs every convenience of life with an ugly woman, than a handſome one without any of thoſe conveniencies. And having a very good appetite, and but little nicety, he fancied he ſhould play his part very well at the matrimonial banquet, without the ſauce of beauty.

To deal plainly with the reader, the captain, ever ſince his arrival, at leaſt from the moment his brother had propoſed the match to him, long before he had diſcovered any flattering ſymptoms in Miſs Bridget, had been greatly enamoured; that is to ſay, of Mr. Allworthy's houſe and gardens, and of his lands, tenements and hereditaments; of all which the captain was ſo paſſionately fond, that he would moſt probably have contracted marriage with them, had he been obliged to have taken the witch of Endor into the bargain.

As Mr. Allworthy therefore had declared to the doctor, that he never intended to take a ſecond wife, as his ſiſter was his neareſt relation; and as the doctor had fiſhed out that his intentions were to make any child of hers his heir, which indeed the law, without his interpoſition, would have done for him; the doctor and his brother thought it an act of benevolence, to give being to a human creature, who would be ſo plentifully provided with the moſt eſſential means of happineſs. The whole thoughts therefore of both the brothers were how to engage the affections of this amiable lady.

But fortune, who is a tender parent, and often doth more for her favourite offspring than either they deſerve or wiſh, had been ſo induſtrious for the captain, that, whilſt he was laying ſchemes to execute his purpoſe, the lady conceived the ſame deſires with himſelf, and was on her ſide contriving how to give the captain proper encouragement, without appearing too forward; for ſhe was a ſtrict obſerver of all rules of decorum. In this, however, ſhe eaſily ſucceeded; for as the captain was always on the look-out, no glance, geſture, or word, eſcaped him.

The ſatisfaction which the captain received from the kind behaviour of Miſs Bridget, was not a little abated by his apprehenſions of Mr. Allworthy; for, notwithſtanding his diſintereſted

profeſſions, the captain imagined he would, when he came to act, follow the example of the reſt of the world, and refuſe his conſent to a match ſo diſadvantageous, in point of intereſt, to his ſiſter. From what oracle he received this opinion, I ſhall leave the reader to determine; but, however he came by it, it ſtrangely perplexed him, how to regulate his conduct ſo, as at once to convey his affection to the lady, and to conceal it from her brother. He, at length, reſolved to take all private opportunities of making his addreſſes; but, in the preſence of Mr. Allworthy, to be as reſerved, and as much upon his guard, as was poſſible; and this conduct was highly approved by the brother.

He ſoon found means to make his addreſſes, in expreſs terms, to his miſtreſs, from whom he received an anſwer in the proper form, viz. the anſwer which was firſt made ſome thouſands of years ago, and which hath been handed down by tradition from mother to daughter ever ſince. If I was to tranſlate this into Latin, I ſhould render it by theſe two words, *Nolo epiſcopari*: a phraſe likewiſe of immemorial uſe on another occaſion.

The captain, however he came by his knowledge, perfectly well underſtood the lady; and very ſoon after repeated his application, with more warmth and earneſtneſs than before,

and was again, according to due form, rejected; but as he had increaſed in the eagerneſs of his deſires, ſo the lady, with the ſame propriety, decreaſed in the violence of her refuſal.

Not to tire the reader, by leading him through every ſcene of this courtſhip, (which, though, in the opinion of a certain great author, it is the pleaſanteſt ſcene of life to the actor, is perhaps as dull and tireſome as any whatever to the audience) the captain made his advances in form, the citadel was defended in form, and at length, in proper form, ſurrendered at diſcretion.

During this whole time, which filled the ſpace of near a month, the captain preſerved great diſtance of behaviour to his lady, in the preſence of the brother; and the more he ſucceeded with her in private, the more reſerved was he in public. And as for the lady, ſhe had no ſooner ſecured her lover, than ſhe behaved to him before company, with the higheſt degree of indifference; ſo that Mr. Allworthy muſt have had the inſight of the devil (or perhaps ſome of his worſe qualities) to have entertained the leaſt ſuſpicion of what was going forward.

CHAP. XII.

Containing what the reader may, perhaps, expect to find in it.

IN all bargains, whether to fight or to marry, or concerning any other ſuch buſineſs, little previous ceremony is required, to bring the matter to an iſſue, when both parties are really in earneſt. This was the caſe at preſent, and in leſs than a month the captain and his lady were man and wife.

The great concern now was to break the matter to Mr. Allworthy; and this was undertaken by the doctor.

One day then as Allworthy was walking in his garden, the doctor came to him, and, with great gravity of aſpect, and all the concern which he could poſſibly affect in his countenance, ſaid: I am come, Sir, to impart an affair to you of the utmoſt conſequence; but how ſhall I mention to you, what it almoſt diſtracts me to think of! He then launched forth into the moſt bitter invectives both againſt men and women; accuſing the former of having no attachment but to their intereſt, and the latter of being ſo addicted to vicious inclinations, that they could never be ſafely truſted with one of the other ſex. Could

I, ſaid he, Sir, have ſuſpected, that a lady of ſuch prudence, ſuch judgment, ſuch learning, ſhould indulge ſo indiſcreet a paſſion; or could I have imagined, that my brother — Why do I call him ſo? He is no longer a brother of mine. —

Indeed but he is, ſaid Allworthy, and a brother of mine too. — Bleſs me, Sir, ſaid the doctor, do you know the ſhocking affair? — Look'ee, Mr. Blifil, anſwered the good man, it hath been my conſtant maxim in life, to make the beſt of all matters which happen. My ſiſter, though many years younger than I, is at leaſt old enough to be at the age of diſcretion. Had he impoſed on a child, I ſhould have been more averſe to have forgiven him; but a woman, upwards of thirty, muſt certainly be ſuppoſed to know what will make her moſt happy. She hath married a gentleman, though perhaps not quite her equal in fortune; and if he hath any perfections in her eye, which can make up that deficiency, I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould object to her choice of her own happineſs; which I, no more than herſelf, imagine to conſiſt only in immenſe wealth. I might perhaps, from the many declarations I have made of complying with almoſt any propoſal, have expected to have been conſulted on this occaſion; but theſe matters are of a very delicate nature, and the ſcruples

of modeſty, perhaps, are not to be overcome. As to your brother, I have really no anger againſt him at all. He hath no obligations to me, nor do I think he was under any neceſſity of aſking my conſent, ſince the woman is, as I have ſaid, *ſui juris*, and of a proper age to be entirely anſwerable only to herſelf for her conduct.

The doctor accuſed Mr. Allworthy of too great lenity, repeated his accuſations againſt his brother, and declared, that he ſhould never more be brought either to ſee, or to own him for his relation. He then launched forth into a panegyric on Allworthy's goodneſs; into the higheſt encomiums on his friendſhip; and concluded by ſaying, he ſhould never forgive his brother for having put the place which he bore in that friendſhip to a hazard.

Allworthy thus anſwered: Had I conceived any diſpleaſure againſt your brother, I ſhould never have carried that reſentment to the innocent: but, I aſſure you, I have no ſuch diſpleaſure. Your brother appears to me to be a man of ſenſe and honour. I do not diſapprove the taſte of my ſiſter; nor will I doubt but that ſhe is equally the object of his inclinations. I have always thought love the only foundation of happineſs in a married ſtate; as it can only produce that high and tender friendſhip which

ſhould always be the cement of this union; and, in my opinion, all thoſe marriages which are contracted from other motives, are greatly criminal; they are a profanation of a moſt holy ceremony, and generally end in diſquiet and miſery: for ſurely we may call it a profanation, to convert this moſt ſacred inſtitution into a wicked ſacrifice to luſt or avarice: and what better can be ſaid of thoſe matches to which men are induced merely by the conſideration of a beautiful perſon, or a great fortune?

To deny that beauty is an agreeable object to the eye, and even worthy ſome admiration, would be falſe and fooliſh. Beautiful is an epithet often uſed in ſcripture, and always mentioned with honour. It was my own fortune to marry a woman whom the world thought handſome, and I can truly ſay, I liked her the better on that account. But, to make this the ſole conſideration of marriage, to luſt after it ſo violently as to over-look all imperfections for its ſake, or to require it ſo abſolutely as to reject and diſdain religion, virtue, and ſenſe, which are qualities, in their nature, of much higher perfection, only becauſe an elegance of perſon is wanting; this is ſurely inconſiſtent, either with a wiſe man, or a good chriſtian. And it is, perhaps, being too charitable to conclude, that ſuch perſons mean any thing more by their

marriage, than to pleaſe their carnal appetites; for the ſatisfaction of which, we are taught it was not ordained.

In the next place, with reſpect to fortune. Wordly prudence, perhaps, exacts ſome conſideration on this head; nor will I abſolutely and altogether condemn it. As the world is conſtituted, the demands of a married ſtate, and the care of poſterity, require ſome little regard to what we call circumſtances. Yet this proviſion is greatly increaſed, beyond what is really neceſſary, by folly and vanity, which create abundantly more wants than nature. Equipage for the wife, and large fortunes for the children, are by cuſtom enrolled in the liſt of neceſſaries; and, to procure theſe, every thing truly ſolid and ſweet, virtuous and religious, are neglected and overlooked.

And this in many degrees; the laſt and greateſt of which ſeems ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from madneſs. I mean, where perſons of immenſe fortunes contract themſelves to thoſe who are, and muſt be, diſagreeable to them; to fools and knaves, in order to increaſe an eſtate, already larger even than the demands of their pleaſures. Surely ſuch perſons, if they will not be thought mad, muſt own, either that they are incapable of taſting the ſweets of the tendereſt friendſhip, or that they ſacrifice the greateſt happineſs of which they are capable, to the vain, uncertain

and

and ſenſeleſs laws of vulgar opinion, which owe as well their force, as their foundation, to folly.

Here Allworthy concluded his ſermon, to which Blifil had liſtened with the profoundeſt attention, though it coſt him ſome pains to prevent now and then a ſmall diſcompoſure of his muſcles. He now praiſed every period of what he had heard, with the warmth of a young divine, who hath the honour to dine with a biſhop the ſame day in which his lordſhip hath mounted the pulpit.

CHAP. XIII.

Which concludes the firſt book; with an inſtance of ingratitude, which, we hope, will appear unnatural.

THE reader, from what hath been ſaid, may imagine, that the reconciliation (if indeed it could be ſo called) was only matter of form; we ſhall therefore paſs it over, and haſten to what muſt ſurely be thought matter of ſubſtance.

The doctor had acquainted his brother with what had paſt between Mr. Allworthy and him; and added with a ſmile: I promiſe you, I paid you off; nay, I abſolutely deſired the good gentleman not to forgive you: for you know, after he had made a declaration in your favour,

I might, with ſafety, venture on ſuch a requeſt with a perſon of his temper; and I was willing, as well for your ſake as for my own, to prevent the leaſt poſſibility of a ſuſpicion.

Captain Blifil took not the leaſt notice of this, at that time; but he afterwards made a very notable uſe of it.

One of the maxims which the devil, in a late viſit upon earth, left to his diſciples, is, when once you are got up, to kick the ſtool from under you. In plain Engliſh, when you have made your fortune by the good offices of a friend, you are adviſed to diſcard him as ſoon as you can.

Whether the captain acted by this maxim, I will not poſitively determine; ſo far we may confidently ſay, that his actions may be fairly derived from this diabolical principle; and indeed it is difficult to aſſign any other motive to them: for no ſooner was he poſſeſſed of Miſs Bridget, and reconciled to Allworthy, than he began to ſhew a coldneſs to his brother, which increaſed daily; till at length it grew into rudeneſs, and became very viſible to every one.

The doctor remonſtrated to him privately concerning this behaviour, but could obtain no other ſatisfaction than the following plain declaration: If you diſlike any thing in my brother's houſe, Sir, you know you are at

liberty to quit it. This ſtrange, cruel, and almoſt unaccountable ingratitude in the captain, abſolutely broke the poor doctor's heart: for ingratitude never ſo thoroughly pierces the human breaſt, as when it proceeds from thoſe in whoſe behalf we have been guilty of tranſgreſſions. Reflections on great and good actions, however they are received or returned by thoſe in whoſe favour they are performed, always adminiſter ſome comfort to us; but what conſolation ſhall we receive under ſo biting a calamity as the ungrateful behaviour of our friend, when our wounded conſcience at the ſame time flies in our face, and upbraids us with having ſpotted it in the ſervice of one ſo worthleſs?

Mr. Allworthy himſelf ſpoke to the captain in his brother's behalf, and deſired to know what offence the doctor had committed; when the hard-hearted villain had the baſeneſs to ſay, that he ſhould never forgive him for the injury which he had endeavoured to do him in his favour; which, he ſaid, he had pumped out of him, and was ſuch a cruelty, that it ought not to be forgiven.

Allworthy ſpoke in very high terms upon this declaration, which, he ſaid, became not a human creature. He expreſſed, indeed, ſo much reſentment againſt an unforgiving temper, that

the captain at laſt pretended to be convinced by his arguments, and outwardly profeſſed to be reconciled.

As for the bride, ſhe was now in her honey-moon, and ſo paſſionately fond of her new huſband, that he never appeared to her to be in the wrong; and his diſpleaſure againſt any perſon was a ſufficient reaſon for her diſlike to the ſame.

The captain, at Mr. Allworthy's inſtance, was outwardly, as we have ſaid, reconciled to his brother, yet the ſame rancour remained in his heart; and he found ſo many opportunities of giving him private hints of this, that the houſe at laſt grew inſupportable to the poor doctor; and he choſe rather to ſubmit to any inconveniencies which he might encounter in the world, than longer to bear theſe cruel and ungrateful inſults, from a brother for whom he had done ſo much.

He once intended to acquaint Allworthy with the whole; but he could not bring himſelf to ſubmit to the confeſſion, by which he muſt take to his ſhare ſo great a portion of guilt. Beſides, by how much the worſe man he repreſented his brother to be, ſo much the greater would his own offence appear to Allworthy, and ſo much the greater, he had reaſon to imagine, would be his reſentment.

He feigned, therefore, ſome excuſe of buſineſs for his departure, and promiſed to return ſoon again; and took leave of his brother with ſo well-diſſembled content, that, as the captain played his part to the ſame perfection, Allworthy remained well ſatisfied with the truth of the reconciliation.

The doctor went directly to London, where he died ſoon after of a broken heart; a diſtemper which kills many more than is generally imagined, and would have a fair title to a place in the bill of mortality, did it not differ in one inſtance from all other diſeaſes, viz. that no phyſician can cure it.

Now, upon the moſt diligent enquiry into the former lives of theſe two brothers, I find, beſides the curſed and helliſh maxim of policy above mentioned, another reaſon for the captain's conduct: the captain, beſides what we have before ſaid of him, was a man of great pride and fierceneſs, and had always treated his brother, who was of a different complexion, and greatly deficient in both thoſe qualities, with the utmoſt air of ſuperiority. The doctor, however, had much the larger ſhare of learning, and was by many reputed to have the better underſtanding. This the captain knew, and could not bear: for though envy is, at beſt, a very malignant

passion, yet is its bitterneſs greatly heightened, by mixing with contempt towards the ſame object; and very much afraid I am, that whenever an obligation is joined to theſe two, indignation, and not gratitude will be the product of all three.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK II.

Containing ſcenes of matrimonial felicity in different degrees of life; and various other tranſactions during the firſt two years after the marriage between captain Bliſil, and Miſs Bridget Allworthy.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what kind of a hiſtory this is; what it is like, and what it is not like.

THOUGH we have properly enough entitled this our work, a hiſtory, and not a life, nor an apology for a life, as is more in faſhion; yet we intend in it rather to purſue the method of thoſe writers, who profeſs to diſcloſe the revolutions of countries, than to imitate the painful and voluminous hiſtorian, who, to preſerve the

regularity of his ſeries, thinks himſelf obliged to fill up as much paper with the detail of months and years in which nothing remarkable happened, as he employs upon thoſe notable æras when the greateſt ſcenes have been tranſacted on the human ſtage.

"Such hiſtories as theſe do, in reality, very much reſemble a news-paper, which conſiſts of juſt the ſame number of words, whether there be any news in it or not. They may, likewiſe, be compared to a ſtage-coach, which performs conſtantly the ſame courſe, empty as well as full. The writer, indeed, ſeems to think himſelf obliged to keep even pace with time, whoſe amanuenſis he is; and, like his maſter, travels as ſlowly through centuries of monkiſh dulneſs, when the world ſeems to have been aſleep, as through that bright and buſy age ſo nobly diſtinguiſhed by the excellent Latin poet.

Ad conſligendum venientibus undique Pœnis,
Omnia cum belli trepido concuſſa tumultu
Horrida contremuere ſub altis ætheris auris:
In dubioque fuit ſub utrorum regna cadendum
Omnibus humanis eſſet, terrâque marique.

Of which we wiſh we could give our reader a more adequate tranſlation than that by Mr. Creech.

When dreadful Carthage frighted Rome with arms,
And all the world was ſhook with fierce alarms;
Whilſt undecided yet, which part ſhould fall,
Which nation riſe the glorious lord of all.

Now it is our purpoſe in the enſuing pages, to purſue a contrary method. When any extraordinary ſcene preſents itſelf, (as we truſt will often be the caſe) we ſhall ſpare no pains nor paper to open it at large to our reader; but if whole years ſhould paſs without producing any thing worthy his notice, we ſhall not be afraid of a chaſm in our hiſtory; but ſhall haſten on to matters of conſequence, and leave ſuch periods of time totally unobſerved.

Theſe are indeed to be conſidered as blanks in the grand lottery of time. We, therefore, who are the regiſters of that lottery, ſhall imitate thoſe ſagacious perſons who deal in that which is drawn at Guildhall, and who never trouble the public with the many blanks they diſpoſe of; but when a great prize happens to be drawn, the news-papers are preſently filled with it, and the world is ſure to be informed at whoſe office it was ſold: indeed, commonly two or three different offices lay claim to the honour of having diſpoſed of it; by which, I ſuppoſe, the adventurers are given to underſtand that certain

brokers are in the ſecrets of fortune, and indeed of her cabinet-council.

My reader then is not to be ſurpriſed, if, in the courſe of this work, he ſhall find ſome chapters very ſhort, and others altogether as long; ſome that contain only the time of a ſingle day, and others that compriſe years; in a word, if my hiſtory ſometimes ſeems to ſtand ſtill, and ſometimes to fly. For all which I ſhall not look on myſelf as accountable to any court of critical juriſdiction whatever: for as I am, in reality, the founder of a new province of writing, ſo I am at liberty to make what laws I pleaſe therein. And theſe laws, my readers, whom I conſider as my ſubjects, are bound to believe in and to obey; with which that they may readily and chearfully comply, I do hereby aſſure them, that I ſhall principally regard their eaſe and advantage in all ſuch inſtitutions: for I do not, like a *jure divino* tyrant, imagine that they are my ſlaves, or my commodity. I am, indeed, ſet over them for their own good only, and was created for their uſe, and not they for mine. Nor do I doubt, while I make their intereſt the great rule of my writings, they will unanimouſly concur in ſupporting my dignity, and in rendering me all the honour I ſhall deſerve or deſire.

CHAP. II.

Religious cautions againſt ſhewing too much favour to baſtards; and a great diſcovery made by Mrs. Deborah Wilkins.

EIGHT months after the celebration of the nuptials between captain Blifil and Miſs Bridget Allworthy, a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune, was Miſs Bridget, by reaſon of a fright, delivered of a fine boy. The child was indeed, to all appearance, perfect; but the midwife diſcovered, it was born a month before its full time.

Though the birth of an heir by his beloved ſiſter, was a circumſtance of great joy to Mr. Allworthy, yet it did not alienate his affections from the little foundling, to whom he had been god-father, had given his own name of Thomas, and whom he had hitherto ſeldom failed of viſiting, at leaſt once a day, in his nurſery.

He told his ſiſter, if ſhe pleaſed, the new-born infant ſhould be bred up together with little Tommy, to which ſhe conſented, though with ſome little reluctance: for ſhe had truly a great complacence for her brother; and hence ſhe had always behaved towards the foundling, with rather more kindneſs than ladies of rigid virtue

can ſometimes bring themſelves to ſhew theſe children, who, however innocent, may be truly called the living monuments of incontinence.

The captain could not ſo eaſily bring himſelf to bear what he condemned as a fault in Mr. Allworthy. He gave him frequent hints, that to adopt the fruits of ſin, was to give countenance to it. He quoted ſeveral texts (for he was well read in ſcripture) ſuch as, *He viſits the ſins of the fathers upon the children*; and, *the fathers have eaten ſour grapes, and the children's teeth are ſet on edge*, &c. Whence he argued the legality of puniſhing the crime of the parent on the baſtard. He ſaid, though the law did not poſitively allow the deſtroying ſuch baſe-born children, yet it held them to be the children of no-body: that the church conſidered them as the children of nobody; and that, at the beſt, they ought to be brought up to the loweſt and vileſt offices of the commonwealth.

Mr. Allworthy anſwered to all this, and much more, which the captain had urged on this ſubject, that however guilty the parents might be, the children were certainly innocent; that, as to the texts he had quoted, the former of them was a particular denunciation againſt the Jews, for the ſin of idolatry, of relinquiſhing and hating their heavenly king; and the latter was parabolically ſpoken, and rather intended

to denote the certain and neceſſary conſequences of ſin, than any expreſs judgment againſt it. But to repreſent the almighty as avenging the ſins of the guilty on the innocent, was indecent, if not blaſphemous, as it was to repreſent him acting againſt the firſt principles of natural juſtice, and againſt the original notions of right and wrong, which he himſelf had implanted in our minds; by which we were to judge, not only in all matters which were not revealed, but even of the truth of revelation itſelf. He ſaid, he knew many held the ſame principles with the captain on this head; but he was himſelf firmly convinced to the contrary, and would provide in the ſame manner for this poor infant, as if a legitimate child had had the fortune to have been found in the ſame place.

While the captain was taking all opportunities to preſs theſe and ſuch like arguments, to remove the little foundling from Mr. Allworthy's, of whoſe fondneſs for him he began to be jealous, Mrs. Deborah had made a diſcovery, which, in its event, threatened at leaſt to prove more fatal to poor Tommy, than all the reaſonings of the captain.

Whether the inſatiable curioſity of this good woman had carried her on to that buſineſs, or whether ſhe did it to confirm herſelf in the good graces of Mrs. Blifil, who, notwithſtanding her

outward behaviour to the foundling, frequently abuſed the infant in private, and her brother too for his fondneſs to it, I will not determine; but ſhe had now, as ſhe conceived, fully detected the father of the foundling.

Now, as this was a diſcovery of great conſequence, it may be neceſſary to trace it from the fountain-head. We ſhall therefore very minutely lay open thoſe previous matters by which it was produced; and for that purpoſe, we ſhall be obliged to reveal all the ſecrets of a little family, with which my reader is at preſent entirely unacquainted; and of which the œconomy was ſo rare and extraordinary, that I fear it will ſhock the utmoſt credulity of many married perſons.

CHAP. III.

The deſcription of a domeſtic government founded upon rules directly contrary to thoſe of Ariſtotle.

MY reader may pleaſe to remember he hath been informed, that Jenny Jones had lived ſome years with a certain ſchool-maſter, who had, at her earneſt deſire, inſtructed her in Latin, in which, to do juſtice to her genius, ſhe had ſo improved herſelf, that ſhe was become a better ſcholar than her maſter.

Indeed, though this poor man had undertaken

a profeſſion to which learning muſt be allowed neceſſary, this was the leaſt of his commendations. He was one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world, and was, at the ſame time, maſter of ſo much pleaſantry and humour, that he was reputed the wit of the country; and all the neighbouring gentlemen were ſo deſirous of his company, that, as denying was not his talent, he ſpent much time at their houſes, which he might, with more emolument, have ſpent in his ſchool.

It may be imagined, that a gentleman ſo qualified, and ſo diſpoſed, was in no danger of becoming formidable to the learned ſeminaries of Eaton or Weſtminſter. To ſpeak plainly, his ſcholars were divided into two claſſes; in the upper of which was a young gentleman, the ſon of a neighbouring ſquire, who, at the age of ſeventeen, was juſt entered into his ſyntaxis; and in the lower was a ſecond ſon of the ſame gentleman, who, together with ſeven pariſh-boys, was learning to read and write.

The ſtipend ariſing hence would hardly have indulged the ſchool-maſter in the luxuries of life, had he not added to this office thoſe of clerk and barber, and had not Mr. Allworthy added to the whole an annuity of ten pound, which the poor man received every chriſtmas, and with which he was enabled to chear his heart during that ſacred feſtival.

Among his other treaſures, the pedagogue had a wife, whom he had married out of Mr. Allworthy's kitchen for her fortune, viz. twenty pound, which ſhe had there amaſſed.

This woman was not very amiable in her perſon. Whether ſhe ſat to my friend Hogarth, or no, I will not determine; but ſhe exactly reſembled the young woman who is pouring out her miſtreſs's tea in the third picture of the Harlot's Progreſs. She was, beſides, a profeſt follower of that noble ſect founded by Xantippe of old; by means of which ſhe became more formidable in the ſchool than her huſband; for, to confeſs the truth, he was never maſter there, or any where elſe in her preſence.

Though her countenance did not denote much natural ſweetneſs of temper, yet this was, perhaps, ſomewhat ſoured by a circumſtance which generally poiſons matrimonial felicity: for children are rightly called the pledges of love; and her huſband, though they had been married nine years, had given her no ſuch pledges; a default for which he had no excuſe, either from age or health, being not yet thirty years old, and, what they call, a jolly, briſk, young man.

Hence aroſe another evil, which produced no little uneaſineſs to the poor pedagogue, of whom ſhe maintained ſo conſtant a jealouſy, that he durſt hardly ſpeak to one woman in the pariſh; for the

the leaſt degree of civility, or even correſpondence with any female, was ſure to bring his wife upon her back, and his own.

In order to guard herſelf againſt matrimonial injuries in her own houſe, as ſhe kept one maid-ſervant, ſhe always took care to chuſe her out of that order of females, whoſe faces are taken as a kind of ſecurity for their virtue; of which number Jenny Jones, as the reader hath been informed, was one.

As the face of this young woman might be called pretty good ſecurity of the before-mentioned kind; and as her behaviour had been always extremely modeſt, which is the certain conſequence of underſtanding in women; ſhe had paſſed above four years at Mr. Partridge's, (for that was the ſchool-maſter's name) without creating the leaſt ſuſpicion in her miſtreſs. Nay, ſhe had been treated with uncommon kindneſs, and her miſtreſs had permitted Mr. Partridge to give her thoſe inſtructions, which have been before commemorated.

But it is with jealouſy, as with the gout. When ſuch diſtempers are in the blood, there is never any ſecurity againſt their breaking out; and that often on the ſlighteſt occaſions, and when leaſt ſuſpected.

Thus it happened to Mrs. Partridge, who had ſubmitted four years to her huſband's teaching

this young woman, and had ſuffered her often to neglect her work, in order to purſue her learning. For paſſing by one day, as the girl was reading, and her maſter leaning over her, the girl, I know not for what reaſon, ſuddenly ſtarted up from her chair: and this was the firſt time that ſuſpicion ever entered into the head of her miſtreſs.

This did not, however, at that time, diſcover itſelf, but lay lurking in her mind, like a concealed enemy, who waits for a reinforcement of additional ſtrength, before he openly declares himſelf, and proceeds upon hoſtile operations: and ſuch additional ſtrength ſoon arrived to corroborate her ſuſpicion; for not long after, the huſband and wife being at dinner, the maſter ſaid to his maid: *Da mihi aliquid potum;* upon which the poor girl ſmiled, perhaps at the badneſs of the Latin, and when her miſtreſs caſt her eyes on her, bluſhed, poſſibly with the conſciouſneſs of having laughed at her maſter. Mrs. Partridge, upon this, immediately fell into a fury, and diſcharged the trencher, on which ſhe was eating, at the head of poor Jenny, crying out: You impudent whore, do you play tricks with my huſband before my face? and, at the ſame inſtant, roſe from her chair, with a knife in her hand, with which, moſt probably, ſhe would have executed very tragical vengeance, had not

the girl taken the advantage of being nearer the door than her miſtreſs, and avoided her fury by running away; for, as to the poor huſband, whether ſurpriſe had rendered him motionleſs, or fear (which is full as probable) had reſtrained him from venturing at any oppoſition, he ſat ſtaring and trembling in his chair; nor did he once offer to move or ſpeak, till his wife, returning from the purſuit of Jenny, made ſome defenſive meaſures neceſſary for his own preſervation; and he likewiſe was obliged to retreat, after the example of the maid,

This good woman was, no more than Othello, of a diſpoſition.

——— To make a life of jealouſy,
And follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions ———

With her, as well as him,

——— To be once in doubt,
Was once to be reſolv'd ———

She, therefore, ordered Jenny immediately to pack up her alls, and be gone; for that ſhe was determined ſhe ſhould not ſleep that night within her walls.

Mr. Partridge had profited too much by experience, to interpoſe in a matter of this

nature. He, therefore, had recourſe to his uſual receipt of patience; for, though he was not a great adept in Latin, he remembered, and well underſtood, the advice contained in theſe words:

— *Leve fit, quod bene fertur, onus.*

In Engliſh, A burden becomes lighteſt, when it is well borne; which he had always in his mouth; and of which, to ſay the truth, he had often occaſion to experience the truth.

Jenny offered to make proteſtations of her innocence; but the tempeſt was too ſtrong for her to be heard. She then betook herſelf to the buſineſs of packing, for which a ſmall quantity of brown-paper ſufficed; and, having received her ſmall pittance of wages, ſhe returned home.

The ſchool-maſter and his conſort paſs'd their time unpleaſantly enough that evening; but ſomething or other happened before the next morning, which a little abated the fury of Mrs. Partridge; and ſhe, at length, admitted her huſband to make his excuſes. To which ſhe gave the readier belief, as he had, inſtead of deſiring her to recall Jenny, profeſſed a ſatisfaction in her being diſmiſſed, ſaying, ſhe was grown of little uſe as a ſervant, ſpending all her time in reading, and was become, moreover, very pert and obſtinate: for, indeed, ſhe and her maſter had

lately had frequent diſputes in literature; in which, as hath been ſaid, ſhe was become greatly his ſuperior. This, however, he would by no means allow; and as he called her perſiſting in the right, obſtinacy, he began to hate her with no ſmall inveteracy.

CHAP. IV.

Containing one of the moſt bloody battles, or rather duels, that were ever recorded in domeſtic hiſtory.

FOR the reaſons mentioned in the preceding chapter, and from ſome other matrimonial conceſſions, well known to moſt huſbands; and which, like the ſecrets of free-maſonry, ſhould be divulged to none who are not members of that honourable fraternity, Mrs. Partridge was pretty well ſatisfied, that ſhe had condemned her huſband without cauſe, and endeavoured, by acts of kindneſs, to make him amends for her falſe ſuſpicion. Her paſſions were, indeed, equally violent, which ever way they inclined: for, as ſhe could be extremely angry, ſo could ſhe be altogether as fond.

But though theſe paſſions ordinarily ſucceed each other, and ſcarce twenty-four hours ever paſſed in which the pedagogue was not, in ſome

degree, the object of both; yet, on extraordinary occaſions, when the paſſion of anger had raged very high, the remiſſion was uſually longer, and ſo was the caſe at preſent; for ſhe continued longer in a ſtate of affability, after this fit of jealouſy was ended, than her huſband had ever known before: and, had it not been for ſome little exerciſes, which all the followers of Xantippe are obliged to perform daily, Mr. Partridge would have enjoyed a perfect ſerenity of ſeveral months.

Perfect calms at ſea are always ſuſpected by the experienced mariner to be the fore-runners of a ſtorm: and I know ſome perſons, who, without being generally the devotees of ſuperſtition, are apt to apprehend, that great and unuſual peace or tranquillity, will be attended with its oppoſite. For which reaſon the ancients uſed, on ſuch occaſions, to ſacrifice to the goddeſs Nemeſis; a deity who was thought by them to look with an invidious eye on human felicity, and to have a peculiar delight in overturning it.

As we are very far from believing in any ſuch heathen goddeſs, or from encouraging any ſuperſtition, ſo we wiſh Mr. John Fr———, or ſome other ſuch philoſopher, would beſtir himſelf a little, in order to find out the real cauſe of this ſudden tranſition from good to bad fortune, which hath been ſo often remarked, and

of which we ſhall proceed to give an inſtance; for it is our province to relate facts, and we ſhall leave cauſes to perſons of much higher genius.

Mankind have always taken great delight in knowing and deſcanting on the actions of others. Hence there have been, in all ages, and nations, certain places ſet apart for public rendezvous, where the curious might meet, and ſatisfy their mutual curioſity. Among theſe, the barbers ſhops have juſtly borne the pre-eminence. Among the Greeks, barbers news was a proverbial expreſſion; and Horace, in one of his epiſtles, makes honourable mention of the Roman barbers in the ſame light.

Thoſe of England are known to be no wiſe inferior to their Greek or Roman predeceſſors. You there ſee foreign affairs diſcuſſed in a manner little inferior to that with which they are handled in the coffee-houſes; and domeſtic occurrences are much more largely and freely treated in the former, than in the latter. But this ſerves only for the men. Now, whereas the females of this country, eſpecially thoſe of the lower order, do aſſociate themſelves much more than thoſe of other nations, our polity would be highly deficient, if they had not ſome place ſet apart likewiſe for the indulgence of their curioſity, ſeeing they are in this no way inferior to the other half of the ſpecies.

In enjoying, therefore, ſuch place of rendez vous, the Britiſh fair ought to eſteem themſelves more happy than any of their foreign ſiſters; as I do not remember either to have read in hiſtory, or to have ſeen in my travels, any thing of the like kind.

This place then is no other than the chandler's ſhop; the known ſeat of all the news; or, as it is vulgarly called, goſſiping, in every pariſh in England.

Mrs. Partridge being one day at this aſſembly of females, was aſked by one of her neighbours, if ſhe had heard no news lately of Jenny Jones? To which ſhe anſwered in the negative. Upon this, the other replied, with a ſmile, that the pariſh was very much obliged to her for having turned Jenny away as ſhe did.

Mrs. Partridge, whoſe jealouſy, as the reader well knows, was long ſince cured, and who had no other quarrel to her maid, anſwered boldly, ſhe did not know any obligation the pariſh had to her on that account; for ſhe believed Jenny had ſcarce left her equal behind her.

No, truly, ſaid the goſſip, I hope not, though I fancy we have ſluts enow too. Then you have not heard, it ſeems, that ſhe hath been brought to bed of two baſtards; but as they are not born here, my huſband, and the other overſeer, ſays, we ſhall not be obliged to keep them.

Two baſtards! anſwered Mrs. Partridge haſtily, you ſurpriſe me. I don't know whether we muſt keep them; but I am ſure they muſt have been begotten here; for the wench hath not been nine months gone away.

Nothing can be ſo quick and ſudden as the operations of the mind, eſpecially when hope, or fear, or jealouſy, to which the two others are but journeymen, ſet it to work. It occurred inſtantly to her, that Jenny had ſcarce ever been out of her own houſe, while ſhe lived with her. The leaning over the chair, the ſudden ſtarting up, the Latin, the ſmile, and many other things, ruſhed upon her all at once. The ſatisfaction her huſband expreſſed in the departure of Jenny, appeared now to be only diſſembled; again, in the ſame inſtant, to be real; and yet to confirm her jealouſy, as proceeding from ſatiety, and a hundred other bad cauſes. In a word, ſhe was convinced of her huſband's guilt, and immediately left the aſſembly in confuſion.

As fair Grimalkin, who, though the youngeſt of the feline family, degenerates not in ferocity from the elder branches of her houſe, and, though inferior in ſtrength, is equal in fierceneſs to the nobler tiger himſelf, when a little mouſe, whom it hath long tormented in ſport, eſcapes from her clutches, for a while frets, ſcolds, growls, ſwears; but if the trunk, or box, behind which

the mouſe lay hid, be again removed, ſhe flies like lightning on her prey, and, with envenomed wrath, bites, ſcratches, mumbles, and tears the little animal.

Not with leſs fury did Mrs. Partridge fly on the poor pedagogue. Her tongue, teeth, and hands, fell all upon him at once. His wig was in an inſtant torn from his head, his ſhirt from his back, and from his face deſcended five ſtreams of blood, denoting the number of claws with which nature had unhappily armed the enemy.

Mr. Partridge acted for ſome time on the defenſive only: indeed he attempted only to guard his face with his hands; but as he found that his antagoniſt abated nothing of her rage, he thought he might, at leaſt, endeavour to diſarm her, or rather to confine her arms; in doing which, her cap fell off in the ſtruggle, and her hair being too ſhort to reach her ſhoulders, erected itſelf on her head; her ſtays likewiſe, which were laced through one ſingle hole at the bottom, burſt open, and her breaſts, which were much more redundant than her hair, hung down below her middle; her face was likewiſe marked with the blood of her huſband; her teeth gnaſhed with rage; and fire, ſuch as ſparkles from a ſmith's forge, darted from her eyes. So that, altogether, this Amazonian heroine might have

been an object of terror to a much bolder man than Mr. Partridge.

He had, at length, the good fortune, by getting poſſeſſion of her arms, to render thoſe weapons, which ſhe wore at the ends of her fingers, uſeleſs; which ſhe no ſooner perceived, than the ſoftneſs of her ſex prevailed over her rage, and ſhe preſently diſſolved in tears, which ſoon after concluded in a fit.

That ſmall ſhare of ſenſe which Mr. Partridge had hitherto preſerved through this ſcene of fury, of the cauſe of which he was hitherto ignorant, now utterly abandoned him. He ran inſtantly into the ſtreet, hallooing out, that his wife was in the agonies of death, and beſeeching the neighbours to fly with the utmoſt haſte to her aſſiſtance. Several good women obeyed his ſummons, who entering his houſe, and applying the uſual remedies on ſuch occaſions, Mrs. Partridge was, at length, to the great joy of her huſband, brought to herſelf.

As ſoon as ſhe had a little recollected her ſpirits, and ſomewhat compoſed herſelf with a cordial, ſhe began to inform the company of the manifold injuries ſhe had received from her huſband; who, ſhe ſaid, was not contented to injure her in her bed; but, upon her upbraiding him with it, had treated her in the cruelleſt manner imaginable; had torn her cap and hair

from her head, and her ſtays from her body, giving her, at the ſame time, ſeveral blows, the marks of which ſhe ſhould carry to the grave.

The poor man, who bore on his face many and more viſible marks of the indignation of his wife, ſtood in ſilent aſtoniſhment at this accuſation; which the reader will, I believe, bear witneſs for him, had greatly exceeded the truth: for indeed he had not ſtruck her once; and this ſilence being interpreted to be a confeſſion of the charge, by the whole court, they all began at once, *unâ voce*, to rebuke and revile him, repeating often, that none but a coward ever ſtruck a woman.

Mr. Partridge bore all this patiently; but when his wife appealed to the blood on her face, as an evidence of his barbarity, he could not help laying claim to his own blood, for ſo it really was; as he thought it very unnatural, that this ſhould riſe up (as we are taught that of a murdered perſon often doth) in vengeance againſt him.

To this the women made no other anſwer, than that it was pity it had not come from his heart, inſtead of his face; all declaring, that, if their huſbands ſhould lift their hands againſt them, they would have their hearts-bloods out of their bodies.

After much admonition for what was paſt,

and much good advice to Mr. Partridge for his future behaviour, the company, at length, departed, and left the huſband and wife to a perſonal conference together, in which Mr. Partridge ſoon learned the cauſe of all his ſufferings.

CHAP. V.

Containing much matter to exerciſe the judgment and reflection of the reader.

I BELIEVE it is a true obſervation, that few ſecrets are divulged to one perſon only; but certainly, it would be next to a miracle, that a fact of this kind ſhould be known to a whole pariſh, and not tranſpire any farther.

And, indeed, a very few days had paſt, before the country, to uſe a common phraſe, rung of the ſchool-maſter of Little-Baddington; who was ſaid to have beaten his wife in the moſt cruel manner. Nay, in ſome places, it was reported he had murdered her; in others, that he had broke her arms; in others, her legs; in ſhort, there was ſcarce an injury which can be done to a human creature, but what Mrs. Partridge was ſomewhere or other, affirmed to have received from her huſband.

The cauſe of this quarrel was likewiſe variouſly reported; for, as ſome people ſaid that Mrs.

Partridge had caught her huſband in bed with his maid, ſo many other reaſons, of a very different kind, went abroad. Nay, ſome transferred the guilt to the wife, and the jealouſy to the huſband.

Mrs. Wilkins had long ago heard of this quarrel; but, as a different cauſe from the true one had reached her ears, ſhe thought proper to conceal it; and the rather, perhaps, as the blame was univerſally laid on Mr. Partridge; and his wife, when ſhe was ſervant to Mr. Allworthy, had in ſomething offended Mrs. Wilkins, who was not of a very forgiving temper.

But Mrs. Wilkins, whoſe eyes could ſee objects at a diſtance, and who could very well look forward a few years into futurity, had perceived a ſtrong likelihood of captain Blifil's being hereafter her maſter; and, as ſhe plainly diſcerned, that the captain bore no great good-will to the little foundling, ſhe fancied it would be rendering him an agreeable ſervice, if ſhe could make any diſcoveries that might leſſen the affection which Mr. Allworthy ſeemed to have contracted for this child, and which gave viſible uneaſineſs to the captain, who could not entirely conceal it even before Allworthy himſelf; though his wife, who acted her part much better in public, frequently recommended to him her own example, of conniving at the folly of her brother, which,

ſhe ſaid, ſhe at leaſt as well perceived, and as much reſented, as any other poſſibly could.

Mrs. Wilkins having therefore, by accident, gotten a true ſcent of the above ſtory, though long after it had happened, failed not to ſatisfy herſelf thoroughly of all the particulars; and then acquainted the captain, that ſhe had at laſt diſcovered the true father of the little baſtard, which ſhe was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, to ſee her maſter loſe his reputation in the country, by taking ſo much notice of.

The captain chid her for the concluſion of her ſpeech, as an improper aſſurance in judging of her maſter's actions: for if his honour, or his underſtanding, would have ſuffered the captain to make an alliance with Mrs. Wilkins, his pride would by no means have admitted it. And, to ſay the truth, there is no conduct leſs politic, than to enter into any confederacy with your friend's ſervants, againſt their maſter. For, by theſe means, you afterwards become the ſlave of theſe very ſervants, by whom you are conſtantly liable to be betrayed. And this conſideration, perhaps, it was, which prevented captain Blifil from being more explicit with Mrs. Wilkins, or from encouraging the abuſe which ſhe had beſtowed on Allworthy.

But though he declared no ſatisfaction to Mrs. Wilkins at this diſcovery, he enjoyed not

a little from it in his own mind, and reſolved to make the beſt uſe of it he was able.

He kept this matter a long time concealed within his own breaſt, in hopes that Mr. Allworthy might hear it from ſome other perſon; but Mrs. Wilkins, whether ſhe reſented the captain's behaviour, or whether his cunning was beyond her, and ſhe feared the diſcovery might diſpleaſe him, never afterwards opened her lips about the matter.

I have thought it ſomewhat ſtrange, upon reflection, that the houſe-keeper never acquainted Mrs. Blifil with this news, as women are more inclined to communicate all pieces of intelligence to their own ſex, than to ours. The only way, as it appears to me, of ſolving this difficulty, is, by imputing it to that diſtance which was now grown between the lady and the houſe-keeper: whether this aroſe from a jealouſy in Mrs. Blifil, that Wilkins ſhewed too great a reſpect to the foundling; for while ſhe was endeavouring to ruin the little infant, in order to ingratiate herſelf with the captain, ſhe was every day more and more commending it before Allworthy, as his fondneſs for it every day increaſed. This, notwithſtanding all the care ſhe took at other times to expreſs the direct contrary to Mrs. Blifil, perhaps offended that delicate lady, who certainly now hated Mrs. Wilkins; and though ſhe did

not,

not, or poſſibly could not, abſolutely remove her from her place, ſhe found, however, the means of making her life very uneaſy. This Mrs. Wilkins, at length, ſo reſented, that ſhe very openly ſhewed all manner of reſpect and fondneſs to little Tommy, in oppoſition to Mrs. Blifil.

The captain, therefore, finding the ſtory in danger of periſhing, at laſt took an opportunity to reveal it himſelf.

He was one day engaged with Mr. Allworthy in a diſcourſe on charity; in which the captain, with great learning, proved to Mr. Allworthy, that the word charity in ſcripture, no where means beneficence or generoſity.

The chriſtian religion, he ſaid, was inſtituted for much nobler purpoſes, than to enforce a leſſon which many heathen philoſophers had taught us long before, and which, though it might perhaps be called a moral virtue, ſavoured but little of that ſublime chriſtian-like diſpoſition, that vaſt elevation of thought, in purity approaching to angelic perfection, to be attained, expreſſed, and felt only by grace. Thoſe, he ſaid, came nearer to the ſcripture meaning, who underſtood by it candour, or the forming of a benevolent opinion of our brethren, and paſſing a favourable judgment on their actions; a virtue much higher, and more extenſive in its nature, than a pitiful diſtribution of alms, which, though we would

never ſo much prejudice, or even ruin our families, could never reach many; whereas charity, in the other and truer ſenſe, might be extended to all mankind.

He ſaid, conſidering who the diſciples were, it would be abſurd to conceive the doctrine of generoſity, or giving alms, to have been preached to them. And, as we could not well imagine this doctrine ſhould be preached by its divine author to men who could not practiſe it, much leſs ſhall we think it underſtood ſo by thoſe who can practiſe it, and do not.

But though, continued he, there is, I am afraid, little merit in theſe benefactions; there would, I muſt confeſs, be much pleaſure in them to a good mind, if it was not abated by one conſideration. I mean, that we are liable to be impoſed upon, and to confer our choiceſt favours often on the undeſerving, as you muſt own was your caſe in your bounty to that worthleſs fellow Partridge: for two or three ſuch examples muſt greatly leſſen the inward ſatisfaction, which a good man would otherwiſe find in generoſity; nay, may even make him timorous in beſtowing, leſt he ſhould be guilty of ſupporting vice, and encouraging the wicked; a crime of a very black dye, and for which it will by no means be a ſufficient excuſe, that we have not actually intended ſuch an encouragement; unleſs we have uſed the

utmoſt caution in chuſing the objects of our beneficence. A conſideration which, I make no doubt, hath greatly checked the liberality of many a worthy and pious man.

Mr. Allworthy anſwered, he could not diſpute with the captain in the Greek language, and therefore could ſay nothing as to the true ſenſe of the word which is tranſlated charity; but that he had always thought it was interpreted to conſiſt in action, and that giving alms conſtituted at leaſt one branch of that virtue.

As to the meritorious part, he ſaid, he readily agreed with the captain; for where could be the merit of barely diſcharging a duty which, he ſaid, let the word charity have what conſtruction it would, it ſufficiently appeared to be from the whole tenor of the new teſtament? And as he thought it an indiſpenſable duty, enjoined both by the chriſtian law, and by the law of nature itſelf; ſo was it withal ſo pleaſant, that if any duty could be ſaid to be its own reward, or to pay us while we are diſcharging it, it was this.

To confeſs the truth, ſaid he, there is one degree of generoſity, (of charity I would have called it) which ſeems to have ſome ſhew of merit, and that is, where from a principle of benevolence, and chriſtian love, we beſtow on another what we really want ourſelves; where,

in order to leſſen the diſtreſſes of another, we condeſcend to ſhare ſome part of them, by giving what even our own neceſſities cannot well ſpare. This is, I think, meritorious; but to relieve our brethren only with our ſuperfluities; to be charitable (I muſt uſe the word) rather at the expence of our coffers than ourſelves; to ſave ſeveral families from miſery rather than hang up an extraordinary picture in our houſes, or gratify any other idle, ridiculous vanity, this ſeems to be only being human creatures. Nay, I will venture to go farther, it is being in ſome degree epicures: for what could the greateſt epicure wiſh rather than to eat with many mouths inſtead of one? Which, I think, may be predicated of any one who knows that the bread of many is owing to his own largeſſes.

As to the apprehenſion of beſtowing bounty on ſuch as may hereafter prove unworthy objects, becauſe many have proved ſuch; ſurely it can never deter a good man from generoſity: I do not think a few or many examples of ingratitude can juſtify a man's hardening his heart againſt the diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures; nor do I believe it can ever have ſuch effect on a truly benevolent mind. Nothing leſs than a perſuaſion of univerſal depravity can lock up the charity of a good man; and this perſuaſion muſt lead him, I think, either into atheiſm, or enthuſiaſm;

but ſurely it is unfair to argue ſuch univerſal depravity from a few vicious individuals; nor was this, I believe, ever done by a man, who upon ſearching his own mind, found one certain exception to the general rule. He then concluded by aſking, who that Partridge was, whom he had called a worthleſs fellow?

I mean, ſaid the captain, Partridge the barber, the ſchool-maſter, what do you call him? Partridge, the father of the little child which you found in your bed.

Mr. Allworthy expreſt great ſurpriſe at this account, and the captain as great at his ignorance of it: for he ſaid, he had known it above a month, and at length recollected with much difficulty, that he was told it by Mrs. Wilkins.

Upon this, Wilkins was immediately ſummoned, who having confirmed what the captain had ſaid, was by Mr. Allworthy, by and with the captain's advice, diſpatched to Little-Baddington, to inform herſelf of the truth of the fact: for the captain expreſt great diſlike at all haſty proceedings in criminal matters, and ſaid, he would by no means have Mr. Allworthy take any reſolution either to the prejudice of the child or its father, before he was ſatisfied that the latter was guilty: for though he had privately ſatisfied himſelf of this from one of Partridge's

neighbours, yet he was too generous to give any ſuch evidence to Mr. Allworthy.

CHAP. VI.

The trial of Partridge, the ſchool-maſter, for incontinency; the evidence of his wife; a ſhort reflection on the wiſdom of our law; with other grave matters, which thoſe will like beſt who underſtand them moſt.

IT may be wondered, that a ſtory ſo well known, and which had furniſhed ſo much matter of converſation, ſhould never have been mentioned to Mr. Allworthy himſelf, who was perhaps the only perſon in that country who had never heard of it.

To account in ſome meaſure for this to the reader, I think proper to inform him, that there was no one in the kingdom leſs intereſted in oppoſing that doctrine concerning the meaning of the word charity, which hath been ſeen in the preceding chapter, than our good man. Indeed, he was equally intitled to this virtue in either ſenſe: for as no man was ever more ſenſible of the wants, or more ready to relieve the diſtreſſes of others, ſo none could be more tender of their characters, or ſlower to believe any thing to their diſadvantage.

Scandal, therefore, never found any acceſs to his table: for as it hath been long ſince obſerved, that you may know a man by his companions; ſo I will venture to ſay, that by attending to the converſation at a great man's table, you may ſatisfy yourſelf of his religion, his politics, his taſte, and indeed of his entire diſpoſition: for though a few odd fellows will utter their own ſentiments in all places, yet much the greater part of mankind have enough of the courtier to accommodate their converſation to the taſte and inclination of their ſuperiors.

But to return to Mrs. Wilkins, who having executed her commiſſion with great diſpatch, though at fifteen miles diſtance, brought back ſuch a confirmation of the ſchool-maſter's guilt, that Mr. Allworthy determined to ſend for the criminal, and examine him *vivâ voce*. Mr. Partridge, therefore, was ſummoned to attend, in order to his defence (if he could make any) againſt this accuſation.

At the time appointed, before Mr. Allworthy himſelf, at Paradiſe-hall, came as well the ſaid Partridge, with Anne his wife, as Mrs. Wilkins his accuſer.

And now Mr. Allworthy being ſeated in the chair of juſtice, Mr. Partridge was brought before him. Having heard his accuſation from the mouth of Mrs. Wilkins, he pleaded, not guilty,

making many vehement proteſtations of his innocence.

Mrs. Partridge was then examined, who, after a modeſt apology for being obliged to ſpeak the truth againſt her huſband, related all the circumſtances with which the reader hath already been acquainted; and at laſt concluded with her huſband's confeſſion of his guilt.

Whether ſhe had forgiven him or no, I will not venture to determine; but it is certain, ſhe was an unwilling witneſs in this cauſe; and it is probable, from certain other reaſons, would never have been brought to depoſe as ſhe did, had not Mrs. Wilkins, with great art, fiſhed all out of her, at her own houſe, and had ſhe not indeed made promiſes in Mr. Allworthy's name, that the puniſhment of her huſband ſhould not be ſuch as might any wiſe affect his family.

Partridge ſtill perſiſted in aſſerting his innocence, though he admitted he had made the above-mentioned confeſſion; which he, hovewer endeavoured to account for, by proteſting that he was forced into it by the continued importunity ſhe uſed, who vowed, that as ſhe was ſure of his guilt, ſhe would never leave tormenting him till he had owned it, and faithfully promiſed, that in ſuch caſe, ſhe would never mention it to him more. Hence, he ſaid, he had been induced

falſely to confeſs himſelf guilty, though he was innocent; and that he believed he ſhould have confeſt a murder from the ſame motive.

Mrs. Partridge could not bear this imputation with patience; and having no other remedy, in the preſent place, but tears, ſhe called forth a plentiful aſſiſtance from them, and then addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Allworthy, ſhe ſaid, or rather cried: May it pleaſe your worſhip, there never was any poor woman ſo injured as I am by that baſe man: for this is not the only inſtance of his falſhood to me. No, may it pleaſe your worſhip, he hath injured my bed many's the good time and often. I could have put up with his drunkenneſs and neglect of his buſineſs, if he had not broke one of the ſacred commandiments. Beſides, if it had been out of doors, I had not mattered it ſo much; but with my own ſervant, in my own houſe, under my own roof; to defile my own chaſte bed, which, to be ſure, he hath with his beaſtly ſtinking whores. Yes, you villain, you have defiled my own bed, you have; and then you have charged me with bullocking you into owning the truth. It is very likely, an't pleaſe your worſhip, that I ſhould bullock him. — I have marks enow about my body to ſhew of his cruelty to me. If you had been a man, you villain, you would have ſcorned to injure a woman in that manner. But you an't half a

man, you know it. — Nor have you been half a huſband to me. You need run after whores, you need, when I'm ſure — And ſince he provokes me, I am ready, an't pleaſe your worſhip, to take my bodily oath, that I found them a-bed together. What, you have forgot, I ſuppoſe, when you beat me into a fit, and made the blood run down my forehead, becauſe I only civilly taxed you with your adultery! But I can prove it by all my neighbours. You have almoſt broke my heart, you have, you have.

Here Mr. Allworthy interrupted, and begged her to be pacified, promiſing her that ſhe ſhould have juſtice; then turning to Partridge, who ſtood aghaſt, one half of his wits being hurried away by ſurpriſe, and the other half by fear, he ſaid, he was ſorry to ſee there was ſo wicked a man in the world. He aſſured him, that his prevaricating and lying backward and forward was a great aggravation of his guilt; for which, the only atonement he could make, was by confeſſion and repentance. He exhorted him, therefore, to begin by immediately confeſſing the fact, and not to perſiſt in denying what was ſo plainly proved againſt him, even by his own wife.

Here, reader, I beg your patience a moment, while I make a juſt compliment to the great wiſdom and ſagacity of our law, which refuſes

to admit the evidence of a wife for or againſt her huſband. This, ſays a certain learned author, who, I believe, was never quoted before in any but a law-book, would be the means of creating an eternal diſſenſion between them. It would, indeed, be the means of much perjury, and of much whipping, fining, impriſoning, tranſporting, and hanging.

Partridge ſtood a while ſilent, till being bid to ſpeak, he ſaid, he had already ſpoken the truth, and appealed to heaven for his innocence, and laſtly, to the girl herſelf, whom he deſired his worſhip immediately to ſend for: for he was ignorant, or at leaſt pretended to be ſo, that ſhe had left that part of the country.

Mr. Allworthy, whoſe natural love of juſtice, joined to his coolneſs of temper, made him always a moſt patient magiſtrate in hearing all the witneſſes which an accuſed perſon could produce in his defence, agreed to defer his final determination of this matter, till the arrival of Jenny, for whom he immediately diſpatched a meſſenger; and then having recommended peace between Partridge and his wife, (though he addreſſed himſelf chiefly to the wrong perſon) he appointed them to attend again the third day: for he had ſent Jenny a whole day's journey from his own houſe.

At the appointed time the parties all aſſembled, when the meſſenger returning brought word, that Jenny was not to be found: for that ſhe had left her habitation a few days before, in company with a recruiting officer.

Mr. Allworthy then declared, that the evidence of ſuch a ſlut, as ſhe appeared to be, would have deſerved no credit; but he ſaid, he could not help thinking, that, had ſhe been preſent, and would have declared the truth, ſhe muſt have confirmed what ſo many circumſtances, together with his own confeſſion, and the declaration of his wife, that ſhe had caught her huſband in the fact, did ſufficiently prove. He therefore once more exhorted Partridge to confeſs; but he ſtill avowing his innocence, Mr. Allworthy declared himſelf ſatisfied of his guilt, and that he was too bad a man to receive any encouragement from him. He therefore deprived him of his annuity, and recommended repentance to him, on account of another world, and induſtry to maintain himſelf and his wife in this.

There were not, perhaps, many more unhappy perſons than poor Partridge. He had loſt the beſt part of his income by the evidence of his wife, and yet was daily upbraided by her for having, among other things, been the occaſion

of depriving her of that benefit: but ſuch was his fortune, and he was obliged to ſubmit to it.

Though I called him poor Partridge, in the laſt paragraph, I would have the reader rather impute that epithet to the compaſſion of my temper, than conceive it to be any declaration of his innocence. Whether he was innocent or not, will perhaps appear hereafter; but if the hiſtoric muſe hath entruſted me with any ſecrets, I will by no means be guilty of diſcovering them till ſhe ſhall give me leave.

Here, therefore, the reader muſt ſuſpend his curioſity. Certain it is, that, whatever was the truth of the caſe, there was evidence more than ſufficient to convict him before Allworthy; indeed much leſs would have ſatisfied a bench of juſtices on an order of baſtardy; and yet, notwithſtanding the poſitiveneſs of Mrs. Partridge, who would have taken the ſacrament upon the matter, there is a poſſibility that the ſchool-maſter was entirely innocent: for though it appeared clear, on comparing the time when Jenny departed from Little-Baddington, with that of her delivery, that ſhe had there conceived this infant, yet it by no means followed, of neceſſity, that Partridge muſt have been its father: for, to omit other particulars, there was in the ſame houſe a lad near eighteen, between whom and Jenny, there

had ſubſiſted ſufficient intimacy to found a reaſonable ſuſpicion; and yet, ſo blind is jealouſy, this circumſtance never once entered into the head of the enraged wife.

Whether Partridge repented or not, according to Mr. Allworthy's advice, is not ſo apparent. Certain it is, that his wife repented heartily of the evidence ſhe had given againſt him; eſpecially when ſhe found Mrs. Deborah had deceived her, and refuſed to make any application to Mr. Allworthy on her behalf. She had, however, ſomewhat better ſucceſs with Mrs. Blifil, who was, as the reader muſt have perceived, a much better tempered woman; and very kindly undertook to ſolicit her brother to reſtore the annuity. In which, though good nature might have ſome ſhare, yet a ſtronger and more natural motive will appear in the next chapter.

Theſe ſolicitations were nevertheleſs unſucceſsful: for though Mr. Allworthy did not think, with ſome late writers, that mercy conſiſts only in puniſhing offenders; yet he was as far from thinking that it is proper to this excellent quality to pardon great criminals wantonly, without any reaſon whatever. Any doubtfulneſs of the fact, or any circumſtance of mitigation, was never diſregarded; but the petitions of an offender, or the interceſſions of others, did not in the leaſt affect him. In a word, he never pardoned,

becauſe the offender himſelf, or his friends, were unwilling that he ſhould be puniſhed.

Partridge and his wife were therefore both obliged to ſubmit to their fate; which was indeed ſevere enough; for ſo far was he from doubling his induſtry on the account of his leſſened income, that he did in a manner abandon himſelf to deſpair; and as he was by nature indolent, that vice now increaſed upon him, by which means he loſt the little ſchool he had; ſo that neither his wife nor himſelf would have had any bread to eat, had not the charity of ſome good chriſtian interpoſed, and provided them with what was juſt ſufficient for their ſuſtenance.

As this ſupport was conveyed to them by an unknown hand, they imagined, and ſo, I doubt not, will the reader, that Mr. Allworthy himſelf was their ſecret benefactor; who, though he would not openly encourage vice, could yet privately relieve the diſtreſſes of the vicious themſelves, when theſe became too exquiſite and diſproportionate to their demerit. In which light, their wretchedneſs appeared now to fortune herſelf; for ſhe at length took pity on this miſerable couple, and conſiderably leſſened the wretched ſtate of Partridge, by putting a final end to that of his wife, who ſoon after caught the ſmall-pox, and died.

The juſtice which Mr. Allworthy had executed on Partridge, at firſt met with univerſal approbation;

but no ſooner had he felt its conſequences, than his neighbours began to relent, and to compaſſionate his caſe; and preſently after, to blame that as rigour and ſeverity, which they before called juſtice. They now exclaimed againſt puniſhing in cold blood, and ſang forth the praiſes of mercy and forgiveneſs.

Theſe cries were conſiderably increaſed by the death of Mrs. Partridge, which, though owing to the diſtemper above-mentioned, which is no conſequence of poverty or diſtreſs, many were not aſhamed to impute to Mr. Allworthy's ſeverity, or, as they now termed it, cruelty.

Partridge, having now loſt his wife, his ſchool, and his annuity, and the unknown perſon having now diſcontinued the laſt-mentioned charity, reſolved to change the ſcene, and left the country, where he was in danger of ſtarving with the univerſal compaſſion of all his neighbours.

CHAP. VII.

CHAP. VII.

A ſhort ſketch of that felicity which prudent couples may extract from hatred; with a ſhort apology for thoſe people who over-look imperfections in their friends.

THOUGH the captain had effectually demoliſhed poor Partridge, yet had he not reaped the harveſt he hoped for, which was to turn the foundling out of Mr. Allworthy's houſe.

On the contrary, that gentleman grew every day fonder of little Tommy, as if he intended to counterbalance his ſeverity to the father with extraordinary fondneſs and affection towards the ſon.

This a good deal ſoured the captain's temper. as did all the other daily inſtances of Mr. Allworthy's generoſity: for he looked on all ſuch largeſſes to be diminutions of his own wealth.

In this, we have ſaid, he did not agree with his wife; nor, indeed, in any thing elſe: for though an affection placed on the underſtanding is, by many wiſe perſons, thought more durable than that which is founded on beauty, yet it happened otherwiſe in the preſent caſe. Nay, the underſtandings of this couple were their principal bone of contention, and one great cauſe of many

quarrels, which from time to time aroſe between them; and which at laſt ended, on the ſide of the lady, in a ſovereign contempt for her huſband; and on the huſband's, in an utter abhorrence of his wife.

As theſe had both exerciſed their talents chiefly in the ſtudy of divinity, this was, from their firſt acquaintance, the moſt common topic of converſation between them. The captain, like a well-bred man, had, before marriage, always given up his opinion to that of the lady; and this, not in the clumſy aukward manner of a conceited blockhead, who, while he civilly yields to a ſuperior in an argument, is deſirous of being ſtill known to think himſelf in the right. The captain, on the contrary, though one of the proudeſt fellows in the world, ſo abſolutely yielded the victory to his antagoniſt, that ſhe, who had not the leaſt doubt of his ſincerity, retired always from the diſpute, with an admiration of her own underſtanding, and a love for his.

But though this complaiſance to one whom the captain thoroughly deſpiſed, was not ſo uneaſy to him, as it would have been, had any hopes of preferment made it neceſſary to ſhew the ſame ſubmiſſion to a Hoadley, or to ſome other of great reputation in the ſcience; yet even this coſt him too much to be endured without ſome motive. Matrimony, therefore,

having removed all ſuch motives, he grew weary of this condeſcenſion, and began to treat the opinions of his wife with that haughtineſs and inſolence, which none but thoſe who deſerve ſome contempt themſelves can beſtow, and thoſe only who deſerve no contempt can bear.

When the firſt torrent of tenderneſs was over, and when, in the calm and long interval between the fits, reaſon began to open the eyes of the lady, and ſhe ſaw this alteration of behaviour in the captain, who, at length, anſwered all her arguments only with piſh and pſhaw, ſhe was far from enduring the indignity with a tame ſubmiſſion. Indeed, it at firſt ſo highly provoked her, that it might have produced ſome tragical event, had it not taken a more harmleſs turn, by filling her with the utmoſt contempt for her huſband's underſtanding, which ſomewhat qualified her hatred towards him; though of this likewiſe ſhe had a pretty moderate ſhare.

The captain's hatred to her was of a purer kind: for as to any imperfections in her knowledge or underſtanding, he no more deſpiſed her for them than for her not being ſix feet high. In his opinion of the female ſex, he exceeded the moroſeneſs of Ariſtotle himſelf: he looked on a woman as on an animal of domeſtic uſe, of ſomewhat higher conſideration

than a cat, ſince her offices were of rather more importance; but the difference between theſe two, was, in his eſtimation, ſo ſmall, that, in his marriage contracted with Mr. Allworthy's lands and tenements, it would have been pretty equal which of them he had taken into the bargain. And yet ſo tender was his pride, that it felt the contempt which his wife now began to expreſs towards him; and this, added to the ſurfeit he had before taken of her love, created in him a degree of diſguſt, and abhorrence, perhaps, hardly to be exceeded.

One ſituation only of the marriage ſtate is excluded from pleaſure; and that is a ſtate of indifference: but as many of my readers, I hope, know what an exquiſite delight there is in conveying pleaſure to a beloved object, ſo ſome few, I am afraid, may have experienced the ſatisfaction of tormenting one we hate. It is, I apprehend, to come at this latter pleaſure, that we ſee both ſexes often give up that eaſe in marriage, which they might otherwiſe poſſeſs, though their mate was never ſo diſagreeable to them. Hence the wife often puts on fits of love and jealouſy, nay, even denies herſelf any pleaſure, to diſturb and prevent thoſe of her huſband; and he again, in return, puts frequent reſtraints on himſelf, and ſtays at home in company which he diſlikes, in order to confine his wife

to what ſhe equally deteſts. Hence too muſt flow thoſe tears which a widow ſometimes ſo plentifully ſheds over the aſhes of a huſband, with whom ſhe led a life of conſtant diſquiet and turbulency, and whom now ſhe can never hope to torment any more.

But if ever any couple enjoyed this pleaſure, it was at preſent experienced by the captain and his lady. It was always a ſufficient reaſon to either of them to be obſtinate in any opinion, that the other had previouſly aſſerted the contrary. If the one propoſed any amuſement, the other conſtantly objected to it: they never loved or hated, commended or abuſed, the ſame perſon. And for this reaſon, as the captain looked with an evil eye on the little foundling, his wife began now to careſs it almoſt equally with her own child.

The reader will be apt to conceive, that this behaviour between the huſband and wife did not greatly contribute to Mr. Allworthy's repoſe, as it tended ſo little to that ſerene happineſs which he had deſigned for all three, from this alliance; but the truth is, though he might be a little diſappointed in his ſanguine expectations, yet he was ſo far from being acquainted with the whole matter: for as the captain was, from certain obvious reaſons, much on his guard before him, the lady was

obliged, for fear of her brother's diſpleaſure, to purſue the ſame conduct. In fact, it is poſſible for a third perſon to be very intimate, nay, even to live long in the ſame houſe with a married couple, who have any tolerable diſcretion, and not even gueſs at the four ſentiments which they bear to each other: for though the whole day may be ſometimes too ſhort for hatred, as well as for love; yet the many hours, which they naturally ſpend together, apart from all obſervers, furniſh people of tolerable moderation, with ſuch ample opportunity for the enjoyment of either paſſion, that, if they love, they can ſupport being a few hours in company, without toying, or if they hate, without ſpitting in each other's faces.

It is poſſible, however, that Mr. Allworthy ſaw enough to render him a little uneaſy; for we are not always to conclude, that a wiſe man is not hurt, becauſe he doth not cry out and lament himſelf, like thoſe of a childiſh or effeminate temper. But indeed it is poſſible he might ſee ſome faults in the captain, without any uneaſineſs at all: for men of true wiſdom and goodneſs are contented to take perſons and things as they are, without complaining of their imperfections, or attempting to amend them. They can ſee a fault in a friend, a relation, or an acquaintance, without ever mentioning it to

the parties themſelves, or to any others; and this often without leſſening their affection. Indeed, unleſs great diſcernment be tempered with this over-looking diſpoſition, we ought never to contract friendſhip but with a degree of folly which we can deceive: for I hope my friends will pardon me, when I declare, I know none of them without a fault; and I ſhould be ſorry if I could imagine I had any friend who could not ſee mine. Forgiveneſs, of this kind, we give and demand in turn. It is an exerciſe of friendſhip, and, perhaps, none of the leaſt pleaſant. And this forgiveneſs we muſt beſtow, without deſire of amendment. There is, perhaps, no ſurer mark of folly, than an attempt to correct the natural infirmities of thoſe we love. The fineſt compoſition of human nature, as well as the fineſt china, may have a flaw in it; and this, I am afraid, in either caſe, is equally incurable; though, nevertheleſs, the pattern may remain of the higheſt value.

Upon the whole, then, Mr. Allworthy certainly ſaw ſome imperfections in the captain; but, as this was a very artful man, and eternally upon his guard before him, theſe appeared to him no more than blemiſhes in a good character; which his goodneſs made him over-look, and his wiſdom prevented him from diſcovering to the captain himſelf. Very different would have been

his ſentiments, had he diſcovered the whole; which, perhaps, would in time have been the caſe, had the huſband and wife long continued this kind of behaviour to each other: but this kind fortune took effectual means to prevent, by forcing the captain to do that which rendered him again dear to his wife, and reſtored all her tenderneſs and affection towards him.

CHAP. VIII.

A receipt to regain the loſt affections of a wife, which hath never been known to fail in the moſt deſperate caſes.

THE captain was made large amends for the unpleaſant minutes which he paſſed in the converſation of his wife, (and which were as few as he could contrive to make them) by the pleaſant meditations he enjoyed when alone.

Theſe meditations were entirely employed on Mr. Allworthy's fortune; for firſt, he exerciſed much thought in calculating, as well as he could, the exact value of the whole; which calculations he often ſaw occaſion to alter in his own favour: and ſecondly, and chiefly, he pleaſed himſelf with intended alterations in the houſe and gardens, and in projecting many other ſchemes, as well for the improvement of the eſtate, as of the

grandeur of the place. For this purpoſe he applied himſelf to the ſtudies of architecture and gardening, and read over many books on both theſe ſubjects; for theſe ſciences, indeed, employed his whole time, and formed his only amuſement. He, at laſt, completed a moſt excellent plan; and very ſorry we are, that it is not in our power to preſent it to our reader, ſince even the luxury of the preſent age, I believe, would hardly match it. It had, indeed, in a ſuperlative degree, the two principal ingredients which ſerve to recommend all great and noble deſigns of this nature; for it required an immoderate expence to execute, and a vaſt length of time to bring it to any ſort of perfection. The former of theſe, the immenſe wealth of which the captain ſuppoſed Mr. Allworthy poſſeſſed, and which he thought himſelf ſure of inheriting, promiſed very effectually to ſupply; and the latter, the ſoundneſs of his own conſtitution, and his time of life, which was only what is called middle age, removed all apprehenſion of his not living to accompliſh.

Nothing was wanting to enable him to enter upon the immediate execution of this plan, but the death of Mr. Allworthy; in calculating which he had employed much of his own algebra, beſides purchaſing every book extant that treats of the value of lives, reverſions, &c. From all which he ſatisfied himſelf, that as he had every

day a chance of this happening, ſo had he more than an even chance of its happening within a few years.

But while the captain was one day buſied in deep contemplations of this kind, one of the moſt unlucky, as well as unſeaſonable accidents, happened to him. The utmoſt malice of fortune could, indeed, have contrived nothing ſo cruel, ſo mal-a-propos, ſo abſolutely deſtructive to all his ſchemes. In ſhort, not to keep the reader in long ſuſpence, juſt at the very inſtant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happineſs which would accrue to him by Mr. Allworthy's death, he himſelf — died of an apoplexy.

This unfortunately befel the captain as he was taking his evening walk by himſelf, ſo that no-body was preſent to lend him any aſſiſtance, if indeed any aſſiſtance could have preſerved him. He took, therefore, meaſure of that proportion of ſoil, which was now become adequate to all his future purpoſes, and he lay dead on the ground; a great (though not a living) example of the truth of that obſervation of Horace:

Tu ſecanda marmora
Locas ſub ipſum funus: & ſepulchri
Immemor, ſtruis domos.

Which ſentiment, I ſhall thus give to the Engliſh

reader: You provide the nobleſt materials for building, when a pick-ax and a ſpade are only neceſſary; and build houſes of five hundred by a hundred feet, forgetting that of ſix by two.

CHAP. IX.

A proof of the infallibility of the foregoing receipt, in the lamentations of the widow; with other ſuitable decorations of death, ſuch as phyſicians, &c. and an epitaph in the true ſtile.

MR. Allworthy, his ſiſter, and another lady, were aſſembled at the accuſtomed hour in the ſupper-room, where having waited a conſiderable time longer than uſual, Mr. Allworthy firſt declared, he began to grow uneaſy at the captain's ſtay; (for he was always moſt punctual at his meals) and gave orders that the bell ſhould be rung without the doors, and eſpecially towards thoſe walks which the captain was wont to uſe.

All theſe ſummons proving ineffectual, (for the captain had, by perverſe accident, betaken himſelf to a new walk that evening) Mrs. Bliſil declared, ſhe was ſeriouſly frightened. Upon which the other lady, who was one of her moſt intimate acquaintance, and who well knew the true ſtate of her affections, endeavoured all ſhe could to pacify her; telling her, to be ſure ſhe

could not help being uneaſy; but that ſhe ſhould hope the beſt; that, perhaps, the ſweetneſs of the evening had enticed the captain to go farther than his uſual walk; or he might be detained at ſome neighbour's. Mrs. Blifil anſwered, No; ſhe was ſure ſome accident had befallen him; for that he would never ſtay out without ſending her word, as he muſt know how uneaſy it would make her. The other lady, having no other arguments to uſe, betook herſelf to the entreaties uſual on ſuch occaſions, and begged her not to frighten herſelf, for it might be of very ill conſequence to her own health; and, filling out a very large glaſs of wine, adviſed, and at laſt prevailed with, her to drink it.

Mr. Allworthy now returned into the parlour; for he had been himſelf in ſearch after the captain. His countenance ſufficiently ſhewed the conſternation he was under, which indeed had a good deal deprived him of ſpeech; but as grief operates variouſly on different minds, ſo the ſame apprehenſion which depreſſed his voice, elevated that of Mrs. Blifil. She now began to bewail herſelf in very bitter terms, and floods of tears accompanied her lamentations, which the lady, her companion, declared ſhe could not blame; but, at the ſame time, diſſuaded her from indulging; attempting to moderate the grief of her friend, by philoſophical obſervations on the

many diſappointments to which human life is daily ſubject; which, ſhe ſaid, was a ſufficient conſideration to fortify our minds againſt any accidents, how ſudden or terrible ſoever. She ſaid, her brother's example ought to teach her patience, who, though indeed he could not be ſuppoſed as much concerned as herſelf, yet was, doubtleſs, very uneaſy, though his reſignation to the divine will had reſtrained his grief within due bounds.

Mention not my brother, ſaid Mrs. Blifil, I alone am the object of your pity. What are the terrors of friendſhip to what a wife feels on theſe occaſions? O he is loſt! Somebody hath murdered him — I ſhall never ſee him more — Here a torrent of tears had the ſame conſequence with what the ſuppreſſion had occaſioned to Mr. Allworthy, and ſhe remained ſilent.

At this interval, a ſervant came running in, out of breath, and cry'd out, the captain was found; and, before he could proceed farther, he was followed by two more, bearing the dead body between them.

Here the curious reader may obſerve another diverſity in the operations of grief: for as Mr. Allworthy had been before ſilent, from the ſame cauſe which had made his ſiſter vociferous; ſo did the preſent ſight, which drew tears from the gentleman, put an entire ſtop to thoſe of

the lady; who firſt gave a violent ſcream, and preſently after fell into a fit.

The room was ſoon full of ſervants, ſome of whom, with the lady viſitant, were employed in care of the wife; and others, with Mr. Allworthy, aſſiſted in carrying off the captain to a warm bed; where every method was tried, in order to reſtore him to life.

And glad ſhould we be, could we inform the reader, that both theſe bodies had been attended with equal ſucceſs; for thoſe who undertook the care of the lady, ſucceeded ſo well, that, after the fit had continued a decent time, ſhe again revived, to their great ſatisfaction: but as to the captain, all experiments of bleeding, chafing, dropping, &c. proved ineffectual. Death, that inexorable judge, had paſſed ſentence on him, and refuſed to grant him a reprieve, though two doctors who arrived, and were fee'd at one and the ſame inſtant, were his council.

Theſe two doctors, whom, to avoid any malicious applications, we ſhall diſtinguiſh by the names of Dr. Y. and Dr. Z. having felt his pulſe; to wit, Dr. Y. his right arm, and Dr. Z. his left, both agreed that he was abſolutely dead; but as to the diſtemper, or cauſe of his death, they differed; Dr. Y. holding that he died of an apoplexy, and Dr. Z. of an epilepſy.

Hence aroſe a diſpute between the learned.

men, in which each delivered the reaſons of their ſeveral opinions. Theſe were of ſuch equal force, that they ſerved both to confirm either doctor in his own ſentiments, and made not the leaſt impreſſion on his adverſary.

To ſay the truth, every phyſician, almoſt, hath his favourite diſeaſe, to which he aſcribes all the victories obtained over human nature. The gout, the rheumatiſm, the ſtone, the gravel, and the conſumption, have all their ſeveral patrons in the faculty; and none more than the nervous fever, or the fever on the ſpirits. And here we may account for thoſe diſagreements in opinion, concerning the cauſe of a patient's death, which ſometimes occur between the moſt learned of the college; and which have greatly ſurpriſed that part of the world who have been ignorant of the fact we have above aſſerted.

The reader may, perhaps, be ſurpriſed, that, inſtead of endeavouring to revive the patient, the learned gentlemen ſhould fall immediately into a diſpute on the occaſion of his death; but, in reality, all ſuch experiments had been made before their arrival: for the captain was put into a warm bed, had his veins ſcarified, his forehead chafed, and all ſorts of ſtrong drops applied to his lips and noſtrils.

The phyſicians, therefore, finding themſelves anticipated in every thing they ordered, were at

a loſs how to apply that portion of time which it is uſual and decent to remain for their fee, and were therefore neceſſitated to find ſome ſubject or other for diſcourſe; and what could more naturally preſent itſelf than that before-mentioned?

Our doctors were about to take their leave, when Mr. Allworthy, having given over the captain, and acquieſced in the divine will, began to enquire after his ſiſter, whom he deſired them to viſit before their departure.

This lady was now recovered of her fit, and, to uſe the common phraſe, as well as could be expected for one in her condition. The doctors, therefore, all previous ceremonies being complied with, as this was a new patient, attended, according to deſire, and laid hold on each of her hands, as they had before done on thoſe of the corpſe.

The caſe of the lady was in the other extreme from that of her huſband: for, as he was paſt all the aſſiſtance of phyſic, ſo, in reality, ſhe required none.

There is nothing more unjuſt than the vulgar opinion, by which phyſicians are miſrepreſented as friends to death. On the contrary, I believe, if the number of thoſe who recover by phyſic, could be oppoſed to that of the martyrs to it, the former would rather exceed the latter. Nay, ſome are ſo cautious on this head, that, to avoid a poſſibility of killing the patient, they abſtain from

from all methods of curing, and preſcribe nothing but what can neither do good nor harm. I have heard ſome of theſe, with great gravity, deliver it as a maxim, that nature ſhould be left to do her own work, while the phyſician ſtands by, as it were, to clap her on the back, and encourage her when ſhe doth well.

So little then did our doctors delight in death, that they diſcharged the corpſe after a ſingle fee; but they were not ſo diſguſted with their living patient; concerning whoſe caſe they immediately agreed, and fell to preſcribing with great diligence.

Whether, as the lady had, at firſt, perſuaded the phyſicians to believe her ill, they had now, in return, perſuaded her to believe herſelf ſo, I will not determine; but ſhe continued a whole month with all the decorations of ſickneſs. During this time ſhe was viſited by phyſicians, attended by nurſes, and received conſtant meſſages from her acquaintance, to enquire after her health.

At length, the decent time for ſickneſs and immoderate grief being expired, the doctors were diſcharged, and the lady began to ſee company; being altered only from what ſhe was before, by that colour of ſadneſs in which ſhe had dreſſed her perſon and countenance.

The captain was now interred, and might, perhaps, have already made a large progreſs towards oblivion, had not the friendſhip of Mr.

Allworthy taken care to preſerve his memory, by the following epitaph, which was written by a man of as great genius as integrity, and one who perfectly well knew the captain.

Here lies,
In Expectation of a joyful Riſing,
The Body of
Captain JOHN BLIFIL.
LONDON
had the Honour of his Birth,
OXFORD.
Of his Education.
His Parts
were an Honour to his Profeſſion
and to his Country:
his Life to his Religion
and human Nature.
He was a dutiful Son,
a tender Huſband,
an affectionate Father,
a moſt kind Brother,
a ſincere Friend,
a devout Chriſtian,
and a good Man.
His inconſolable Widow
hath erected this Stone,
the Monument of
his Virtues,
and her Affection.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK III.

Containing the most memorable transactions which passed in the family of Mr. Allworthy, from the time when Tommy Jones arrived at the age of fourteen, till he attained the age of nineteen. In this book the reader may pick up some hints concerning the education of children.

CHAP. I.

Containing little or nothing.

THE reader will be pleased to remember, that, at the beginning of the second book of this history, we gave him a hint of our intention to pass over several large periods of time, in which nothing happened worthy of being recorded in a chronicle of this kind.

In so doing, we do not only consult our own dignity and ease, but the good and advantage of

the reader: for, beſides that, by theſe means, we prevent him from throwing away his time, in reading either without pleaſure or emolument, we give him, at all ſuch ſeaſons, an opportunity of employing that wonderful ſagacity, of which he is maſter, by filling up theſe vacant ſpaces of time with his own conjectures; for which purpoſe, we have taken care to qualify him in the preceding pages.

For inſtance, what reader but knows that Mr. Allworthy felt, at firſt, for the loſs of his friend, thoſe emotions of grief, which, on ſuch occaſions, enter into all men whoſe hearts are not compoſed of flint, or their heads of as ſolid materials? Again, what reader doth not know that philoſophy and religion in time moderated, and at laſt extinguiſhed this grief? The former of theſe, teaching the folly and vanity of it, and the latter, correcting it as unlawful; and at the ſame time aſſuaging it, by raiſing future hopes and aſſurances, which enable a ſtrong and religious mind to take leave of a friend, on his death-bed, with little leſs indifference than if he was preparing for a long journey; and, indeed, with little leſs hope of ſeeing him again.

Nor can the judicious reader be at a greater loſs on account of Mrs. Bridget Blifil, who, he may be aſſured, conducted herſelf through the whole ſeaſon, in which grief is to make its

appearance on the outſide of the body, with the ſtricteſt regard to all the rules of cuſtom and decency, ſuiting the alterations of her countenance to the ſeveral alterations of her habit: for as this changed from weeds to black, from black to grey, from grey to white, ſo did her countenance change from diſmal to ſorrowful, from ſorrowful to ſad, and from ſad to ſerious, till the day came in which ſhe was allowed to return to her former ſerenity.

We have mentioned theſe two, as examples only of the taſk which may be impoſed on readers of the loweſt claſs. Much higher and harder exerciſes of judgment and penetration may reaſonably be expected from the upper graduates in criticiſm. Many notable diſcoveries will, I doubt not, be made by ſuch, of the tranſactions which happened in the family of our worthy man, during all the years which we have thought proper to paſs over: for though nothing worthy of a place in this hiſtory occured within that period; yed did ſeveral incidents happen of equal importance with thoſe reported by the daily and weekly hiſtorians of the age, in reading which, great numbers of perſons conſume a conſiderable part of their time, very little, I am afraid, to their emolument. Now, in the conjectures here propoſed, ſome of the moſt excellent faculties of the mind may be employed to much advantage, ſince it is a more uſeful

capacity to be able to foretell the actions of men, in any circumſtance, from their characters, than to judge of their characters from their actions. The former, I own, requires the greater penetration; but may be accompliſhed by true ſagacity, with no leſs certainty than the latter.

As we are ſenſible that much the greateſt part of our readers are very eminently poſſeſſed of this quality, we have left them a ſpace of twelve years to exert it in; and ſhall now bring forth our hero, at about fourteen years of age, not queſtioning that many have been long impatient to be introduced to his acquaintance.

CHAP. II.

The hero of this great hiſtory appears with very bad omens. A little tale, of ſo low a kind, that ſome may think it not worth their notice. A word or two concerning a ſquire, and more relating to a game-keeper, and a ſchool-maſter.

AS we determined when we firſt ſat down to write this hiſtory, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the ſtage in a much more diſadvantageous manner than we could wiſh; and to declare honeſtly, even at his firſt appearance, that it was the univerſal

opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family, that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am ſorry to ſay, there was too much reaſon for this conjecture; the lad having, from his earlieſt years, diſcovered a propenſity to many vices, and eſpecially to one, which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate, which we have juſt now obſerved to have been prophetically denounced againſt him. He had been already convicted of three robberies, viz. of robbing an orchard, of ſtealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Maſter Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened by the diſadvantageous light in which they appeared, when oppoſed to the virtues of Maſter Blifil, his companion; a youth of ſo different a caſt from little Jones, that not only the family, but all the neighbourhood, reſounded his praiſes. He was, indeed, a lad of a remarkable diſpoſition; ſober, diſcreet, and pious, beyond his age; qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him, whilſt Tom Jones was univerſally diſliked; and many expreſſed their wonder, that Mr. Allworthy would ſuffer ſuch a lad to be educated with his nephew, leſt the morals of the latter ſhould be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time, will ſet the character of theſe two lads more

fairly before the diſcerning reader, than is in the power of the longeſt diſſertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, muſt ſerve for the hero of this hiſtory, had only one friend among all the ſervants of the family; for, as to Mrs. Wilkins, ſhe had long ſince given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her miſtreſs. This friend was the game-keeper, a fellow of a looſe kind of diſpoſition, and who was thought not to entertain much ſtricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum*, than the young gentleman himſelf. And hence, this friendſhip gave occaſion to many ſarcaſtical remarks among the domeſtics, moſt of which were either proverbs before, or, at leaſt, are become ſo now; and, indeed, the wit of them all may be compriſed in that ſhort Latin proverb, *Noſcitur a ſocio*, which, I think, is thus expreſſed in Engliſh, You may know him by the company he keeps.

To ſay the truth, ſome of that atrocious wickedneſs in Jones, of which we have juſt mentioned three examples, might, perhaps, be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who, in two or three inſtances, had been what the law calls an acceſſary after the fact. For the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the uſe of the game-keeper, and his family: though, as Jones alone was diſcovered, the poor lad bore not only

the whole ſmart, but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot, on the following occaſion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's eſtate, was the manor of one of thoſe gentlemen, who are called preſervers of the game. This ſpecies of men, from the great ſeverity with which they revenge the death of a hare, or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the ſame ſuperſtition with the Banians in India; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preſervation and protection of certain animals, was it not that our Engliſh Banians, while they preſerve them from other enemies, will moſt unmercifully ſlaughter whole horſe-loads themſelves, ſo that they ſtand clearly acquitted of any ſuch heatheniſh ſuperſtition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by ſome, as I take them to anſwer the order of nature, and the good purpoſes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us, that there are a ſet of human beings,

Fruges conſumere nati.

Born to conſume the fruits of the earth. So, I make no manner of doubt but that there are others,

Feras conſumere nati.

Born to conſume the beaſts of the field, or, as

it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny, but that thoſe ſquires fulfil this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a ſhooting with the game-keeper; when, happening to ſpring a covey of partridges, near the border of that manor, over which fortune, to fulfil the wiſe purpoſes of nature, had planted one of the game-conſumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked (as it is called) by the two ſportſmen, in ſome furze-buſhes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow ſtrict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to treſpaſs on any of his neighbours; no more on thoſe who were leſs rigid in this matter, than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, theſe orders had not been always very ſcrupulouſly kept; but as the diſpoſition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken ſanctuary, was well known, the game-keeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger ſportſman, who was exceſſively eager to purſue the flying game, over-perſuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himſelf keen enough after the ſport, yielded to his perſuaſions, entered the manor, and ſhot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himſelf was at that time on horſeback, at a little diſtance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and diſcovered poor Tom: for the game-keeper had leapt into the thickeſt part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himſelf.

The gentleman having ſearched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, ſwearing, he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word; for he rode immediately to his houſe, and complained of the treſpaſs on his manor, in as high terms, and as bitter language, as if his houſe had been broken open, and the moſt valuable furniture ſtolen out of it. He added, that ſome other perſon was in his company, though he could not diſcover him: for that two guns had been diſcharged almoſt in the ſame inſtant. And, ſays he, we have found only this partridge, but the lord knows what miſchief they have done.

At his return home, Tom was preſently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alledged no other excuſe but what was really true, viz. that the covey was originally ſprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was reſolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumſtance

of the two guns, which had been depoſed by the ſquire and both his ſervants; but Tom ſtoutly perſiſted in aſſerting that he was alone: yet, to ſay the truth, he heſitated a little at firſt, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the ſquire and his ſervants ſaid, wanted any further confirmation.

The game-keeper being a ſuſpected perſon, was now ſent for, and the queſtion put to him; but he relying on the promiſe which Tom had made him, to take all upon himſelf, very reſolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having ſeen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom, with more than uſual anger in his countenance, and adviſed him to confeſs who was with him; repeating, that he was reſolved to know. The lad, however, ſtill maintained his reſolution, and was diſmiſſed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him, he ſhould have to the next morning to conſider of it, when he ſhould be queſtioned by another perſon, and in another manner.

Poor Jones ſpent a very melancholy night, and the more ſo, as he was without his uſual companion; for Maſter Blifil was gone abroad on a viſit with his mother. Fear of the puniſhment he was to ſuffer, was on this occaſion his leaſt evil; his chief anxiety being, leſt his conſtancy ſhould fail him, and he ſhould be brought to betray the

game-keeper, whoſe ruin he knew muſt now be the conſequence.

Nor did the game-keeper paſs his time much better. He had the ſame apprehenſions with the youth; for whoſe honour he had likewiſe a much tenderer regard than for his ſkin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the reverend Mr. Thwackum, the perſon to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the inſtruction of the two boys, he had the ſame queſtions put to him by that gentleman, which he had been aſked the evening before, to which he returned the ſame anſwers. The conſequence of this was ſo ſevere a whipping, that it poſſibly fell little ſhort of the torture with which confeſſions are in ſome countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore his puniſhment with great reſolution; and though his maſter aſked him between every ſtroke, whether he would not confeſs, he was contented to be flead rather than betray his friend, or break the promiſe he had made.

The game-keeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himſelf began to be concerned at Tom's ſufferings: for, beſides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy ſay what he himſelf pleaſed, had carried his ſeverity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to ſuſpect that the ſquire had been miſtaken; which

his extreme eagerneſs and anger ſeemed to make probable; and as for what the ſervants had ſaid in confirmation of their maſter's account, he laid no great ſtreſs upon that. Now, as cruelty and injuſtice were two ideas, of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means ſupport the conſciouſneſs a ſingle moment, he ſent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, ſaid: I am convinced, my dear child, that my ſuſpicions have wronged you; I am ſorry that you have been ſo ſeverely puniſhed on this account. And at laſt gave him a little horſe to make him amends; again repeating his ſorrow for what had paſt.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any ſeverity could make it. He could more eaſily bear the laſhes of Thwackum, than the generoſity of Allworthy. The tears burſt from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying: Oh! Sir, you are too good for me. Indeed, you are. Indeed, I don't deſerve it. And at that very inſtant, from the fullneſs of his heart, had almoſt betrayed the ſecret; but the good genius of the game-keeper ſuggeſted to him what might be the conſequence to the poor fellow, and this conſideration ſealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to diſſuade Allworthy from ſhewing any compaſſion or kindneſs to the boy, ſaying, he had perſiſted in an untruth; and

gave ſome hints, that a ſecond whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy abſolutely refuſed to conſent to the experiment. He ſaid, the boy had ſuffered enough already, for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, ſeeing that he could have no motive but a miſtaken point of honour for ſo doing.

Honour! cry'd Thwackum, with ſome warmth, mere ſtubborneſs and obſtinacy! Can honour teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honour exiſt independent of religion?

This diſcourſe happened at table when dinner was juſt ended; and there were preſent Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Thwackum, and a third gentleman, who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we ſhall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

CHAP. III.

The character of Mr. Square the philoſopher, and of Mr. Thwachum the divine; with a diſpute concerning——

THE name of this gentleman who had then reſided ſome time at Mr. Allworthy's houſe, was Mr. Square. His natural parts were not of the firſt rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the

ancients, and a profeſt maſter of all the works of Plato and Ariſtotle; upon which great models he had principally formed himſelf, ſometimes according with the opinions of the one, and ſometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a profeſt Platoniſt, and in religion he inclined to be an Ariſtotelian.

But though he had, as we have ſaid, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Ariſtotle, in conſidering that great man rather in the quality of a philoſopher or a ſpeculatiſt, than as a legiſlator. This ſentiment he carried a great way; indeed, ſo far, as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet upon the leaſt attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking, it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile ſome contradictions, which might otherwiſe appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr. Thwackum ſcarce ever met without a diſputation; for their tenets were indeed diametrically oppoſite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature, in the ſame manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind, ſince the fall, was nothing but a ſink of iniquity, till purified and redeemed by

by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their diſcourſes on morality, never to mention the word goodneſs. The favourite phraſe of the former was the natural beauty of virtue; that of the latter was the divine power of grace. The former meaſured all actions by the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitneſs of things; the latter decided all matters by authority: but, in doing this, he always uſed the ſcriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his Coke upon Littleton, where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this ſhort introduction, the reader will be pleaſed to remember, that the parſon had concluded his ſpeech with a triumphant queſtion, to which he had apprehended no anſwer, viz. Can any honour exiſt independent on religion?

To this Square anſwered, that it was impoſſible to diſcourſe philoſophically concerning words, till their meaning was firſt eſtabliſhed; that there were ſcarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain ſignification, than the two he had mentioned: for that there were almoſt as many different opinions concerning honour, as concerning religion. But, ſays he, if by honour you mean the true natural beauty of virtue, I will maintain it may exiſt independent of any religion whatever. Nay, added he, you yourſelf will allow it may exiſt independent of all but one: ſo will a Mahometan, a Jew, and

all the maintainers of all the different ſects in the world.

Thwackum replied, this was arguing with the uſual malice of all the enemies to the true church. He ſaid, he doubted not but that all the infidels and heretics in the world would, if they could, confine honour to their own abſurd errors, and damnable deceptions: but honour, ſays he, is not therefore manifold, becauſe there are many abſurd opinions about it; nor is religion manifold, becauſe there are various ſects and hereſies in the world. When I mention religion, I mean the chriſtian religion; and not only the chriſtian religion, but the proteſtant religion; and not only the proteſtant religion, but the church of England. And when I mention honour, I mean that mode of divine grace which is not only conſiſtent with, but dependent upon, this religion; and is conſiſtent with, and dependent upon, no other. Now to ſay that the honour I here mean, and which was, I thought, all the honour I could be ſuppoſed to mean, will uphold, much leſs dictate, an untruth, is to aſſert an abſurdity too ſhocking to be conceived.

I purpoſely avoided, ſays Square, drawing a concluſion which I thought evident from what I have ſaid; but if you perceived it, I am ſure you have not attempted to anſwer it. However, to drop the article of religion, I think it is

plain, from what you have ſaid, that we have different ideas of honour; or why do we not agree in the ſame terms of its explanation? I have aſſerted, that true honour and true virtue are almoſt ſynonimous terms, and they are both founded on the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitneſs of things; to which an untruth being abſolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain that true honour cannot ſupport an untruth. In this, therefore, I think we are agreed; but that this honour can be ſaid to be founded on religion, to which it is antecedent, if by religion be meant any poſitive law —

I agree, anſwered Thwackum, with great warmth, with a man who aſſerts honour to be antecedent to religion! — Mr. Allworthy, did I agree? —

He was proceeding, when Mr. Allworthy interpoſed, telling them very coldly, they had both miſtaken his meaning; for that he had ſaid nothing of true honour. It is poſſible, however, he would not have eaſily quieted the diſputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the converſation at preſent.

CHAP. IV.

Containing a neceſſary apology for the author; and a childiſh incident, which perhaps requires an apology likewiſe.

BEFORE I proceed farther, I ſhall beg leave to obviate ſome miſconſtructions, into which the zeal of ſome few readers may lead them; for I would not willingly give offence to any, eſpecially to men who are warm in the cauſe of virtue or religion.

I hope, therefore, no man will, by the groſſeſt miſunderſtanding, or perverſion, of my meaning, miſrepreſent me, as endeavouring to caſt any ridicule on the greateſt perfections of human nature; and which do, indeed, alone purify and ennoble the heart of man, and raiſe him above the brute creation. This, reader, I will venture to ſay, (and by how much the better man you are yourſelf, by ſo much the more will you be inclined to believe me) that I would rather have buried the ſentiments of theſe two perſons in eternal oblivion, than have done any injury to either of theſe glorious cauſes.

On the contrary, it is with a view to their ſervice that I have taken upon me to record the lives and actions of two of their falſe and pretended champions. A treacherous friend is

the moſt dangerous enemy ; and I will ſay boldly, that both religion and virtue have received more real diſcredit from hypocrites, than the wittieſt profligates or infidels could ever caſt upon them : nay, farther, as theſe two, in their purity, are rightly called the bands of civil ſociety, and are indeed the greateſt of bleſſings ; ſo when poiſoned and corrupted with fraud, pretence, and affectation, they have become the worſt of civil curſes, and have enabled men to perpetrate the moſt cruel miſchiefs on their own ſpecies.

Indeed, I doubt not but this ridicule will in general be allowed ; my chief apprehenſion is, as many true and juſt ſentiments often came from the mouths of theſe perſons, leſt the whole ſhould be taken together, and I ſhould be conceived to ridicule all alike. Now the reader will be pleaſed to conſider, that as neither of theſe men were fools, they could not be ſuppoſed to have holden none but wrong principles, and to have uttered nothing but abſurdities ; what injuſtice, therefore, muſt I have done to their characters, had I ſelected only what was bad, and how horribly wretched and maimed muſt their arguments have appeared !

Upon the whole, it is not religion or virtue, but the want of them, which is here expoſed. Had not Thwackum too much neglected virtue

and Square religion, in the compoſition of their ſeveral ſyſtems; and had not both utterly diſcarded all natural goodneſs of heart, they had never been repreſented as the objects of deriſion in this hiſtory; in which we will now proceed.

This matter, then, which put an end to the debate mentioned in the laſt chapter, was no other than a quarrel between Maſter Blifil and Tom Jones, the conſequence of which had been a bloody noſe to the former; for though Maſter Blifil, notwithſtanding he was the younger, was in ſize above the other's match, yet Tom was much his ſuperior at the noble art of boxing.

Tom, however, very cautiouſly avoided all engagements with that youth: for, beſides that Tommy Jones was an inoffenſive lad amidſt all his roguery, and really loved Blifil, Mr. Thwackum being always the ſecond of the latter, would have been ſufficient to deter him.

But well ſays a certain author, No man is wiſe at all hours; it is, therefore, no wonder that a boy is not ſo. A difference ariſing at play between the two lads, Maſter Blifil called Tom a beggarly baſtard. Upon which the latter, who was ſomewhat paſſionate in his diſpoſition, immediately cauſed that phænomenon in the face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Maſter Blifil now, with his blood running from his noſe, and the tears galloping after

from his eyes, appeared before his uncle, and the tremendous Thwackum: in which court an indictment of aſſault, battery, and wounding, was inſtantly preferred againſt Tom; who in his excuſe only pleaded the provocation, which was indeed all the matter that Maſter Blifil had omitted.

It is indeed poſſible, that this circumſtance might have eſcaped his memory; for, in his reply, he poſitively inſiſted, that he had made uſe of no ſuch appellation; adding, heaven forbid ſuch naughty words ſhould ever come out of his mouth.

Tom, though againſt all form of law, rejoined in affirmance of the words. Upon which Maſter Blifil ſaid: It is no wonder. Thoſe who will tell one fib, will hardly ſtick at another. If I had told my maſter ſuch a wicked fib as you have done, I ſhould be aſhamed to ſhew my face.

What fib, child? cries Thwackum pretty eagerly.

Why, he told you that nobody was with him a ſhooting when he killed the partridge; but he knows, (here he burſt into a flood of tears) yes, he knows, for he confeſſed it to me, that Black George the game-keeper was there. Nay, he ſaid, — yes, you did, — deny it, if you can, that you would not have confeſt the truth, though maſter had cut you to pieces.

At this the fire flaſhed from Thwackum's

eyes, and he cried out in triumph: Oh! oh! this is your miſtaken notion of honour! This is the boy who was not to be whipped again! But Mr. Allworthy, with a more gentle aſpect, turned towards the lad, and ſaid: Is this true, child? How came you to perſiſt ſo obſtinately in a falſhood.

Tom ſaid, he ſcorned a lie as much as any one; but he thought his honour engaged him to act as he did; for he had promiſed the poor fellow to conceal him, which, he ſaid, he thought himſelf farther obliged to, as the game-keeper had begged him not to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at laſt gone himſelf in compliance with his perſuaſions. He ſaid, this was the whole truth of the matter, and he would take his oath of it; and concluded with very paſſionately begging Mr. Allworthy to have compaſſion on the poor fellow's family, eſpecially as he himſelf only had been guilty, and the other had been very difficultly prevailed on to do what he did. Indeed, Sir, ſaid he, it could hardly be called a lie that I told; for the poor fellow was entirely innocent of the whole matter. I ſhould have gone alone after the birds; nay, I did go at firſt, and he only followed me to prevent more miſchief. Do, pray, Sir, let me be puniſhed; take my little horſe away again; but, pray, Sir, forgive poor George.

Mr. Allworthy heſitated a few moments, and then diſmiſſed the boys, adviſing them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

CHAP. V.

The opinions of the divine and the philoſopher concerning the two boys; with ſome reaſons for their opinions, and other matters.

IT is probable, that by diſcloſing this ſecret, which had been communicated in the utmoſt confidence to him, young Blifil preſerved his companion from a good laſhing: for the offence of the bloody noſe would have been of itſelf ſufficient cauſe for Thwackum to have proceeded to correction; but now this was totally abſorbed, in the conſideration of the other matter; and with regard to this, Mr. Allworthy declared privately, he thought the boy deſerved reward rather than puniſhment; ſo that Thwackum's hand was with-held by a general pardon.

Thwackum, whoſe meditations were full of birch, exclaimed againſt this weak, and, as he ſaid he would venture to call it, wicked lenity. To remit the puniſhment of ſuch crimes, was, he ſaid, to encourage them. He enlarged much on the correction of children, and quoted many texts from Solomon, and others; which being to be found in the many other books, ſhall not

be found here. He then applied himſelf to the vice of lying, on which head he was altogether as learned as he had been on the other.

Square ſaid, he had been endeavouring to reconcile the behaviour of Tom with his idea of perfect virtue; but could not. He owned, there was ſomething which at firſt ſight appeared like fortitude in the action; but as fortitude was a virtue, and falſhood a vice, they could by no means agree or unite together. He added, that as this was in ſome meaſure to confound virtue and vice, it might be worth Mr. Thwackum's conſideration, whether a larger caſtigation might not be laid on upon that account.

As both theſe learned men concurred in cenſuring Jones, ſo were they no leſs unanimous in applauding Maſter Blifil. To bring truth to light, was by the parſon aſſerted to be the duty of every religious man; and by the philoſopher this was declared to be highly conformable with the rule of right, and the eternal and unalterable fitneſs of things.

All this, however, weighed very little with Mr. Allworthy. He could not be prevailed on to ſign the warrant for the execution of Jones. There was ſomething within his own breaſt with which the invincible fidelity which that youth had preſerved, correſponded much better than it had done with the religion of Thwackum, or

with the virtue of Square. He, therefore, ſtrictly ordered the former of theſe gentlemen to abſtain from laying violent hands on Tom for what had paſt. The pedagogue was obliged to obey thoſe orders; but not without great reluctance, and frequent mutterings, that the boy would be certainly ſpoiled.

Towards the game-keeper the good man behaved with more ſeverity. He preſently ſummoned that poor fellow before him, and after many bitter remonſtrances, paid him his wages, and diſmiſſed him from his ſervice; for Mr. Allworthy rightly obſerved, that there was a great difference between being guilty of a falſhood to excuſe yourſelf, and to excuſe another. He likewiſe urged, as the principal motive to his inflexible ſeverity againſt this man, that he had baſely ſuffered Tom Jones to undergo ſo heavy a puniſhment for his ſake, whereas he ought to have prevented it by making the diſcovery himſelf.

When this ſtory became public, many people differed from Square and Thwackum, in judging the conduct of the two lads on the occaſion. Maſter Blifil was generally called a ſneaking raſcal, a poor-ſpirited wretch, with other epithets of the like kind; whilſt Tom was honoured with the appellations of a brave lad, a jolly dog, and an honeſt fellow. Indeed his behaviour to

Black George much ingratiated him with all the ſervants; for though that fellow was before univerſally diſliked, yet he was no ſooner turned away than he was as univerſally pitied; and the friendſhip and gallantry of Tom Jones was celebrated by them all with the higheſt applauſe; and they condemned Maſter Blifil, as openly as they durſt, without incurring the danger of offending his mother. For all this, however, poor Tom ſmarted in the fleſh; for though Thwackum had been inhibited to exerciſe his arm on the foregoing account, yet, as the proverb ſays, It is eaſy to find a ſtick, &c. So was it eaſy to find a rod; and, indeed, the not being able to find one was the only thing which could have kept Thwackum any long time from chaſtiſing poor Jones.

Had the bare delight in the ſport been the only inducement to the pedagogue, it is probable, Maſter Blifil would likewiſe have had his ſhare; but though Mr. Allworthy had given him frequent orders to make no difference between the lads, yet was Thwackum altogether as kind and gentle to this youth, as he was harſh, nay even barbarous, to the other. To ſay the truth, Blifil had greatly gained his maſter's affections; partly by the profound reſpect he always ſhewed his perſon, but much more by the decent reverence with which he received his doctrine: for he had got

by heart, and frequently repeated his phraſes, and maintained all his maſter's religious principles with a zeal which was ſurpriſing in one ſo young, and which greatly endeared him to the worthy preceptor.

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward tokens of reſpect, often forgetting to pull off his hat, or to bow at his maſter's approach; but was altogether as unmindful both of his maſter's precepts and example. He was indeed a thoughtleſs, giddy youth, with little ſobriety in his manners, and leſs in his countenance; and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his companion for his ſerious behaviour.

Mr. Square had the ſame reaſon for his preference of the former lad; for Tom Jones ſhewed no more regard to the learned diſcourſes which this gentleman would ſometimes throw away upon him, than to thoſe of Thwackum. He once ventured to make a jeſt of the rule of right; and at another time ſaid, he believed there was no rule in the world capable of making ſuch a man as his father, (for ſo Mr. Allworthy ſuffered himſelf to be called.)

Maſter Blifil, on the contrary, had addreſs enough at ſixteen to recommend himſelf at one and the ſame time to both theſe oppoſites. With one he was all religion, with the other he was all virtue. And when both were preſent, he

was profoundly ſilent, which both interpreted in his favour and in their own.

Nor was Blifil contented with flattering both theſe gentlemen to their faces; he took frequent occaſions of praiſing them behind their backs to Allworthy; before whom, when they two were alone, and his uncle commended any religious or virtuous ſentiment (for many ſuch came conſtantly from him) he ſeldom failed to aſcribe it to the good inſtructions he had received from either Thwackum or Square: for he knew his uncle repeated all ſuch compliments to the perſons for whoſe uſe they were meant; and he found by experience the great impreſſions which they made on the philoſopher, as well as on the divine: for, to ſay the truth, there is no kind of flattery ſo irreſiſtible as this, at ſecond hand.

The young gentleman, moreover, ſoon perceived how extremely grateful all thoſe panegyrics on his inſtructors were to Mr. Allworthy himſelf, as they ſo loudly reſounded the praiſe of that ſingular plan of education which he had laid down: for this worthy man having obſerved the imperfect inſtitution of our public ſchools, and the many vices which boys were there liable to learn, had reſolved to educate his nephew, as well as the other lad, whom he had, in a manner, adopted, in his own houſe; where he thought their morals would eſcape all that danger of being corrupted,

to which they would be unavoidably expoſed in any public ſchool or univerſity.

Having, therefore, determined to commit theſe boys to the tuition of a private tutor, Mr. Thwackum was recommended to him for that office, by a very particular friend, of whoſe underſtanding Mr. Allworthy had a great opinion, and in whoſe integrity he placed much confidence. This Thwackum was fellow of a college, where he had almoſt entirely reſided; and had a great reputation for learning, religion, and ſobriety of manners. And theſe were doubtleſs the qualifications by which Mr. Allworthy's friend had been induced to recommend him; though indeed this friend had ſome obligations to Thwackum's family, who were the moſt conſiderable perſons in a borough which that gentleman repreſented in parliament.

Thwackum, at his firſt arrival, was extremely agreeable to Allworthy; and indeed he perfectly anſwered the character which had been given of him. Upon longer acquaintance, however, and more intimate converſation, this worthy man ſaw infirmities in the tutor, which he could have wiſhed him to have been without; though as thoſe ſeemed greatly over-balanced by his good qualities, they did not incline Mr. Allworthy to part with him; nor would they indeed have juſtified ſuch a proceeding: for the reader is greatly miſtaken, if he conceives that Thwackum

appeared to Mr. Allworthy in the ſame light as he doth to him in this hiſtory; and he is as much deceived, if he imagines, that the moſt intimate acquaintance which he himſelf could have had with that divine, would have informed him of thoſe things, which we, from our inſpiration, are enabled to open and diſcover. Of readers who, from ſuch conceits as theſe, condemn the wiſdom or penetration of Mr. Allworthy, I ſhall not ſcruple to ſay, that they make a very bad and ungrateful uſe of that knowledge which we have communicated to them.

Theſe apparent errors in the doctrine of Thwackum, ſerved greatly to palliate the contrary errors in that of Square, which our good man no leſs ſaw and condemned. He thought indeed that the different exuberancies of theſe gentlemen, would correct their different imperfections; and that from both, eſpecially with his aſſiſtance, the two lads would derive ſufficient precepts of true religion and virtue. If the event happened contrary to his expectations, this poſſibly proceeded from ſome fault in the plan itſelf; which the reader hath my leave to diſcover, if he can: for we do not pretend to introduce any infallible characters into this hiſtory; where we hope nothing will be found which hath never yet been ſeen in human nature.

To return therefore; the reader will not, I think,

think, wonder that the different behaviour of the two lads above-commemorated, produced the different effects of which he hath already ſeen ſome inſtances; and, beſides this, there was another reaſon for the conduct of the philoſopher and the pedagogue: but this being matter of great importance, we ſhall reveal it in the next chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Containing a better reaſon ſtill for the before-mentioned opinions.

IT is to be known then, that thoſe two learned perſonages, who have lately made a conſiderable figure on the theatre of this hiſtory, had, from their firſt arrival at Mr. Allworthy's houſe, taken ſo great an affection, the one to his virtue, the other to his religion, that they had meditated the cloſeſt alliance with him.

For this purpoſe they had caſt their eyes on that fair widow, whom, though we have not, for ſome time, made any mention of her, the reader, we truſt, hath not forgot. Mrs. Blifil was indeed the object to which they both aſpired.

It may ſeem remarkable, that of four perſons whom we have commemorated at Mr. Allworthy's houſe, three of them ſhould fix their inclinations on a lady who was never greatly celebrated for

her beauty, and who was, moreover, now a little deſcended into the vale of years; but, in reality, boſom-friends, and intimate acquaintance, have a kind of natural propenſity to particular females at the houſe of a friend, viz. to his grand-mother, mother, ſiſter, daughter, aunt, niece, or couſin, when they are rich; and to his wife, ſiſter, daughter, niece, couſin, miſtreſs, or ſervant-maid, if they ſhould be handſome.

We would not, however, have our reader imagine, that perſons of ſuch characters as were ſupported by Thwackum and Square, would undertake a matter of this kind, which hath been a little cenſured by ſome rigid moraliſts, before they had thoroughly examined it, and conſidered whether it was, (as Shakeſpear phraſes it) Stuff o' th' conſcience, or no. Thwackum was encouraged to the undertaking by reflecting, that to covet your neighbour's ſiſter is no where forbidden; and he knew it was a rule in the conſtruction of all laws, that *Expreſſum facit ceſſare tacitum.* The ſenſe of which is, When a law-giver ſets down plainly his whole meaning, we are prevented from making him mean what we pleaſe ourſelves. As ſome inſtances of women, therefore, are mentioned in the divine law, which forbids us to covet our neighbour's goods, and that of a ſiſter omitted, he concluded it to be lawful. And, as to Square, who was

in his perſon what is called a jolly fellow, or a widow's man, he eaſily reconciled his choice to the eternal fitneſs of things.

Now, as both theſe gentlemen were induſtrious in taking every opportunity of recommending themſelves to the widow, they apprehended one certain method was, by giving her ſon the conſtant preference to the other lad; and, as they conceived the kindneſs and affection which Mr. Allworthy ſhewed the latter, muſt be highly diſagreeable to her, they doubted not but the laying hold on all occaſions to degrade and vilify him, would be highly pleaſing to her; who, as ſhe hated the boy, muſt love all thoſe who did him any hurt. In this Thwackum had the advantage; for, while Square could only ſcarify the poor lad's reputation, he could flea his ſkin; and, indeed, he conſidered every laſh he gave him, as a compliment paid to his miſtreſs; ſo that he could, with the utmoſt propriety, repeat this old flogging line, *Caſtigo te non quòd odio habeam, ſed quòd* AMEM. I chaſtiſe thee not out of hatred, but out of LOVE. And this, indeed, he often had in his mouth, or rather, according to the old phraſe, never more properly applied, at his fingers ends.

For this reaſon principally, the two gentlemen concurred, as we have ſeen above, in their opinion concerning the two lads; this being,

indeed, almoſt the only inſtance of their concurring on any point: for, beſides the difference of their principles, they had both long ago ſtrongly ſuſpected each other's deſign, and hated one another with no little degree of inveteracy.

This mutual animoſity was a good deal increaſed by their alternate ſucceſſes: for Mrs. Blifil knew what they would be at, long before they imagined it, or, indeed, intended ſhe ſhould: for they proceeded with great caution, leſt ſhe ſhould be offended, and acquaint Mr. Allworthy. But they had no reaſon for any ſuch fear; ſhe was well enough pleaſed with a paſſion, of which ſhe intended none ſhould have any fruits but herſelf. And the only fruits ſhe deſigned for herſelf, were flattery and courtſhip; for which purpoſe, ſhe ſoothed them by turns, and a long time equally. She was, indeed, rather inclined to favour the parſon's principles; but Square's perſon was more agreeable to her eye, for he was a comely man; whereas the pedagogue did, in countenance, very nearly reſemble that gentleman, who, in the Harlot's Progreſs, is ſeen correcting the ladies in Bridewell.

Whether Mrs. Blifil had been ſurfeited with the ſweets of marriage, or diſguſted by its bitters, or from what other cauſe it proceeded, I will not determine; but ſhe could never be brought to liſten to any ſecond propoſals. However, ſhe,

at laſt, converſed with Square with ſuch a degree of intimacy, that malicious tongues began to whiſper things of her, to which, as well for the ſake of the lady, as that they were highly diſagreeable to the rule of right, and the fitneſs of things, we will give no credit, and, therefore, ſhall not blot our paper with them. The pedagogue, 'tis certain, whipt on, without getting a ſtep nearer to his journey's end.

Indeed he had committed a great error, and that Square diſcovered much ſooner than himſelf. Mrs. Blifil (as, perhaps, the reader may have formerly gueſſed) was not over and above pleaſed with the behaviour of her huſband; nay, to be honeſt, ſhe abſolutely hated him, till his death, at laſt, a little reconciled him to her affections. It will not be, therefore, greatly wondered at, if ſhe had not the moſt violent regard to the offspring ſhe had by him. And, in fact, ſhe had ſo little of this regard, that, in his infancy, ſhe ſeldom ſaw her ſon, or took any notice of him; and hence ſhe acquieſced, after a little reluctance, in all the favours which Mr. Allworthy ſhowered on the foundling; whom the good man called his own boy, and in all things put on an entire equality with Maſter Blifil. This acquieſcence in Mrs. Blifil was conſidered by the neighbours, and by the family, as a mark of her condeſcenſion to her brother's humour, and ſhe was imagined

by all others, as well as Thwackum and Square, to hate the foundling in her heart; nay, the more civility ſhe ſhewed him, the more they conceived ſhe deteſted him, and the ſurer ſchemes ſhe was laying for his ruin: for as they thought it her intereſt to hate him, it was very difficult for her to perſuade them ſhe did not.

Thwackum was the more confirmed in his opinion, as ſhe had more than once ſlily cauſed him to whip Tom Jones, when Mr. Allworthy, who was an enemy to this exerciſe, was abroad; whereas ſhe had never given any ſuch orders concerning young Blifil. And this had likewiſe impoſed upon Square. In reality, though ſhe certainly hated her own ſon, of which, however monſtrous it appears, I am aſſured, ſhe is not a ſingular inſtance, ſhe appeared, notwithſtanding all her outward compliance, to be in her heart ſufficiently diſpleaſed with all the favour ſhewn by Mr. Allworthy to the foundling. She frequently complained of this, behind her brother's back, and very ſharply cenſured him for it, both to Thwackum and Square; nay, ſhe would throw it in the teeth of Allworthy himſelf, when a little quarrel, or miff, as it is vulgarly called, aroſe between them.

However, when Tom grew up, and gave tokens of that gallantry of temper which greatly recommends men to women, this diſinclination

which ſhe had diſcovered to him when a child, by degrees abated, and, at laſt, ſhe ſo evidently demonſtrated her affection to him to be much ſtronger than what ſhe bore her own ſon, that it was impoſſible to miſtake her any longer. She was ſo deſirous of often ſeeing him, and diſcovered ſuch ſatisfaction and delight in his company, that before he was eighteen years old, he was become a rival to both Square and Thwackum; and what is worſe, the whole country began to talk as loudly of her inclination to Tom, as they had before done of that which ſhe had ſhewn to Square; on which account the philoſopher conceived the moſt implacable hatred for our poor hero.

CHAP. VII.

In which the author himſelf makes his appearance on the ſtage.

THOUGH Mr. Allworthy was not of himſelf haſty to ſee things in a diſadvantageous light, and was a ſtranger to the public voice, which ſeldom reaches to a brother or a huſband, though it rings in the ears of all the neighbourhood; yet was this affection of Mrs. Blifil to Tom, and the preference which ſhe too viſibly gave him to her own ſon, of the utmoſt diſadvantage to that youth.

For ſuch was the compaſſion which inhabited Mr. Allworthy's mind, that nothing but the ſteel of juſtice could ever ſubdue it. To be unfortunate in any reſpect was ſufficient, if there was no demerit to counterpoiſe it, to turn the ſcale of that good man's pity, and to engage his friendſhip, and his benefaction.

When, therefore, he plainly ſaw Maſter Blifil was abſolutely deteſted (for that he was) by his own mother, he began, on that account only, to look with an eye of compaſſion upon him; and what the effects of compaſſion are in good and benevolent minds, I need not here explain to moſt of my readers.

Henceforward, he ſaw every appearance of virtue in the youth through the magnifying end, and viewed all his faults with the glaſs inverted, ſo that they became ſcarce perceptible. And this, perhaps, the amiable temper of pity may make commendable; but the next ſtep the weakneſs of human nature alone muſt excuſe: for he no ſooner perceived that preference which Mrs. Blifil gave to Tom, than that poor youth (however innocent) began to ſink in his affections as he roſe in hers. This, it is true, would of itſelf alone never have been able to eradicate Jones from his boſom; but it was greatly injurious to him, and prepared Mr. Allworthy's mind for thoſe impreſſions, which afterwards produced the

mighty events that will be contained hereafter in this hiſtory; and to which, it muſt be confeſt, the unfortunate lad, by his own wantonneſs, wildneſs, and want of caution, too much contributed.

In recording ſome inſtances of theſe, we ſhall, if rightly underſtood, afford a very uſeful leſſon to thoſe well-diſpoſed youths, who ſhall hereafter be our readers: for they may here find that goodneſs of heart, and openneſs of temper, though theſe may give them great comfort within, and adminiſter to an honeſt pride in their own minds, will, by no means, alas! do their buſineſs in the world. Prudence and circumſpection are neceſſary even to the beſt of men. They are indeed, as it were, a guard to virtue, without which ſhe can never be ſafe. It is not enough that your deſigns, nay that your actions, are intrinſically good, you muſt take care they ſhall appear ſo. If your inſide be never ſo beautiful, you muſt preſerve a fair outſide alſo. This muſt be conſtantly looked to, or malice and envy will take care to blacken it ſo, that the ſagacity and goodneſs of an Allworthy will not be able to ſee through it, and to diſcern the beauties within. Let this, my young readers, be your conſtant maxim, that no man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of prudence; nor will virtue herſelf look beautiful, unleſs ſhe be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum. And this precept, my

worthy diſciples, if you read with due attention, you will, I hope, find ſufficiently enforced by examples in the following pages.

I aſk pardon for this ſhort appearance, by way of chorus, on the ſtage. It is, in reality, for my own ſake, that while I am diſcovering the rocks on which innocence and goodneſs often ſplit, I may not be miſunderſtood to recommend the very means to my worthy readers, by which I intend to ſhew them they will be undone. And this, as I could not prevail on any of my actors to ſpeak, I myſelf was obliged to declare.

CHAP. VIII.

A childiſh incident, in which, however, is ſeen a good-natured diſpoſition in Tom Jones.

THE reader may remember, that Mr. Allworthy gave Tom Jones a little horſe, as a kind of ſmart-money for the puniſhment, which he imagined he had ſuffered innocently.

This horſe Tom kept above half a year, and then rode him to a neighbouring fair, and ſold him.

At his return, being queſtioned by Thwackum, what he had done with the money for which the horſe was ſold, he frankly declared, he would not tell him.

Oho! ſays Thwackum, you will not! then I

will have it out of your br — h; that being the place to which he always applied for information, on every doubtful occaſion.

Tom was now mounted on the back of a footman, and every thing prepared for execution, when Mr. Allworthy entering the room, gave the criminal a reprieve, and took him with him into another apartment; where being alone with Tom, he put the ſame queſtion to him which Thwackum had before aſked him.

Tom anſwered, he could, in duty, refuſe him nothing; but as for that tyrannical raſcal, he would never make him any other anſwer than with a cudgel, with which he hoped ſoon to be able to pay him for all his barbarities.

Mr. Allworthy very ſeverely reprimanded the lad, for his indecent and diſreſpectful expreſſions concerning his maſter; but much more, for his avowing an intention of revenge. He threatened him with the entire loſs of his favour, if he ever heard ſuch another word from his mouth; for, he ſaid, he would never ſupport or befriend a reprobate. By theſe and the like declarations, he extorted ſome compunction from Tom, in which that youth was not over ſincere: for he really meditated ſome return for all the ſmarting favours he had received at the hands of the pedagogue. He was, however, brought by Mr. Allworthy to expreſs a concern for his reſentment

againſt Thwackum; and then the good man, after ſome wholeſome admonition, permitted him to proceed, which he did, as follows:

Indeed, my dear Sir, I love and honour you more than all the world: I know the great obligations I have to you, and ſhould deteſt myſelf, if I thought my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the little horſe you gave me ſpeak, I am ſure he could tell you how fond I was of your preſent: for I had more pleaſure in feeding him, than in riding him. Indeed, Sir, it went to my heart to part with him; nor would I have ſold him upon any other account in the world than what I did. You yourſelf, Sir, I am convinced, in my caſe, would have done the ſame: for none ever ſo ſenſibly felt the misfortunes of others. What would you feel, dear Sir, if you thought yourſelf the occaſion of them? — Indeed, Sir, there never was any miſery like theirs. — Like whoſe, child? ſays Allworthy: What do you mean? Oh, Sir, anſwered Tom, your poor game-keeper, with all his large family, ever ſince your diſcarding him, have been periſhing with all the miſeries of cold and hunger. I could not bear to ſee theſe poor wretches naked and ſtarving, and, at the ſame time, know myſelf to have been the occaſion of all their ſufferings. — I could not bear it, Sir, upon my ſoul, I could not. (Here

the tears run down his cheeks, and he thus proceeded) : It was to ſave them from abſolute deſtruction, I parted with your dear preſent, notwithſtanding all the value I had for it. — I ſold the horſe for them, and they have every farthing of the money.

Mr. Allworthy now ſtood ſilent for ſome moments, and before be ſpoke, the tears ſtarted from his eyes. He, at length, diſmiſſed Tom with a gentle rebuke, adviſing him for the future to apply to him in caſes of diſtreſs, rather than to uſe extraordinary means of relieving them himſelf.

This affair was, afterwards, the ſubject of much debate between Thwackum and Square. Thwackum held, that this was flying in Mr. Allworthy's face, who had intended to puniſh the fellow for his diſobedience. He ſaid, in ſome inſtances, what the world called charity appeared to him to be oppoſing the will of the almighty, which had marked ſome particular perſons for deſtruction; and that this was in like manner acting in oppoſition to Mr. Allworthy; concluding, as uſual, with a hearty recommendation of birch.

Square argued ſtrongly, on the other ſide, in oppoſition perhaps to Thwackum, or in compliance with Mr. Allworthy, who ſeemed very much to approve what Jones had done. As to what he urged on this occaſion, as I am convinced moſt

of my readers will be much abler advocates for poor Jones, it would be impertinent to relate it. Indeed it was not difficult to reconcile to the rule of right, an action which it would have been impoſſible to deduce from the rule of wrong.

CHAP. IX.

Containing an incident of a more heinous kind, with the comments of Thwackum and Square.

It hath been obſerved, by ſome man of much greater reputation for wiſdom than myſelf, that misfortunes ſeldom come ſingle. An inſtance of this may, I believe, be ſeen in thoſe gentlemen who have the misfortune to have any of their rogueries detected: for here diſcovery ſeldom ſtops till the whole is come out. Thus it happened to poor Tom; who was no ſooner pardoned for ſelling the horſe, than he was diſcovered to have, ſome time before, ſold a fine bible which Mr. Allworthy gave him, the money ariſing from which ſale he had diſpoſed of in the ſame manner. This bible Maſter Blifil had purchaſed, though he had already ſuch another of his own, partly out of reſpect for the book, and partly out of friendſhip to Tom, being unwilling that the bible ſhould be ſold out of the family at half price. He, therefore, diſburſed the ſaid half

price himſelf; for he was a very prudent lad, and ſo careful of his money, that he had laid up almoſt every penny which he had received from Mr. Allworthy.

Some people have been noted to be able to read in no book but their own. On the contrary, from the time when Maſter Blifil was firſt poſſeſſed of this bible, he never uſed any other. Nay, he was ſeen reading in it much oftener than he had before been in his own. Now, as he frequently aſked Thwackum to explain difficult paſſages to him, that gentleman unfortunately took notice of Tom's name, which was written in many parts of the book. This brought on an enquiry, which obliged Maſter Blifil to diſcover the whole matter.

Thwackum was reſolved, a crime of this kind, which he called ſacrilege, ſhould not go unpuniſhed. He, therefore, proceeded immediately to caſtigation; and not contented with that, he acquainted Mr. Allworthy, at their next meeting, with this monſtrous crime, as it appeared to him; inveighing againſt Tom in the moſt bitter terms, and likening him to the buyers and ſellers who were driven out of the temple.

Square ſaw this matter in a very different light. He ſaid, he could not perceive any higher crime in ſelling one book, than in ſelling another; that to ſell bibles was ſtrictly lawful by all laws

both divine and human, and conſequently there was no unfitneſs in it. He told Thwackum, that his great concern on this occaſion brought to his mind the ſtory of a very devout woman, who, out of pure regard to religion, ſtole Tillotſon's ſermons from a lady of her acquaintance.

This ſtory cauſed a vaſt quantity of blood to ruſh into the parſon's face which of itſelf was none of the paleſt; and he was going to reply with great warmth and anger, had not Mrs. Blifil, who was preſent at this debate, interpoſed. That lady declared herſelf abſolutely of Mr. Square's ſide. She argued, indeed, very learnedly in ſupport of his opinion; and concluded with ſaying, if Tom had been guilty of any fault, ſhe muſt confeſs her own ſon appeared to be equally culpable; for that ſhe could ſee no difference between the buyer and the ſeller; both of whom were alike to be driven out of the temple.

Mrs. Blifil having declared her opinion, put an end to the debate. Square's triumph would almoſt have ſtopt his words, had he needed them; and Thwackum, who, for reaſons before-mentioned, durſt not venture at diſobliging the lady, was almoſt choaked with indignation. As to Mr. Allworthy, he ſaid, ſince the boy had been already puniſhed, he would not deliver his ſentiments on the occaſion; and whether he was,

or

or was not angry with the lad, I muſt leave to the reader's own conjecture.

Soon after this, an action was brought againſt the game-keeper by 'ſquire Weſtern (the gentleman in whoſe manor the partridge was killed) for depredations of the like kind. This was a moſt unfortunate circumſtance for the fellow, as it not only of itſelf threatened his ruin, but actually prevented Mr. Allworthy from reſtoring him to his favour: for, as that gentleman was walking out one evening with Maſter Blifil and young Jones, the latter ſlily drew him to the habitation of Black George; where the family of that poor wretch, namely, his wife and children, were found in all the miſery with which cold, hunger, and nakedneſs, can affect human creatures: for, as to the money they had received from Jones, former debts had conſumed almoſt the whole.

Such a ſcene as this could not fail of affecting the heart of Mr. Allworthy. He immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas, with which he bid her cloath her children. The poor woman burſt into tears at this goodneſs, and while ſhe was thanking him, could not refrain from expreſſing her gratitude to Tom; who had, ſhe ſaid, long preſerved both her and hers from ſtarving. We have not, ſays ſhe, had a morſel to eat, nor have theſe poor children had a rag to put on, but what his goodneſs had

beſtowed on us. For, indeed, beſides the horſe and the bible, Tom had ſacrificed a night-gown and other things to the uſe of this diſtreſſed family.

On their return home, Tom made uſe of all his eloquence to diſplay the wretchedneſs of theſe people, and the penitence of Black George himſelf; and in this he ſucceeded ſo well, that Mr. Allworthy ſaid, he thought the man had ſuffered enough for what was paſt; that he would forgive him, and think of ſome means of providing for him and his family.

Jones was ſo delighted with this news, that though it was dark when they returned home, he could not help going back a mile, in a ſhower of rain, to acquaint the poor woman with the glad tidings; but, like other haſty divulgers of news, he only brought on himſelf the trouble of contradicting it: for the ill-fortune of Black George made uſe of the very opportunity of his friend's abſence to overturn all again.

CHAP. X.

In which Maſter Blifil and Jones appear in different lights.

MASTER Blifil fell very ſhort of his companion in the amiable quality of mercy; but he as greatly exceeded him in one of a much

higher kind, namely, in juſtice: in which he followed both the precepts and example of Thwackum and Square; for though they would both make frequent uſe of the word mercy, yet it was plain, that in reality Square held it to be inconſiſtent with the rule of right; and Thwackum was for doing juſtice, and leaving mercy to heaven. The two gentlemen did indeed ſomewhat differ in opinion concerning the objects of this ſublime virtue; by which Thwackum would probably have deſtroyed one half of mankind, and Square the other half.

Maſter Blifil then, though he had kept ſilence in the preſence of Jones, yet, when he had better conſidered the matter, could by no means endure the thought of ſuffering his uncle to confer favours on the undeſerving. He, therefore, reſolved immediately to acquaint him with the fact which we have above ſlightly hinted to the readers. The truth of which was as follows.

The game-keeper, about a year after he was diſmiſſed from Mr. Allworthy's ſervice, and before Tom's ſelling the horſe, being in want of bread, either to fill his own mouth, or thoſe of his family, as he paſſed through a field belonging to Mr. Weſtern, eſpied a hare ſitting in her form. This hare he had baſely and barbarouſly knocked on the head, againſt the laws of the land, and no leſs againſt the laws of ſportſmen.

The higgler to whom the hare was ſold, being unfortunately taken, many months after, with a quantity of game upon him, was obliged to make his peace with the 'ſquire, by becoming evidence againſt ſome poacher. And now Black George was pitched upon by him, as being a perſon already obnoxious to Mr. Weſtern, and one of no good fame in the country. He was, beſides, the beſt ſacrifice the higgler could make, as he had ſupplied him with no game ſince; and by this means the witneſs had an opportunity of ſcreening his better cuſtomers: for the 'ſquire, being charmed with the power of puniſhing Black George, whom a ſingle tranſgreſſion was ſufficient to ruin, made no further enquiry.

Had this fact been truly laid before Mr. Allworthy, it might probably have done the game-keeper very little miſchief. But there is no zeal blinder than that which is inſpired with the love of juſtice againſt offenders. Maſter Blifil had forgot the diſtance of the time. He varied likewiſe in the manner of the fact: and, by the haſty addition of the ſingle letter, S, he conſiderably altered the ſtory; for he ſaid, that George had wired hares. Theſe alterations might probably have been ſet right, had not Maſter Blifil unluckily inſiſted on a promiſe of ſecrecy from Mr. Allworthy, before he revealed the matter to him; but, by that means, the poor

game-keeper was condemned, without having any opportunity to defend himſelf; for as the fact of killing the hare, and of the action brought, were certainly true, Mr. Allworthy had no doubt concerning the reſt.

Short-lived then was the joy of theſe poor people; for Mr. Allworthy the next morning declared, he had freſh reaſon, without aſſigning it, for his anger, and ſtrictly forbade Tom to mention George any more; though as for his family, he ſaid, he would endeavour to keep them from ſtarving: but, as to the fellow himſelf, he would leave him to the laws, which nothing could keep him from breaking.

Tom could, by no means, divine what had incenſed Mr. Allworthy: for of Maſter Blifil he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion. However, as his friendſhip was to be tired out by no diſappointments, he now determined to try another method of preſerving the poor game-keeper from ruin.

Jones was lately grown very intimate with Mr. Weſtern. He had ſo greatly recommended himſelf to that gentleman, by leaping over five-barred gates, and by other acts of ſportſmanſhip, that the 'ſquire had declared, Tom would certainly make a great man, if he had but ſufficient encouragement. He often wiſhed he had himſelf a ſon with ſuch parts; and one day, very ſolemnly

aſſerted at a drinking bout, that Tom ſhould hunt a pack of hounds, for a thouſand pound of his money, with any huntſman in the whole country.

By ſuch kind of talents he had ſo ingratiated himſelf with the 'ſquire, that he was a moſt welcome gueſt at his table, and a favourite companion in his ſport: every thing which the 'ſquire held moſt dear, to wit, his guns, dogs, and horſes, were now as much at the command of Jones, as if they had been his own. He reſolved, therefore, to make uſe of this favour on behalf of his friend Black George, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr. Weſtern's family, in the ſame capacity in which he had before ſerved Mr. Allworthy.

The reader, if he conſiders that this fellow was already obnoxious to Mr. Weſtern, and if he conſiders farther the weighty buſineſs by which that gentleman's diſpleaſure had been incurred, will, perhaps, condemn this as a fooliſh and deſperate undertaking; but if he ſhould not totally condemn young Jones on that account, he will greatly applaud him for ſtrengthening himſelf with all imaginable intereſt on ſo arduous an occaſion.

For this purpoſe then Tom applied to Mr. Weſtern's daughter, a young lady of about ſeventeen years of age, whom her father, next after thoſe neceſſary implements of ſport juſt

before-mentioned, loved and eſteemed above all the world. Now, as ſhe had ſome influence on the 'ſquire, ſo Tom had ſome little influence on her. But this being the intended heroine of this work, a lady with whom we ourſelves are greatly in love, and with whom many of our readers will probably be in love too before we part, it is by no means proper ſhe ſhould make her appearance at the end of a book.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK IV.

Containing the time of a year.

CHAP. I.

Containing five pages of paper.

As truth diſtinguiſhes our writings from thoſe idle romances which are filled with monſters, the productions, not of nature, but of diſtempered brains, and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent critic to the ſole uſe of the paſtry-cook: ſo, on the other hand, we would avoid any reſemblance to that kind of hiſtory which a celebrated poet ſeems to think is no leſs calculated for the emolument of the brewer, as the reading it ſhould be always attended with a tankard of good ale.

> While—hiſtory with her comrade ale,
> Sooths the ſad ſeries of her ſerious tale.

For as this is the liquor of modern hiſtorians, nay, perhaps their muſe, if we may believe

the opinion of Butler, who attributes inſpiration to ale, it ought likewiſe to be the potation of their readers, ſince every book ought to be read with the ſame ſpirit, and in the ſame manner, as it is writ. Thus the famous author of Hurlothrumbo told a learned biſhop, that the reaſon his lordſhip could not taſte the excellence of his piece, was, that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand; which inſtrument he himſelf had always had in his own, when he compoſed it.

That our work, therefore, might be in no danger of being likened to the labours of theſe hiſtorians, we have taken every occaſion of interſperſing through the whole, ſundry ſimiles, deſcriptions, and other kind of poetical embelliſhments. Theſe are, indeed, deſigned to ſupply the place of the ſaid ale, and to refreſh the mind, whenever thoſe ſlumbers, which in a long work are apt to invade the reader as well as the writer, ſhall begin to creep upon him. Without interruptions of this kind, the beſt narrative of plain matter of fact muſt over-power every reader; for nothing but the everlaſting watchfulneſs, which Homer has aſcribed only to Jove himſelf, can be proof againſt a news-paper of many volumes.

We ſhall leave to the reader to determine with what judgment we have choſen the ſeveral

occaſions for inſerting thoſe ornamental parts of our work. Surely it will be allowed that none could be more proper than the preſent; where we are about to introduce a conſiderable character on the ſcene; no leſs, indeed, than the heroine of this heroic, hiſtorical, proſaic poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the mind of the reader for her reception, by filling it with every pleaſing image, which we can draw from the face of nature. And for this method we plead many precedents. Firſt, this is an art well known to, and much practiſed by, our tragic poets; who ſeldom fail to prepare their audience for the reception of their principal characters.

Thus the hero is always introduced with a flouriſh of drums and trumpets, in order to rouſe a martial ſpirit in the audience, and to accommodate their ears to bombaſt and fuſtian, which Mr. Locke's blind man would not have groſsly erred in likening to the ſound of a trumpet. Again, when lovers are coming forth, ſoft muſic often conducts them on the ſtage, either to ſooth the audience with all the ſoftneſs of the tender paſſion, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle ſlumber in which they will, moſt probably, be compoſed by the enſuing ſcene.

And not only the poets, but the maſters of

theſe poets, the managers of play-houſes, ſeem to be in this ſecret; for, beſides the aforeſaid kettle-drums, &c. which denote the hero's approach, he is generally uſhered on the ſtage by a large troop of half a dozen ſcene-ſhifters; and how neceſſary theſe are imagined to his appearance, may be concluded from the following theatrical ſtory.

King Pyrrhus was at dinner at an alehouſe bordering on the theatre, when he was ſummoned to go on the ſtage. The hero, being unwilling to quit his ſhoulder of mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himſelf the indignation of Mr. Wilks, (his brother manager) for making the audience wait, had bribed theſe his harbingers to be out of the way. While Mr. Wilks, therefore, was thundering out: Where are the carpenters to walk on before king Pyrrhus? that monarch very quietly eat his mutton, and the audience, however impatient, were obliged to entertain themſelves with muſic in his abſence.

To be plain, I much queſtion whether the politician, who hath generally a good noſe, hath not ſcented out ſomewhat of the utility of this practice. I am convinced, that awful magiſtrate, my lord-mayor, contracts a good deal of that reverence which attends him through the year, by the ſeveral pageants which precede his pomp. Nay, I muſt confeſs, that even I myſelf,

who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with ſhow, have yielded not a little to the impreſſions of much preceeding ſtate. When I have ſeen a man ſtrutting in a proceſſion, after others whoſe buſineſs was only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher notion of his dignity, than I have felt on ſeeing him in a common ſituation. But there is one inſtance which comes exactly up to my purpoſe. This is the cuſtom of ſending on a baſket-woman, who is to precede the pomp at a coronation, and to ſtrew the ſtage with flowers, before the great perſonages begin their proceſſion. The antients would certainly have invoked the goddeſs Flora for this purpoſe, and it would have been no difficulty for their prieſts or politicians to have perſuaded the people of the real preſence of the deity, though a plain mortal had perſonated her, and performed her office. But we have no ſuch deſign of impoſing on our reader; and, therefore, thoſe who object to the heathen theology, may, if they pleaſe, change our goddeſs into the above-mentioned baſket-woman. Our intention, in ſhort, is to introduce our heroine with the utmoſt ſolemnity in our power, with an elevation of ſtile, and all other circumſtances proper to raiſe the veneration of our reader. Indeed we would, for certain cauſes, adviſe thoſe of our male readers who have any hearts, to read

no farther, were we not well aſſured, that how amiable ſoever the picture of our heroine will appear, as it is really a copy from nature, many of our fair country-women will be found worthy to ſatisfy any paſſion, and to anſwer any idea of female perfection, which our pencil will be able to raiſe.

And now, without any further preface, we proceed to our next chapter.

CHAP. II.

A ſhort hint of what we can do in the ſublime, and a deſcription of Miſs Sophia Weſtern.

HUSHED be every ruder breath! May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boiſterous limbs of noiſy Boreas, and the ſharp-pointed noſe of bitter-biting Eurus! Do thou, ſweet Zephyrus, riſing from thy fragrant bed, mount the weſtern ſky, and lead on thoſe delicious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dews, when on the firſt of june, her birth-day, the blooming maid, in looſe attire, gently trips it over the verdant mead, where every flower riſes to do her homage, till the whole field becomes enamelled, and colours contend with ſweets which ſhall raviſh her moſt!

So charming may ſhe now appear; and you the feather'd choriſters of nature, whoſe ſweeteſt notes not even Handel can excell, tune your melodious throats, to celebrate her appearance! From love proceeds your muſic, and to love it returns. Awaken, therefore, that gentle paſſion in every ſwain: for, lo! adorned with all the charms in which nature can array her; bedecked with beauty, youth, ſprightlineſs, innocence, modeſty, and tenderneſs, breathing ſweetneſs from her roſy lips, and darting brightneſs from her ſparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes!

Reader, perhaps thou haſt ſeen the ſtatue of the *Venus de Medicis*. Perhaps too, thou haſt ſeen the gallery of beauties at Hampton-Court. Thou may'ſt remember each bright Churchill of the galaxy, and all the toaſts of the kit-cat. Or if their reign was before thy times, at leaſt thou haſt ſeen their daughters, the no leſs dazzling beauties of the preſent age; whoſe names, ſhould we here inſert, we apprehend they would fill the whole volume.

Now, if thou haſt ſeen all theſe, be not afraid of the rude anſwer which lord Rocheſter once gave to a man, who had ſeen many things. No. If thou haſt ſeen all theſe without knowing what beauty is, thou haſt no eyes; if without feeling its power, thou haſt no heart.

Yet is it poſſible, my friend, that thou mayeſt

have ſeen all theſe, without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia: for ſhe did not exactly reſemble any of them. She was moſt like the picture of lady Ranelagh; and, I have heard, more ſtill to the famous dutcheſs of Mazarin; but moſt of all, ſhe reſembled one whoſe image never can depart from my breaſt, and whom, if thou doſt remember, thou haſt then, my friend, an adequate idea of Sophia.

But leſt this ſhould not have been thy fortune, we will endeavour, with our utmoſt ſkill, to deſcribe this paragon, though we are ſenſible that our higheſt abilities are very inadequate to the taſk.

Sophia then, the only daughter of Mr. Weſtern, was a middle-ſized woman; but rather inclining to tall. Her ſhape was not only exact, but extremely delicate; and the nice proportion of her arms promiſed the trueſt ſymmetry in her limbs. Her hair, which was black, was ſo luxuriant, that it reached her middle, before ſhe cut it, to comply with the modern faſhion; and it was now curled ſo gracefully in her neck, that few would believe it to be her own. If envy could find any part of the face which demanded leſs commendation than the reſt, it might poſſibly think her forehead might have been higher without prejudice to her. Her eye-brows were full, even, and arched beyond the power of art

to imitate. Her black eyes had a luſtre in them, which all her ſoftneſs could not extinguiſh. Her noſe was exactly regular, and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly anſwered Sir John Suckling's deſcription in thoſe lines:

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin.
Some bee had ſtung it newly.

Her cheeks were of the oval kind; and in her right ſhe had a dimple, which the leaſt ſmile diſcovered. Her chin had certainly its ſhare in forming the beauty of her face; but it was difficult to ſay it was either large or ſmall, though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of the lilly than of the roſe; but when exerciſe, or modeſty, increaſed her natural colour, no vermillion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr. Donne,

— Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay her body thought.

Her neck was long and finely turned: and here, if I was not afraid of offending her delicacy, I might juſtly ſay, the higheſt beauties of the famous *Venus de Medicis* were outdone. Here was whiteneſs which no lillies, ivory, nor alabaſter could

could match. The fineſt cambric might indeed be ſuppoſed from envy to cover that boſom, which was much whiter than itſelf.—It was indeed,

Nitor ſplendens Pario marmore purius.

A gloſs ſhining beyond the pureſt brightneſs of Parian marble.

Such was the outſide of Sophia; nor was this beautiful frame diſgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her perſon; nay, the latter borrowed ſome charms from the former: for, when ſhe ſmiled, the ſweetneſs of her temper diffuſed that glory over her countenance, which no regularity of features can give. But as there are no perfections of the mind which do not diſcover themſelves, in that perfect intimacy, to which we intend to introduce our reader, with this charming young creature; ſo it is needleſs to mention them here: nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's underſtanding, and may alſo rob him of that pleaſure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character.

It may, however, be proper to ſay, that whatever mental accompliſhments ſhe had derived from nature, they were ſomewhat improved and cultivated by art: for ſhe had been educated

under the care of an aunt, who was a lady of great diſcretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the world, having lived, in her youth, about the court, whence ſhe had retired ſome years ſince into the country. By her converſation and inſtructions, Sophia was perfectly well-bred, though perhaps ſhe wanted a little of that eaſe in her behaviour, which is to be acquired only by habit, and living within what is called the polite circle. But this, to ſay the truth, is often too dearly purchaſed; and though it hath charms ſo inexpreſſible, that the French, perhaps, among other qualities, mean to expreſs this, when they declare they know not what it is; yet its abſence is well compenſated by innocence; nor can good ſenſe, and a natural gentility, ever ſtand in need of it.

CHAP. III.

Wherein the hiſtory goes back to commemorate a trifling incident that happened ſome years ſince; but which, trifling as it was, had ſome future conſequences.

THE amiable Sophia was now in her eighteenth year, when ſhe is introduced into this hiſtory. Her father, as hath been ſaid, was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied, in order to

engage her intereſt on the behalf of his friend the game-keeper.

But before we proceed to this buſineſs, a ſhort recapitulation of ſome previous matters may be neceſſary.

Though the different tempers of Mr. Allworthy, and of Mr. Weſtern, did not admit of a very intimate correſpondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent footing together; by which means the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy; and as they were all near of the ſame age, had been frequent play-mates together.

The gaiety of Tom's temper ſuited better with Sophia, than the grave and ſober diſpoſition of Maſter Blifil. And the preference which ſhe gave the former of theſe, would often appear ſo plainly, that a lad of a more paſſionate turn than Maſter Blifil was, might have ſhewn ſome diſpleaſure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly expreſs any ſuch diſguſt, it would be an ill office in us to pay a viſit to the inmoſt receſſes of his mind, as ſome ſcandalous people ſearch into the moſt ſecret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their cloſets and cupboards, only to diſcover their poverty and meanneſs to the world.

However, as perſons who ſuſpect they have given others cauſe of offence, are apt to conclude

they are offended; ſo Sophia imputed an action of Maſter Blifil to his anger, which the ſuperior ſagacity of Thwackum and Square diſcerned to have ariſen from a much better principle.

Tom Jones, when very young, had preſented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the neſt, had nurſed up, and taught to ſing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was ſo extremely fond, that her chief buſineſs was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleaſure to play with it. By theſe means little Tommy, for ſo the bird was called, was become ſo tame, that it would feed out of the hand of its miſtreſs, would perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her boſom, where it ſeemed almoſt ſenſible of its own happineſs; though ſhe always kept a ſmall ſtring about its leg, nor would ever truſt it with the liberty of flying away.

One day, when Mr. Allworthy, and his whole family, dined at Mr. Weſtern's, Maſter Blifil, being in the garden with little Sophia, and obſerving the extreme fondneſs that ſhe ſhewed for her little bird, deſired her to truſt it for a moment in his hands. Sophia preſently complied with the young gentleman's requeſt, and after ſome previous caution, delivered him her bird; of which he was no ſooner in poſſeſſion, than he ſlipt the ſtring from its leg, and toſſed it into the air.

The fooliſh animal no ſooner perceived itſelf at liberty, than forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, it flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at ſome diſtance.

Sophia, ſeeing her bird gone, ſcreamed out ſo loud, that Tom Jones, who was at a little diſtance, immediately ran to her aſſiſtance.

He was no ſooner informed of what had happened, than he curſed Blifil for a pitiful, malicious raſcal, and then immediately ſtripping off his coat, he applied himſelf to climbing the tree to which the bird eſcaped.

Tom had almoſt recovered his little name-ſake, when the branch on which it was perched, and that hung over a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water.

Sophia's concern now changed its object. And, as ſhe apprehended the boy's life was in danger, ſhe ſcreamed ten times louder than before; and, indeed, Maſter Blifil himſelf now ſeconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

The company, who were ſitting in a room next the garden, were inſtantly alarmed, and came all forth; but juſt as they reached the canal, Tom, (for the water was luckily pretty ſhallow in that part) arrived ſafely on ſhore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who ſtood dropping and ſhivering before him, when

Mr. Allworthy deſired him to have patience, and turning to Maſter Blifil, ſaid: Pray, child, what is the reaſon of all this diſturbance?

Maſter Blifil anſwered: Indeed, uncle, I am very ſorry for what I have done; I have been unhappily the occaſion of it all. I had Miſs Sophia's bird in my hand, and thinking the poor creature languiſhed for liberty, I own, I could not forbear giving it what it deſired: for I always thought there was ſomething very cruel in confining any thing. It ſeemed to me againſt the law of nature, by which every thing hath a right to liberty; nay, it is even unchriſtian; for it is not doing what we would be done by: but if I had imagined Miſs Sophia would have been ſo much concerned at it, I am ſure I would never have done it; nay, if I had known what would have happened to the bird itſelf: for, when Maſter Jones, who climbed up that tree after it, fell into the water, the bird took a ſecond flight, and preſently a naſty hawk carried it away.

Poor Sophia, who now firſt heard of her little Tommy's fate, (for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it happened) ſhed a ſhower of tears. Theſe Mr. Allworthy endeavoured to aſſuage, promiſing her a much finer bird; but ſhe declared, ſhe would never have another. Her father chid her for crying ſo for a fooliſh bird; but could not help telling

young Blifil, if he was a ſon of his, his backſide ſhould be well flea'd.

Sophia now returned to her chamber, the two young gentlemen were ſent home, and the reſt of the company returned to their bottle; where a converſation enſued on the ſubject of the bird, ſo curious, that we think it deſerves a chapter by itſelf.

CHAP. IV.

Containing ſuch very deep and grave matters, that ſome readers, perhaps, may not reliſh it.

SQUARE had no ſooner lighted his pipe, than addreſſing himſelf to Allworthy, he thus began: Sir, I cannot help congratulating you on your nephew; who, at an age when few lads have any ideas but of ſenſible objects, is arrived at a capacity of diſtinguiſhing right from wrong. To confine any thing, ſeems to me againſt the law of nature, by which every thing hath a right to liberty. Theſe were his words; and the impreſſion they have made on me, is never to be eradicated. Can any man have a higher notion of the rule of right, and the eternal fitneſs of things? I cannot help promiſing myſelf from ſuch a dawn, that the meridian of this youth will be equal to that of either the elder or the younger Brutus.

Here Thwackum haſtily interrupted, and ſpilling ſome of his wine, and ſwallowing the reſt with great eagerneſs, anſwered: From another expreſſion he made uſe of, I hope he will reſemble much better men. The law of nature is a jargon of words, which means nothing. I know not of any ſuch law, nor of any right which can be derived from it. To do as we would be done by, is indeed a chriſtian motive, as the boy well expreſſed himſelf, and I am glad to find my inſtructions have borne ſuch good fruit.

If vanity was a thing fit, ſays Square, I might indulge ſome on the ſame occaſion; for whence only he can have learnt his notions of right or wrong, I think is pretty apparent. If there be no law of nature, there is no right nor wrong.

How! ſays the parſon, do you then baniſh revelation? Am I talking with a deiſt or an atheiſt?

Drink about, ſays Weſtern, pox of your laws of nature. I don't know what you mean either of you, by right and wrong. To take away my girl's bird, was wrong in my opinion; and my neighbour Allworthy may do as he pleaſes; but to encourage boys in ſuch practices, is to breed them up to the gallows.

Allworthy anſwered, that he was ſorry for what his nephew had done; but could not conſent to puniſh him, as he acted rather from a generous

than unworthy motive. He ſaid, if the boy had ſtolen the bird, none would have been more ready to vote for a ſevere chaſtiſement than himſelf; but it was plain that was not his deſign: and, indeed, it was as apparent to him, that he could have no other view but what he had himſelf avowed. For as to that malicious purpoſe which Sophia ſuſpected, it never once entered into the head of Mr. Allworthy.) He, at length, concluded with again blaming the action as inconſiderate, and which, he ſaid, was pardonable only in a child.

Square had delivered his opinion ſo openly, that if he was now ſilent, he muſt ſubmit t have his judgment cenſured. He ſaid, therefore, with ſome warmth, that Mr. Allworthy had too much reſpect to the dirty conſideration of property; that in paſſing our judgments on great and mighty actions, all private regards ſhould be laid aſide; for by adhering to thoſe narrow rules, the younger Brutus had been condemned of ingratitude, and the elder of parricide.

And if they had been hanged too for thoſe crimes, cried Thwackum, they would have had no more than their deſerts. A couple of heatheniſh villains! Heaven be praiſed, we have no Brutus's now-a-days. I wiſh, Mr. Square, you would deſiſt from filling the minds of my pupils with ſuch antichriſtian ſtuff: for the conſequence muſt be, while they are under my care, its being well

ſcourged out of them again. There is your diſciple Tom almoſt ſpoiled already. I over-heard him the other day diſputing with Maſter Blifil, that there was no merit in faith without works. I know that is one of your tenets, and I ſuppoſe he had it from you.

Don't accuſe me of ſpoiling him, ſays Square. Who taught him to laugh at whatever is virtuous and decent, and fit and right in the nature of things? He is your own ſcholar, and I diſclaim him. No, no, Maſter Blifil is my boy. Young as he is, that lad's notions of moral rectitude I defy you ever to eradicate.

Thwackum put on a contemptuous ſneer at this, and replied: Ay, ay, I will venture him with you. He is too well grounded for all your philoſophical cant to hurt. No, no, I have taken care to inſtil ſuch principles into him....

And I have inſtilled principles into him too, cries Square. What but the ſublime idea of virtue could inſpire a human mind with the generous thought of giving liberty? And I repeat to you again, if it was a fit thing to be proud, I might claim the honour of having infuſed that idea.

And if pride was not forbidden, ſaid Thwackum, I might boaſt of having taught him that duty which he himſelf aſſigned as his motive.

So, between you both, ſays the 'ſquire, the young gentleman hath been taught to rob my

daughter of her bird. I find I muſt take care of my partridge-mew. I ſhall have ſome virtuous, religious man or other ſet all my partridges at liberty. Then ſlapping a gentleman of the law, who was preſent, on the back, he cried out: What ſay you to this, Mr. Counſellor? Is not this againſt law?

The lawyer, with great gravity, delivered himſelf as follows:

If the caſe be put of a partridge, there can be no doubt but an action would lie: for though this be *Feræ Naturæ*, yet being reclaimed, property veſts: but being the caſe of a ſinging bird, though reclaimed, as it is a thing of baſe nature, it muſt be conſidered as *nullius in bonis*. In this caſe, therefore, I conceive the plaintiff muſt be nonſuited; and I ſhould diſadviſe the bringing any ſuch action.

Well, ſays the ſquire, if it be *nullus bonus*, let us drink about, and talk a little of the ſtate of the nation, or ſome ſuch diſcourſe that we all underſtand; for I am ſure I don't underſtand a word of this. It may be learning and ſenſe for aught I know; but you ſhall never perſuade me into it. Pox! you have neither of you mentioned a word of that poor lad who deſerves to be commended; to venture breaking his neck to oblige my girl, was a generous ſpirited action: I have learning enough to ſee that. D—n me!

here's Tom's health. I ſhall love the boy for it the longeſt day I have to live.

Thus was the debate interrupted; but it would, probably, have been ſoon reſumed, had not Mr. Allworthy preſently called for his coach, and carried off the two combatants.

Such was the concluſion of this adventure of the bird, and of the dialogue occaſioned by it, which we would not help recounting to our reader, though it happened ſome years before that ſtage, or period of time, at which our hiſtory is now arrived.

CHAP. V.

Containing matter accommodated to every taſte.

PARVA leves capiunt animos, Small things affect light minds, was the ſentiment of a great maſter of the paſſion of love. And certain it is, that, from this day, Sophia began to have ſome little kindneſs for Tom Jones, and no little averſion for his companion.

Many accidents from time to time improved both theſe paſſions in her breaſt; which, without our recounting, the reader may well conclude, from what we have before hinted of the different tempers of theſe lads, and how much the one ſuited with her own inclinations more than the

other. To ſay the truth, Sophia, when very young, diſcerned that Tom, though an idle, thoughtleſs, rattling raſcal, was nobody's enemy but his own; and that Maſter Blifil, though a prudent, diſcreet, ſober young gentleman, was, at the ſame time, ſtrongly attached to the intereſt only of one ſingle perſon; and who that ſingle perſon was, the reader will be able to divine without any aſſiſtance of ours.

Theſe two characters are not always received in the world with the different regard which ſeems ſeverally due to either; and which one would imagine mankind, from ſelf-intereſt, ſhould ſhew towards them. But perhaps there may be a political reaſon for it: in finding one of a truly benevolent diſpoſition, men may very reaſonably ſuppoſe, they have found a treaſure, and be deſirous of keeping it, like all other good things, to themſelves. Hence they may imagine, that to trumpet forth the praiſes of ſuch a perſon, would, in the vulgar phraſe, be crying Roaſt-meat; and calling in partakers of what they intend to apply ſolely to their own uſe. If this reaſon does not ſatisfy the reader, I know no other means of accounting for the little reſpect which I have commonly ſeen paid to a character which really does great honour to human nature, and is productive of the higheſt good to ſociety. But it was otherwiſe

with Sophia. She honoured Tom Jones, and ſcorned Maſter Blifil, almoſt as ſoon as ſhe knew the meaning of thoſe two words.

Sophia had been abſent upwards of three years with her aunt; during all which time ſhe had ſeldom ſeen either of theſe young gentlemen. She dined, however, once, together with her aunt, at Mr. Allworthy's. This was a few days after the adventure of the partridge, before commemorated. Sophia heard the whole ſtory at table, where ſhe ſaid nothing; nor indeed could her aunt get many words from her, as ſhe returned home; but her maid, when undreſſing her, happening to ſay: Well, Miſs, I ſuppoſe you have ſeen young Maſter Blifil to day; ſhe anſwered with much paſſion: I hate the name of Maſter Blifil, as I do whatever is baſe and treacherous; and I wonder Mr. Allworthy would ſuffer that old barbarous ſchool-maſter to puniſh a poor boy ſo cruelly, for what was only the effect of his good-nature. She then recounted the ſtory to her maid, and concluded with ſaying: Don't you think he is a boy of a noble ſpirit?

This young lady was now returned to her father; who gave her the command of his houſe, and placed her at the upper end of his table, where Tom (who for his great love of hunting was become a great favourite of the

'ſquire) often dined. Young men of open, generous diſpoſitions are naturally inclined to gallantry, which, if they have good underſtandings, as was in reality Tom's caſe, exerts itſelf in an obliging, complaiſant behaviour to all women in general. This greatly diſtinguiſhed Tom from the boiſterous brutality of mere country-'ſquires on the one hand; and from the ſolemn, and ſomewhat ſullen deportment of Maſter Blifil on the other: and he began now, at twenty, to have the name of a pretty fellow, among all the women in the neighbourhood.

Tom behaved to Sophia with no particularity, unleſs, perhaps, by ſhewing her a higher reſpect than he paid to any other. This diſtinction her beauty, fortune, ſenſe, and amiable carriage, ſeemed to demand; but as to deſign upon her perſon, he had none; for which we ſhall at preſent ſuffer the reader to condemn him of ſtupidity; but perhaps we ſhall be able indifferently well to account for it hereafter.

Sophia, with the higheſt degree of innocence and modeſty, had a remarkable ſprightlineſs in her temper. This was ſo greatly increaſed whenever ſhe was in company with Tom, that, had he not been very young and thoughtleſs, he muſt have obſerved it; or had not Mr. Weſtern's thoughts been generally either in the field, the ſtable, or the dog-kennel, it might

have, perhaps, created ſome jealouſy in him: but ſo far was the good gentleman from entertaining any ſuch ſuſpicions, that he gave Tom every opportunity with his daughter which any lover could have wiſhed. And this Tom innocently improved to better advantage, by following only the dictates of his natural gallantry and good-nature, than he might, perhaps, have done, had he had the deepeſt deſigns on the young lady.

But, indeed, it can occaſion little wonder, that this matter eſcaped the obſervation of others, ſince poor Sophia herſelf never remarked it, and her heart was irretrievably loſt before ſhe ſuſpected it was in danger.

Matters were in this ſituation, when Tom, one afternoon, finding Sophia alone, began, after a ſhort apology, with a very ſerious face, to acquaint her, that he had a favour to aſk of her, which he hoped her goodneſs would comply with.

Though neither the young man's behaviour, nor indeed his manner of opening this buſineſs, were ſuch as could give her any juſt cauſe of ſuſpecting he intended to make love to her; yet, whether nature whiſpered ſomething into her ear, or from what cauſe it aroſe, I will not determine; certain it is, ſome idea of that kind muſt have intruded itſelf; for her colour forſook her cheeks, her limbs trembled, and her tongue would have faultered, had Tom ſtopped for an anſwer

anſwer: but he ſoon relieved her from her perplexity, by proceeding to inform her of his requeſt, which was to ſolicit her intereſt on behalf of the game-keeper, whoſe own ruin, and that of a large family, muſt be, he ſaid, the conſequence of Mr. Weſtern's purſuing his action againſt him.

Sophia preſently recovered her confuſion, and, with a ſmile full of ſweetneſs, ſaid: Is this the mighty favour you aſked with ſo much gravity? I will do it with all my heart. I really pity the poor fellow, and no longer ago than yeſterday ſent a ſmall matter to his wife. This ſmall matter was one of her gowns, ſome linnen, and ten ſhillings in money, of which Tom had heard; and it had, in reality, put this ſolicitation into his head.

Our youth, now emboldened with his ſucceſs, reſolved to puſh the matter farther; and ventured even to beg her recommendation of him to her father's ſervice; proteſting, that he thought him one of the honeſteſt fellows in the country, and extremely well qualified for the place of a game-keeper, which luckily then happened to be vacant.

Sophia anſwered: Well, I will undertake this too; but I cannot promiſe you as much ſucceſs as in the former part, which, I aſſure you, I will not quit my father without obtaining.

However, I will do what I can for the poor fellow; for I ſincerely look upon him and his family as objects of great compaſſion. — And now, Mr. Jones, I muſt aſk you a favour —.

A favour! Madam, cries Tom, if you knew the pleaſure you have given me in the hopes of receiving a command from you, you would think, by mentioning it, you did confer the greateſt favour on me; for by this dear hand I would ſacrifice my life to oblige you.

He then ſnatched her hand, and eagerly kiſſed it, which was the firſt time his lips had ever touched her. The blood, which before had forſaken her cheeks, now made her ſufficient amends, by ruſhing all over her face and neck with ſuch violence, that they became all of a ſcarlet colour. She now firſt felt a ſenſation to which ſhe had been before a ſtranger, and which, when ſhe had leiſure to reflect on it, began to acquaint her with ſome ſecrets, which the reader, if he does not already gueſs them, will know in due time.

Sophia, as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, (which was not inſtantly) informed him, that the favour ſhe had to deſire of him, was not to lead her father through ſo many dangers in hunting; for that, from what ſhe had heard, ſhe was terribly frightened every time they went out together, and expected ſome day or other to ſee her father brought home with broken limbs. She therefore

begged him, for her ſake, to be more cautious; and, as he well knew Mr. Weſtern would follow him, not to ride ſo madly, nor to take thoſe dangerous leaps for the future.

Tom promiſed faithfully to obey her commands; and, after thanking her for her kind compliance with his requeſt, took his leave, and departed highly charmed with his ſucceſs.

Poor Sophia was charmed too; but in a very different way. Her ſenſations, however, the reader's heart (if he or ſhe have any) will better repreſent than I can, if I had as many mouths as ever poet wiſhed for, to eat, I ſuppoſe, thoſe many dainties with which he was ſo plentifully provided.

It was Mr. Weſtern's cuſtom every afternoon, as ſoon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpſichord: for he was a great lover of muſic, and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have paſſed for a connoiſſeur; for he always excepted againſt the fineſt compoſitions of Mr. Handel. He never reliſhed any muſic but what was light and airy; and indeed his moſt favourite tunes were, Old Sir Simon the King, St. George he was for England, Bobbing Joan, and ſome others.

His daughter, though ſhe was a perfect miſtreſs of muſic, and would never willingly have played any but Handel's, was ſo devoted to her father's

pleaſure, that ſhe learnt all thoſe tunes to oblige him. However, ſhe would now and then endeavour to lead him into her own taſte, and when he required the repetition of his ballads, would anſwer with a Nay, dear Sir; and would often beg him, to ſuffer her to play ſomething elſe.

This evening, however, when the gentleman was retired from his bottle, ſhe played all his favourites three times over, without any ſolicitation. This ſo pleaſed the good 'ſquire, that he ſtarted from his couch, gave his daughter a kiſs, and ſwore her hand was greatly improved. She took this opportunity to execute her promiſe to Tom, in which ſhe ſucceeded ſo well, that the 'ſquire declared, if ſhe would give him t'other bout of Old Sir Simon, he would give the game-keeper his deputation the next morning. Sir Simon was played again and again, till the charms of the muſic ſoothed Mr. Weſtern to ſleep. In the morning Sophia did not fail to remind him of his engagement; and his attorney was immediately ſent for, and ordered to ſtop any further proceedings in the action, and to make out the deputation.

Tom's ſucceſs in this affair ſoon began to ring over the country, and various were the cenſures paſt upon it; ſome greatly applauding it as an act of good-nature; others ſneering, and ſaying, no wonder that one idle fellow ſhould love

another. Young Blifil was greatly enraged at it. He had long hated Black George in the ſame proportion as Jones delighted in him; not from any offence which he had ever received, but from his great love to religion and virtue: for Black George had the reputation of a looſe kind of a fellow. Blifil therefore repreſented this as flying in Mr. Allworthy's face; and declared with great concern, that it was impoſſible to find any other motive for doing good to ſuch a wretch.

Thwackum and Square likewiſe ſung to the ſame tune: they were now (eſpecially the latter) become greatly jealous of young Jones with the widow; for he now approached the age of twenty, was really a fine young fellow, and that lady, by her encouragements to him, ſeemed daily more and more to think him ſo.

Allworthy was not, however, moved with their malice. He declared himſelf very well ſatisfied with what Jones had done. He ſaid, the perſeverance and integrity of his friendſhip was highly commendable, and he wiſhed he could ſee more frequent inſtances of that virtue.

But fortune, who ſeldom greatly reliſhes ſuch ſparks as my friend Tom, perhaps, becauſe they do not pay more ardent addreſſes to her, gave now a very different turn to all his actions, and ſhewed them to Mr. Allworthy in a light far

leſs agreeable than that gentleman's goodneſs had hitherto ſeen them in.

CHAP. VI.

An apology for the inſenſibility of Mr. Jones, to all the charms of the lovely Sophia; in which poſſibly we may, in a conſiderable degree, lower his character in the eſtimation of thoſe men of wit and gallantry, who approve the heroes in moſt of our modern comedies.

THERE are two ſorts of people, who, I am afraid, have already conceived ſome contempt for my hero, on account of his behaviour to Sophia. The former of theſe will blame his prudence in neglecting an opportunity to poſſeſs himſelf of Mr. Weſtern's fortune; and the latter will no leſs deſpiſe him for his backwardneſs to ſo fine a girl, who ſeemed ready to fly into his arms, if he would open them to receive her.

Now, though I ſhall not, perhaps, be able abſolutely to acquit him of either of theſe charges; (for want of prudence admits of no excuſe; and what I ſhall produce againſt the latter charge, will, I apprehend, be ſcarce ſatisfactory;) yet as evidence may ſometimes be offered in mitigation, I ſhall ſet forth the plain matter of fact, and leave the whole to the reader's determination.

Mr. Jones had ſomewhat about him, which, though I think writers are not thoroughly agreed in its name, doth certainly inhabit ſome human breaſts; whoſe uſe is not ſo properly to diſtinguiſh right from wrong, as to prompt and incite them to the former, and to reſtrain and with-hold them from the latter.

This ſomewhat may be indeed reſembled to the famous trunk-maker in the play-houſe: for whenever the perſon who is poſſeſſed of it, doth what is right, no raviſhed or friendly ſpectator is ſo eager, or ſo loud in his applauſe; on the contrary, when he doth wrong, no critic is ſo apt to hiſs and explode him.

To give a higher idea of the principle I mean, as well as one more familiar to the preſent age; it may be conſidered as ſitting on its throne in the mind, like the Lord High Chancellor of this kingdom in his court; where it preſides, governs, directs, judges, acquits and condemns according to merit and juſtice; with a knowledge which nothing eſcapes, a penetration which nothing can deceive, and an integrity which nothing can corrupt.

This active principle may perhaps be ſaid to conſtitute the moſt eſſential barrier between us, and our neighbours the brutes; for if there be ſome in the human ſhape, who are not under any ſuch dominion, I chuſe rather to conſider them

as deſerters from us to our neighbours; among whom they will have the fate of deſerters, and not be placed in the firſt rank.

Our hero, whether he derived it from Thwackum or Square, I will not determine, was very ſtrongly under the guidance of this principle: for though he did not always act rightly, yet he never did otherwiſe, without feeling and ſuffering for it. It was this which taught him, that to repay the civilities and little friendſhips of hoſpitality by robbing the houſe where you have received them, is to be the baſeſt and meaneſt of thieves. He did not think the baſeneſs of this offence leſſened by the height of the injury committed; on the contrary, if to ſteal another's plate deſerved death and infamy, it ſeemed to him difficult to aſſign a puniſhment adequate to the robbing a man of his child into the bargain.

This principle therefore prevented him from any thought of making his fortune by ſuch means; (for this, as I have ſaid, is an active principle, and doth not content itſelf with knowledge or belief only.) Had he been greatly enamoured of Sophia, he poſſibly might have thought otherwiſe; but give me leave to ſay, there is great difference between running away with a man's daughter from the motive of love, and doing the ſame thing from the motive of theft.

Now, though this young gentleman was not

inſenſible of the charms of Sophia; though he greatly liked her beauty, and eſteemed all her other qualifications, ſhe had made, however, no deep impreſſion on his heart: for which, as it renders him liable to the charge of ſtupidity, or at leaſt of want of taſte, we ſhall now proceed to account.

The truth then is, his heart was in the poſſeſſion of another woman. Here I queſtion not, but the reader will be ſurpriſed at our long taciturnity as to this matter; and quite at a loſs to divine who this woman was; ſince we have hitherto not dropt a hint of any one likely to be a rival to Sophia: for as to Mrs. Blifil, though we have been obliged to mention ſome ſuſpicions of her affection for Tom, we have not hitherto given the leaſt latitude for imagining that he had any for her; and, indeed, I am ſorry to ſay it, but the youth of both ſexes are too apt to be deficient in their gratitude, for that regard with which perſons more advanced in years are ſometimes ſo kind to honour them.

That the reader may be no longer in ſuſpence, he will be pleaſed to remember, that we have often mentioned the family of George Seagrim, (commonly called Black George, the game-keeper) which conſiſted at preſent of a wife and five children.

The ſecond of theſe children was a daughter,

whoſe name was Molly, and who was eſteemed one of the handſomeſt girls in the whole country.

Congreve well ſays, there is in true beauty ſomething which vulgar ſouls cannot admire; ſo can no dirt or rags hide this ſomething from thoſe ſouls which are not of the vulgar ſtamp.

The beauty of this girl made, however, no impreſſion on Tom, till ſhe grew towards the age of ſixteen, when Tom, who was near three years older, began firſt to caſt the eyes of affection upon her: and this affection he had fixed on the girl long before he could bring himſelf to attempt the poſſeſſion of her perſon; for though his conſtitution urged him greatly to this, his principles no leſs forcibly reſtrained him. To debauch a young woman, however low her condition was, appeared to him a very heinous crime; and the good-will he bore the father, with the compaſſion he had for his family, very ſtrongly corroborated all ſuch ſober reflections; ſo that he once reſolved to get the better of his inclinations, and he actually abſtained three whole months without ever going to Seagrim's houſe, or ſeeing his daugther.

Now, though Molly was, as we have ſaid, generally thought a very fine girl, and in reality ſhe was ſo, yet her beauty was not of the moſt amiable kind. It had indeed very little of feminine in it, and would have become a man

at leaſt as well as a woman; for, to ſay the truth, youth and florid health had a very conſiderable ſhare in the compoſition.

Nor was her mind more effeminate than her perſon. As this was tall and robuſt, ſo was that bold and forward. So little had ſhe of modeſty, that Jones had more regard for her virtue than ſhe herſelf. And as moſt probably ſhe liked Tom as well as he liked her; ſo when ſhe perceived his backwardneſs, ſhe herſelf grew proportionably forward; and when ſhe ſaw he had entirely deſerted the houſe, ſhe found means of throwing herſelf in his way, and behaved in ſuch a manner, that the youth muſt have had very much, or very little, of the hero, if her endeavours had proved unſucceſsful. In a word, ſhe ſoon triumphed over all the virtuous reſolutions of Jones: for though ſhe behaved at laſt with all decent reluctance, yet I rather chuſe to attribute the triumph to her; ſince, in fact, it was her deſign which ſucceeded.

In the conduct of this matter, I ſay, Molly ſo well played her part, that Jones attributed the conqueſt entirely to himſelf, and conſidered the young woman as one who had yielded to the violent attacks of his paſſion. He likewiſe imputed her yielding to the ungovernable force of her love towards him; and this the reader will allow to have been a very natural and

probable ſuppoſition, as we have more than once mentioned the uncommon comelineſs of his perſon: and indeed he was one of the handſomeſt young fellows in the world.

As there are ſome minds whoſe affections, like Maſter Blifil's, are ſolely placed on one ſingle perſon, whoſe intereſt and indulgence alone they conſider, on every occaſion; regarding the good and ill of all others as merely indifferent, any farther than as they contribute to the pleaſure or advantage of that perſon: ſo there is a different temper of mind which borrows a degree of virtue even from ſelf-love. Such can never receive any kind of ſatisfaction from another, without loving the creature to whom that ſatisfaction is owing, and without making its well-being in ſome ſort neceſſary to their own eaſe.

Of this latter ſpecies was our hero. He conſidered this poor girl as one whoſe happineſs or miſery he had cauſed to be dependent on himſelf. Her beauty was ſtill the object of deſire, though greater beauty, or a freſher object, might have been more ſo; but the little abatement which fruition had occaſioned to this, was highly over-balanced by the conſiderations of the affection which ſhe viſibly bore him, and of the ſituation into which he had brought her. The former of theſe created gratitude, the latter compaſſion; and both together, with his deſire for her perſon, raiſed in him a

paſſion, which might, without any great violence to the word, be called love; though, perhaps, it was at firſt not very judiciouſly placed.

This then was the true reaſon of that inſenſibility which he had ſhewn to the charms of Sophia, and to that behaviour in her, which might have been reaſonably enough interpreted as an encouragement to his addreſſes: for as he could not think of abandoning his Molly, poor and deſtitute as ſhe was, ſo no more could he entertain a notion of betraying ſuch a creature as Sophia. And ſurely, had he given the leaſt encouragement to any paſſion for that young lady, he muſt have been abſolutely guilty of one or other of thoſe crimes; either of which, would, in my opinion, have very juſtly ſubjected him to that fate, which, at his firſt introduction into this hiſtory, I mentioned to have been generally predicted as his certain deſtiny.

CHAP. VII.

Being the ſhorteſt chapter in this book.

HER mother firſt perceived the alteration in the ſhape of Molly; and in order to hide it from her neighbours, ſhe fooliſhly clothed her in that ſack which Sophia had ſent her: though indeed that young lady had little apprehenſion, that the

poor woman would have been weak enough to let any of her daughters wear it in that form.

Molly was charmed with the firſt opportunity ſhe ever had of ſhewing her beauty to advantage: for though ſhe could very well bear to contemplate herſelf in the glaſs, even when dreſt in rags; and though ſhe had in that dreſs conquered the heart of Jones, and perhaps of ſome others; yet ſhe thought the addition of finery would much improve her charms, and extend her conqueſts.

Molly, therefore, having dreſſed herſelf out in this ſack, with a new laced cap, and ſome other ornaments which Tom had given her, repairs to church, with her fan in her hand, the very next ſunday. The great are deceived, if they imagine they have appropriated ambition and vanity to themſelves. Theſe noble qualities flouriſh as notably in a country-church, and church-yard, as in the drawing-room, or in the cloſet. Schemes have indeed been laid in the veſtry, which would hardly diſgrace the conclave. Here is a miniſtry, and here is an oppoſition. Here are plots and circumventions, parties and factions, equal to thoſe which are to be found in courts.

Nor are the women here leſs practiſed in the higheſt feminine arts than their fair ſuperiors in quality and fortune. Here are prudes and coquettes. Here are dreſſing and ogling, falſhood, envy,

malice, ſcandal; in ſhort, every thing which is common to the moſt ſplendid aſſembly, or politeſt circle. Let thoſe of high life, therefore, no longer deſpiſe the ignorance of their inferiors; nor the vulgar any longer rail at the vices of their betters.

Molly had ſeated herſelf ſome time, before ſhe was known by her neighbours. And then a whiſper ran through the whole congregation: Who is ſhe? but when ſhe was diſcovered, ſuch ſneering, giggling, tittering, and laughing, enſued among the women, that Mr. Allworthy was obliged to exert his authority to preſerve any decency among them.

CHAP. VIII.

A battle ſung by the muſe in the Homerican ſtile, and which none but the claſſical reader can taſte.

MR. Weſtern had an eſtate in this pariſh; and as his houſe ſtood at little greater diſtance from this church than from his own, he very often came to divine ſervice here; and both he and the charming Sophia happened to be preſent at this time.

Sophia was much pleaſed with the beauty of the girl, whom ſhe pitied for her ſimplicity, in

having dreſſed herſelf in that manner, as ſhe ſaw the envy which it had occaſioned among her equals. She no ſooner came home, than ſhe ſent for the game-keeper, and ordered him to bring his daughter to her; ſaying, ſhe would provide for her in the family, and might poſſibly place the girl about her own perſon, when her own maid, who was now going away, had left her.

Poor Seagrim was thunderſtruck at this; for he was no ſtranger to the fault in the ſhape of his daughter. He anſwered, in a ſtammering voice, that he was afraid Molly would be too aukward to wait on her ladyſhip, as ſhe had never been at ſervice. No matter for that, ſays Sophia, ſhe will ſoon improve. I am pleaſed with the girl, and am reſolved to try her.

Black George now repaired to his wife, on whoſe prudent counſel he depended to extricate him out of this dilemma; but when he came thither, he found his houſe in ſome confuſion. So great envy had this ſack occaſioned, that when Mr. Allworthy and the other gentry were gone from church, the rage, which had hitherto been confined, burſt into an uproar; and, having vented itſelf at firſt in opprobrious words, laughs, hiſſes, and geſtures, betook itſelf at laſt to certain miſſile weapons; which, though from their plaſtic nature, they threatened neither the loſs of life or

of

of limb, were however ſufficiently dreadful to a well-dreſſed lady. Molly had too much ſpirit to bear this treatment tamely. Having therefore .... But hold; as we are diffident of our own abilities, let us here invite a ſuperior power to our aſſiſtance.

Ye muſes then, whoever ye are, who love to ſing battles, and principally thou, who whilom didſt recount the ſlaughter in thoſe fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not ſtarved with thy friend Butler, aſſiſt me on this great occaſion. All things are not in the power of all.

As a vaſt herd of cows in a rich farmer's yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their calves at a diſtance, lamenting the robbery which is then committing, roar, and bellow: ſo roared forth the Somerſetſhire mob an hallaloo, made up of almoſt as many ſquawls, ſcreams, and other different ſounds, as there were perſons, or indeed paſſions, among them: ſome were inſpired by rage, others alarmed by fear, and others had nothing in their heads but the love of fun; but chiefly envy, the ſiſter of Satan, and his conſtant companion, ruſhed among the crowd, and blew up the fury of the women; who no ſooner came up to Molly, than they pelted her with dirt and rubbiſh.

Molly, having endeavoured in vain to make

a handſome retreat, faced about; and laying hold of ragged Beſs, who advanced in the front of the enemy, ſhe at one blow felled her to the ground. The whole army of the enemy (though near a hundred in number) ſeeing the fate of their general, gave back many paces, and retired behind a new-dug grave; for the church-yard was the field of battle, where there was to be a funeral that very evening. Molly purſued her victory, and catching up a ſkull which lay on the ſide of the grave, diſcharged it with ſuch fury, that having hit a taylor on the head, the two ſkulls ſent equally forth a hollow ſound at their meeting, and the taylor took preſently meaſure of his length on the ground, where the ſkulls lay ſide by ſide, and it was doubtful which was the more valuable of the two. Molly then taking a thigh-bone in her hand, fell in among the flying ranks, and dealing her blows with great liberality on either ſide, overthrew the carcaſs of many a mighty hero and heroine.

Recount, o muſe, the names of thoſe who fell on this fatal day. Firſt Jemmy Tweedle felt on his hinder head the direful bone. Him the pleaſant banks of ſweetly winding Stower had nouriſhed, where he firſt learnt the vocal art, with which, wandering up and down at wakes and fairs, he cheered the rural nymphs and ſwains, when upon the green they interweaved the

ſprightly dance; while he himſelf ſtood fiddling and jumping to his own muſic. How little now avails his fiddle! He thumps the verdant floor with his carcaſs. Next old Echepole, the ſow-gelder, received a blow in his forehead from our Amazonian heroine, and immediately fell to the ground. He was a ſwinging fat fellow, and fell with almoſt as much noiſe as a houſe. His tobacco-box dropt at the ſame time from his pocket, which Molly took up as lawful ſpoils. Then Kate of the Mill tumbled unfortunately over a tomb-ſtone, which catching hold of her ungartered ſtockings, inverted the order of nature, and gave her heels the ſuperiority to her head. Betty Pippin, with young Roger her lover, fell both to the ground; where, o perverſe fate! ſhe ſalutes the earth, and he the ſky. Tom Freckle, the ſmith's ſon, was the next victim to her rage. He was an ingenious workman, and made excellent pattins; nay, the very pattin with which he was knocked down, was his own workmanſhip. Had he been at that time ſinging pſalms in the church, he would have avoided a broken head. Miſs Crow, the daughter of a farmer; John Giddiſh, himſelf a farmer; Nan Slouch, Eſther Codling, Will Spray, Tom Bennet; the three Miſſes Potter, whoſe father keeps the ſign of the Red-Lion, Betty Chambermaid, Jack Oſtler, and many others of inferior note, lay rolling among the graves.

Not that the ſtrenuous arm of Molly reached all theſe; for many of them in their flight overthrew each other.

But now fortune, fearing ſhe had acted out of character, and had inclined too long to the ſame ſide, eſpecially as it was the right ſide, haſtily turned about: for now goody Brown, —whom Zekiel Brown careſſed in his arms; nor he alone, but half the pariſh beſides; ſo famous was ſhe in the fields of Venus, nor indeed leſs in thoſe of Mars. The trophies of both theſe, her huſband always bore about on his head and face; for if ever human head did by its horns diſplay the amorous glories of a wife, Zekiel's did; nor did his well-ſcratched face leſs denote her talents (or rather talons) of a different kind.

No longer bore this amazon the ſhameful flight of her party. She ſtopt ſhort, and calling aloud to all who fled, ſpoke as follows: Ye Somerſetſhire men, or rather, ye Somerſetſhire women, are ye not aſhamed, thus to fly from a ſingle woman? But if no other will oppoſe her, I myſelf and Joan Top here will have the honour of the victory. Having thus ſaid, ſhe flew at Molly Seagrim, and eaſily wrenched the thigh-bone from her hand, at the ſame time clawing off her cap from her head. Then laying hold of the hair of Molly with her left hand,

ſhe attacked her ſo furiouſly in the face with the right, that the blood ſoon began to trickle from her noſe. Molly was not idle this while. She ſoon removed the clout from the head of goody Brown, and then faſtening on her hair with one hand, with the other ſhe cauſed another bloody ſtream to iſſue forth from the noſtrils of the enemy.

When each of the combatants had bore off ſufficient ſpoils of hair from the head of her antagoniſt, the next rage was againſt the garments. In this attack they exerted ſo much violence, that in a very few minutes, they were both naked to the middle.

It is lucky for the women, that the feat of fiſty cuff-war is not the ſame with them as among men; but though they may ſeem a little to deviate from their ſex, when they go forth to battle, yet I have obſerved they never ſo far forget it, as to aſſail the boſoms of each other; where a few blows would be fatal to moſt of them. This, I know, ſome derive from their being of more bloody inclination than the males. On which account they apply to the noſe, as to the part whence blood may moſt eaſily be drawn; but this ſeems a far-fetched, as well as ill-natured ſuppoſition.

Goody Brown had great advantage of Molly in this particular; for the former had indeed

no breaſts, her boſom (if it may be ſo called) as well in colour as in many other properties, exactly reſembling an antient piece of parchment, upon which any one might have drummed a conſiderable while, without doing her any great damage.

Molly, beſides her preſent unhappy condition, was differently formed in thoſe parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the envy of Brown to give her a fatal blow, had not the lucky arrival of Tom Jones at this inſtant put an immediate end to the bloody ſcene.

This accident was luckily owing to Mr. Square; for he, Maſter Blifil, and Jones, had mounted their horſes, after church, to take the air, and had ridden about a quarter of a mile, when Square, changing his mind, (not idly, but for a reaſon which we ſhall unfold as ſoon as we have leiſure) deſired the young gentlemen to ride with him another way than they had at firſt purpoſed. This motion being complied with, brought them of neceſſity back again to the church-yard.

Maſter Blifil, who rode firſt, ſeeing ſuch a mob aſſembled, and two women in the poſture in which we left the combatants, ſtopt his horſe to enquire what was the matter. A country-fellow, ſcratching his head, anſwered him: I don't know meaſter un't I; an't pleaſe your honour, here hath been a vight, I think, between

goody Brown and Mol Seagrim. Who, who? cries Tom; but without waiting for an anſwer, having diſcovered the features of his Molly through all the diſcompoſure in which they now were, he haſtily alighted, turned his horſe looſe, and leaping over the wall, ran to her. She now, firſt burſting into tears, told him how barbarouſly ſhe had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the ſex of goody Brown, or perhaps not knowing it, in his rage, (for, in reality, ſhe had no feminine appearance, but a petticoat, which he might not obſerve) he gave her a laſh or two with his horſe-whip; and then flying at the mob, who were all accuſed by Molly, he dealt his blows ſo profuſely on all ſides, that, unleſs I would again invoke the muſe, (which the good-natured reader may think a little too hard upon her, as ſhe hath ſo lately been violently ſweated) it would be impoſſible for me to recount the horſe-whipping of that day.

Having ſcoured the whole coaſt of the enemy, as well as any of Homer's heroes ever did, or as Don Quixote, or any knight-errant in the world could have done, he returned to Molly, whom he found in a condition, which muſt give both me and my reader pain, was it to be deſcribed here. Tom raved like a madman, beat is breaſt, tore his hair, ſtamped on the ground, and vowed the utmoſt vengeance on all who had been concerned.

He then pulled off his coat, and buttoned it round her, put his hat upon her head, wiped the blood from her face as well as he could with his handkerchief, and called out to the ſervant to ride as faſt as poſſible for a ſide-ſaddle, or a pillion, that he might carry her ſafe home.

Maſter Blifil objected to the ſending away the ſervant, as they had only one with them; but as Square ſeconded the order of Jones, he was obliged to comply.

The ſervant returned in a very ſhort time with the pillion, and Molly, having collected her rags as well as ſhe could, was placed behind him: in which manner ſhe was carried home, Square, Blifil, and Jones attending.

Here Jones having received his coat, given her a ſly kiſs, and whiſpered her, that he would return in the evening, quitted his Molly, and rode on after his companions.

CHAP. IX.

Containing matter of no very peaceable colour.

MOLLY had no ſooner apparelled herſelf in her accuſtomed rags, than her ſiſters began to fall violently upon her; particularly her eldeſt ſiſter, who told her, ſhe was well-enough ſerved. How had ſhe the aſſurance to wear a gown which young Madam Weſtern had given to mother! If

one of us was to wear it, I think, ſays ſhe, I myſelf have the beſt right; but I varrant you think it belongs to your beauty. I ſuppoſe you think yourſelf more handſome than any of us. Hand her down the bit of glaſs from over the cupboard, cries another; I'd waſh the blood from my face before I talked of my beauty. You'd better have minded what the parſon ſays, cries the eldeſt, and not a harkened after men voke. Indeed, child, and ſo ſhe had, ſays the mother ſobbing, ſhe hath brought a diſgrace upon us all. She's the vurſt of the vamily that ever was a whore. You need not upbraid me with that, mother, cries Molly; you yourſelf was brought-to-bed of ſiſter there, within a week after you was married. Yes, huſſy, anſwered the enraged mother, ſo I was, and what was the mighty matter of that? I was made an honeſt woman then; and if you was to be made an honeſt woman, I ſhould not be angry; but you muſt have to doing with a gentleman, you naſty ſlut; you will have a baſtard, huſſy, you will; and that I defy any one to ſay of me.

In this ſituation Black George found his family, when he came home for the purpoſe before-mentioned. As his wife and three daughters were all of them talking together, and moſt of them crying, it was ſome time before he could get an opportunity of being heard; but as ſoon as ſuch

an interval occurred, he acquainted the company with what Sophia had ſaid to him.

Goody Seagrim then began to revile her daughter afreſh. Here, ſays ſhe, you have brought us into a fine quandary indeed. What will Madam ſay to that big belly? Oh that ever I ſhould live to ſee this day!

Molly anſwered with great ſpirit: And what is this mighty place which you have got for me, father? (for he had not well underſtood the phraſe uſed by Sophia of being about her perſon) I ſuppoſe it is to be under the cook; but I ſhan't waſh diſhes for any body. My gentleman will provide better for me. See what he hath given me this afternoon: he hath promiſed I ſhall never want, mother; and you ſhan't want money neither, if you will hold your tongue, and know when you are well. And ſo ſaying, ſhe pulled out ſeveral guineas, and gave her mother one of them.

The good woman no ſooner felt the gold within her palm, than her temper began (ſuch is the efficacy of that panacea!) to be mollified. Why, huſband, ſays ſhe, would any but ſuch a blockhead as you not have enquired what place this was before he had accepted it? Perhaps, as Molly ſays, it may be in the kitchen; and truly I don't care my daughter ſhould be a ſcullion-wench: for poor as I am, I am a gentlewoman. And thof I was obliged, as my father, who was

a clergyman, died worſe than nothing, and ſo could not give me a ſhilling of potion, to undervalue myſelf, by marrying a poor man; yet I would have you to know, I have a ſpirit above all them things. Marry come up! it would better become Madam Weſtern to look at home, and remember who her own grand-father was. Some of my family, for ought I know, might ride in their coaches, when the grand-fathers of ſome voke walked a voot. I warrant ſhe fancies ſhe did a mighty matter, when ſhe ſent us that old gownd; ſome of my family would not have picked up ſuch rags in the ſtreet; but poor people are always trampled upon. — The pariſh need not have been in ſuch a fluſter with Molly. — You might have told them, child, your grand-mother wore better things new out of the ſhop.

Well, but conſider, cried George, what anſwer ſhall I make to Madam? I don't know what anſwer, ſays ſhe. You are always bringing your family into one quandary or other. Do you remember when you ſhot the partridge, the occaſion of all our misfortunes? Did not I adviſe you never to go into 'ſquire Weſtern's manor? Did not I tell you many a good year ago what would come of it? But you would have your own headſtrong ways; yes, you would, you villain. —

Black George was, in the main, a peaceable kind of fellow, and nothing choleric, nor raſh;

yet did he bear about him ſomething of what the antients called the iraſcible, and which his wife, if ſhe had been endowed with much wiſdom, would have feared. He had long experienced, that when the ſtorm grew very high, arguments were but wind, which ſerved rather to increaſe than to abate it. He was therefore ſeldom unprovided with a ſmall ſwitch, a remedy of wonderful force, as he had often eſſayed; and which the word villain ſerved as a hint for his applying.

No ſooner, therefore, had this ſymptom appeared, than he had immediate recourſe to the ſaid remedy, which, though, as it is uſual in all very efficacious medicines, it at firſt ſeemed to heighten and inflame the diſeaſe, ſoon produced a total calm, and reſtored the patient to perfect eaſe and tranquillity.

This is, however, a kind of horſe-medicine, which requires a very robuſt conſtitution to digeſt, and is therefore proper only for the vulgar, unleſs in one ſingle inſtance, viz. where ſuperiority of birth breaks out; in which caſe, we ſhould not think it very improperly applied by any huſband whatever, if the application was not in itſelf ſo baſe, that, like certain applications of the phyſical kind which need not be mentioned, it ſo much degrades and contaminates the hand employed in it, that no gentleman ſhould endure the thought of any thing ſo low and deteſtable.

The whole family were ſoon reduced to a ſtate of perfect quiet: for the virtue of this medicine, like that of electricity, is often communicated through one perſon to many others who are not touched by the inſtrument. To ſay the truth, as they both operate by friction, it may be doubted whether there is not ſomething analogous between them, of which Mr. Freke would do well to enquire, before he publiſhes the next edition of his book.

A council was now called, in which, after many debates, Molly ſtill perſiſting that ſhe would not go to ſervice, it was at length reſolved, that goody Seagrim herſelf ſhould wait on Miſs Weſtern, and endeavour to procure the place for her eldeſt daughter, who declared great readineſs to accept it: but fortune, who ſeems to have been an enemy of this little family, afterwards put a ſtop to her promotion.

CHAP. X.

A ſtory told by Mr. Supple, the curate. The penetration of 'ſquire Weſtern. His great love for his daughter, and the return to it made by her.

THE next morning Tom Jones hunted with Mr. Weſtern, and was at his return invited by that gentleman to dinner.

The lovely Sophia ſhone forth that day with

more gaiety and ſprightlineſs than uſual. Her battery was certainly levelled at our hero; though, I believe, ſhe herſelf ſcarce yet knew her own intention: but if ſhe had any deſign of charming him, ſhe now ſucceeded.

Mr. Supple, the curate of Mr. Allworthy's pariſh, made one of the company. He was a good-natured worthy man; but chiefly remarkable for his great taciturnity at table, though his mouth was never ſhut at it. In ſhort, he had one of the beſt appetites in the world. However, the cloth was no ſooner taken away, than he always made ſufficient amends for his ſilence: for he was a very hearty fellow; and his converſation was often entertaining, never offenſive.

At his firſt arrival, which was immediately before the entrance of the roaſt-beef, he had given an intimation, that he had brought ſome news with him, and was beginning to tell, that he came that moment from Mr. Allworthy's, when the ſight of the roaſt-beef ſtruck him dumb, permitting him only to ſay grace, and to declare, he muſt pay his reſpect to the baronet: for ſo he called the ſirloin.

When dinner was over, being reminded by Sophia of his news, he began as follows: I believe, lady, your ladyſhip obſerved a young woman at church yeſterday at even-ſong, who was dreſt in one of your outlandiſh garments; I think I have

ſeen your ladyſhip in ſuch a one. However, in the country, ſuch dreſſes are

Rara avis in terris, nigroque ſimillima cycno.

That is, Madam, as much as to ſay,

A rare bird upon the earth, and very like a black ſwan.

The verſe is in Juvenal: but to return to what I was relating, I was ſaying ſuch garments are rare ſights in the country; and perchance too, it was thought the more rare, reſpect being had to the perſon who wore it, who, they tell me, is the daughter of Black George, your worſhip's game-keeper, whoſe ſufferings I ſhould have opined, might have taught him more wit, than to dreſs forth his wenches in ſuch gaudy apparel. She created ſo much confuſion in the congregation, that if 'ſquire Allworthy had not ſilenced it, it would have interrupted the ſervice: for I was once about to ſtop in the middle of the firſt leſſon. Howbeit, nevertheleſs, after prayer was over, and I was departed home, this occaſioned a battle in the church-yard, where amongſt other miſchief, the head of a travelling fiddler vas very much broken. This morning the fiddler came to 'ſquire Allworthy for a warrant, and the wench was brought before him. The 'ſquire was inclined to have compounded matters; when, lo! on a ſudden, the wench appeared (I aſk your ladyſhip's

pardon) to be, as it were, at the eve of bringing forth a baſtard. The 'ſquire demanded of her who was the father? But ſhe pertinaciouſly refuſed to make any reſponſe: ſo that he was about to make her mittimus to Bridewell, when I departed.

And is a wench having a baſtard all your news, doctor? cries Weſtern. I thought it might have been ſome public matter, ſomething about the nation.

I am afraid it is too common, indeed, anſwered the parſon, but I thought the whole ſtory altogether deſerved commemorating. As to national matters, your worſhip knows them beſt. My concerns extend no farther than my own pariſh.

Why, ay, ſays the 'ſquire, I believe I do know a little of that matter, as you ſay; but, come, Tommy, drink about; the bottle ſtands with you.

Tom begged to be excuſed, for that he had particular buſineſs; and getting up from table, eſcaped the clutches of the 'ſquire, who was riſing to ſtop him, and went off with very little ceremony.

The 'ſquire gave him a good curſe at his departure; and then turning to the parſon, he cried out: I ſmoke it, I ſmoke it. Tom is certainly the veather of this baſtard. Zooks, parſon, you remember how he recommended the veather o'her to me. —D—n un, what a ſly b—ch 'tis.

Ay,

Ay, ay, as ſure as two-pence, Tom is the veather of the baſtard.

I ſhould be very ſorry for that, ſays the parſon.

Why ſorry? cries the 'ſquire. Where is the mighty matter o't? What, I ſuppoſe, doſt pretend that thee haſt never got a baſtard? Pox! more good luck's thine: for I warrant haſt a done *therefore* many's the good time and often. Your worſhip is pleaſed to be jocular, anſwered the parſon, but I do not only animadvert on the ſinfulneſs of the action, though that ſurely is to be greatly deprecated; but I fear his unrighteouſneſs may injure him with Mr. Allworthy. And truly I muſt ſay, though he hath the character of being a little wild, I never ſaw any harm in the young man; nor can I ſay I have heard any, ſave what your worſhip now mentions. I wiſh, indeed, he was a little more regular in his reſponſes at church; but altogether he ſeems

Ingenui vultûs puer ingenuique pudoris.

That is a claſſical line, young lady, and being rendered into Engliſh, is, A lad of an ingenuous countenance, and of an ingenuous modeſty: for this was a virtue in great repute both among the Latins and Greeks. I muſt ſay the young gentleman (for ſo I think I may call him, notwithſtanding his birth) appears to me a very

modeſt civil lad, and I ſhould be ſorry that he ſhould do himſelf any injury in 'ſquire Allworthy's opinion.

Poogh! ſays the 'ſquire, injury with Allworthy! Why Allworthy loves a wench himſelf. Doth not all the country know whoſe ſon Tom is? You muſt talk to another perſon in that manner. I remember Allworthy at college.

I thought, ſaid the parſon, he had never been at the univerſity.

Yes, yes, he was, ſays the 'ſquire, and many a wench have we two had together. As arrant a whoremaſter as any within five miles o'un. No, no. It will do'n no harm with he, aſſure yourſelf; nor with any body elſe. Aſk Sophy there. — You have not the worſe opinion of a young fellow for getting a baſtard, have you, girl? No, no, the women will like un the better for't.

This was a cruel queſtion to poor Sophia. She had obſerved Tom's colour change at the parſon's ſtory; and that, with his haſty and abrupt departure, gave her ſufficient reaſon to think her father's ſuſpicion not groundleſs. Her heart now, at once, diſcovered the great ſecret to her, which it had been ſo long diſcloſing by little and little; and ſhe found herſelf highly intereſted in this matter. In ſuch a ſituation, her father's malapert queſtion ruſhing ſuddenly upon her, produced ſome

ſymptoms which might have alarmed a ſuſpicious heart; but to do the 'ſquire juſtice, that was not his fault. When ſhe roſe therefore from her chair, and told him, a hint from him was always ſufficient to make her withdraw, he ſuffered her to leave the room, and then with great gravity of countenance remarked, that it was better to ſee a daughter over-modeſt, than over-forward; a ſentiment which was highly applauded by the parſon.

There now enſued between the 'ſquire and the parſon, a moſt excellent political diſcourſe, framed out of news-papers, and political pamphlets; in which they made a libation of four bottles of wine to the good of their country; and then, the 'ſquire being faſt aſleep, the parſon lighted his pipe, mounted his horſe, and rode home.

When the 'ſquire had finiſhed his half-hour's nap, he ſummoned his daughter to her harpſichord; but ſhe begged to be excuſed that evening, on account of a violent head-ach. This remiſſion was preſently granted: for indeed ſhe ſeldom had occaſion to aſk him twice, as he loved her with ſuch ardent affection, that by gratifying her, he commonly conveyed the higheſt gratification to himſelf. She was really what he frequently called her, his little darling; and ſhe well deſerved to be ſo: for ſhe returned all his affection in the moſt ample manner. She had preſerved the moſt

inviolable duty to him in all things; and this her love made not only eaſy, but ſo delightful, that when one of her companions laughed at her, for placing ſo much merit in ſuch ſcrupulous obedience, as that young lady called it, Sophia anſwered: You miſtake me, Madam, if you think I value myſelf upon this account: for beſides that I am barely diſcharging my duty, I am likewiſe pleaſing myſelf. I can truly ſay, I have no delight equal to that of contributing to my father's happineſs; and if I value myſelf, my dear, it is on having this power, and not on executing it.

This was a ſatisfaction, however, which poor Sophia was incapable of taſting this evening. She therefore not only deſired to be excuſed from her attendance at the harpſichord, but likewiſe begged that he would ſuffer her to abſent herſelf from ſupper. To this requeſt likewiſe the 'ſquire agreed, though not without ſome reluctance: for he ſcarce ever permitted her to be out of his ſight, unleſs when he was engaged with his horſes, dogs, or bottle. Nevertheleſs he yielded to the deſire of his daughter, though the poor man was, at the ſame time, obliged to avoid his own company, (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) by ſending for a neighbouring farmer to ſit with him.

CHAP. XI.

The narrow eſcape of Molly Seagrim, with ſome obſervations for which we have been forced to dive pretty deep into nature.

TOM JONES had ridden one of Mr. Weſtern's horſes that morning in the chace; ſo that having no horſe of his own in the ſquire's ſtable, he was obliged to go home on foot: this he did ſo expeditiouſly, that he ran upwards of three miles within the half hour.

Juſt as he arrived at Mr. Allworthy's outward gate, he met the conſtable and company, with Molly in their poſſeſſion, whom they were conducting to that houſe where the inferior ſort of people may learn one good leſſon, viz. reſpect and deference to their ſuperiors: ſince it muſt ſhew them the wide diſtinction fortune intends between thoſe perſons who are to be corrected for their faults, and thoſe who are not; which leſſon, if they do not learn, I am afraid, they very rarely learn any other good leſſon, or improve their morals, at the houſe of correction.

A lawyer may, perhaps, think Mr. Allworthy exceeded his authority a little in this inſtance. And, to ſay the truth, I queſtion, as here was no regular information before him, whether his

conduct was ſtrictly regular. However, as his intention was truly upright, he ought to be excuſed in *Foro Conſcientiæ;* ſince ſo many arbitrary acts are daily committed by magiſtrates, who have not this excuſe to plead for themſelves.

Tom was no ſooner informed by the conſtable, whither they were proceeding, (indeed he pretty well gueſſed it of himſelf) than he caught Molly in his arms, and embracing her tenderly before them all, ſwore he would murder the firſt man who offered to lay hold of her. He bid her dry her eyes, and be comforted; for wherever ſhe went, he would accompany her. Then turning to the conſtable, who ſtood trembling with his hat off, he deſired him, in a very mild voice, to return with him for a moment only, to his father; (ſo he now called Allworthy) for he durſt, he ſaid, be aſſured, that when he had alledged what he had to ſay in her favour, the girl would be diſcharged.

The conſtable, who, I make no doubt, would have ſurrendered his priſoner, had Tom demanded her, very readily conſented to this requeſt. So back they all went into Mr. Allworthy's hall; where Tom deſired them to ſtay till his return, and then went himſelf in purſuit of the good man. As ſoon as he was found, Tom threw himſelf at his feet, and having begged a patient hearing, confeſſed himſelf to be the father of

the child, of which Molly was then big. He entreated him to have compaſſion on the poor girl, and to conſider, if there was any guilt in the caſe, it lay principally at his door.

If there is any guilt in the caſe! anſwered Allworthy warmly. Are you then ſo profligate and abandoned a libertine, to doubt whether the breaking the laws of god and man, the corrupting and ruining a poor girl, be guilt? I own, indeed, it doth lie principally upon you, and ſo heavy it is, that you ought to expect it ſhould cruſh you.

Whatever may be my fate, ſays Tom, let me ſucceed in my interceſſions for the poor girl. I confeſs I have corrupted her; but whether ſhe ſhall be ruined, depends on you. For heaven's ſake, Sir, revoke your warrant, and do not ſend her to a place which muſt unavoidably prove her deſtruction.

Allworthy bid him immediately call a ſervant. Tom anſwered, there was no occaſion: for he had luckily met them at the gate, and relying upon his goodneſs, had brought them all back into his hall, where they now waited his final reſolution, which, upon his knees, he beſought him might be in favour of the girl; that ſhe might be permitted to go home to her parents, and not be expoſed to a greater degree of ſhame and ſcorn than muſt neceſſarily fall upon her. I know, ſaid he, that is too much. I know I am

the wicked occaſion of it. I will endeavour to make amends, if poſſible; and if you ſhall have hereafter the goodneſs to forgive me, I hope I ſhall deſerve it.

Allworthy heſitated ſome time, and at laſt ſaid: Well, I will diſcharge my mittimus. — You may ſend the conſtable to me. He was inſtantly called, diſcharged, and ſo was the girl.

It will be believed that Mr. Allworthy failed not to read Tom a very ſevere lecture on this occaſion; but it is unneceſſary to inſert it here, as we have faithfully tranſcribed what he ſaid to Jenny Jones in the firſt book, moſt of which may be applied to the men, equally with the women. So ſenſible an effect had theſe reproofs on the young man, who was no hardened ſinner, that he retired to his own room, where he paſſed the evening alone, in much melancholy contemplation.

Allworthy was ſufficiently offended by this tranſgreſſion of Jones; for, notwithſtanding the aſſertions of Mr. Weſtern, it is certain, this worthy man had never indulged himſelf in any looſe pleaſures with women, and greatly condemned the vice of incontinence in others. Indeed, there is much reaſon to imagine, that there was not the leaſt truth in what Mr. Weſtern affirmed, eſpecially as he laid the ſcene of theſe impurities at the univerſity, where Mr. Allworthy had never

been. In fact, the good 'ſquire was a little too apt to indulge that kind of pleaſantry which is generally called rodomontade; but which may, with as much propriety, be expreſſed by a much ſhorter word; and, perhaps, we too often ſupply the uſe of this little monoſyllable by others; ſince very much of what frequently paſſes in the world for wit and humour, ſhould, in the ſtricteſt purity of language, receive that ſhort appellation, which, in conformity to the well-bred laws of cuſtom, I here ſuppreſs.

But whatever deteſtation Allworthy had to this or to any other vice, he was not ſo blinded by it, but that he could diſcern any virtue in the guilty perſon, as clearly, indeed, as if there had been no mixture of vice in the ſame character. While he was angry, therefore, with the incontinence of Jones, he was no leſs pleaſed with the honour and honeſty of his ſelf-accuſation. He began now to form in his mind the ſame opinion of this young fellow, which, we hope, our reader may have conceived. And in balancing his faults with his perfections, the latter ſeemed rather to preponderate.

It was to no purpoſe, therefore, that Thwackum, who was immediately charged by Mr. Blifil with the ſtory, unbended all his rancour againſt poor Tom. Allworthy gave a patient hearing to their invectives, and then anſwered coldly, that young

men of Tom's complexion were too generally addicted to this vice; but he believed that youth was ſincerely affected with what he had ſaid to him on the occaſion, and he hoped he would not tranſgreſs again. So that, as the days of whipping were at an end, the tutor had no other vent but his own mouth for his gall, the uſual poor reſource of impotent revenge.

But Square, who was a leſs violent, was a much more artful man; and as he hated Jones more, perhaps, than Thwackum himſelf did, ſo he contrived to do him more miſchief in the mind of Mr. Allworthy.

The reader muſt remember the ſeveral little incidents of the partridge, the horſe, and the bible, which were recounted in the ſecond book; by all which Jones had rather improved than injured the affection which Mr. Allworthy was inclined to entertain for him. The ſame, I believe, muſt have happened to him with every other perſon who hath any idea of friendſhip, generoſity, and greatneſs of ſpirit; that is to ſay, who hath any traces of goodneſs in his mind.

Square himſelf was not unacquainted with the true impreſſion which thoſe ſeveral inſtances of goodneſs had made on the excellent heart of Allworthy; for the philoſopher very well knew what virtue was, tho' he was not always, perhaps, ſteady in its purſuit: but as for Thwackum, from

what reaſon I will not determine, no ſuch thoughts ever entered into his head. He ſaw Jones in a bad light, and he imagined Allworthy ſaw him in the ſame, but that he was reſolved, from pride and ſtubborneſs of ſpirit, not to give up the boy whom he had once cheriſhed; ſince, by ſo doing, he muſt tacitly acknowledge, that his former opinion of him had been wrong.

Square therefore embraced this opportunity of injuring Jones in the tendereſt part, by giving a very bad turn to all theſe before-mentioned occurrences. I am ſorry, Sir, ſaid he, to own I have been deceived as well as yourſelf. I could not, I confeſs, help being pleaſed with what I aſcribed to the motive of friendſhip, though it was carried to an exceſs, and all exceſs is faulty and vicious; but in this I made allowance for youth. Little did I ſuſpect that the ſacrifice of truth, which we both imagined to have been made to friendſhip, was, in reality, a proſtitution of it to a depraved and debauched appetite. You now plainly ſee, whence all the ſeeming generoſity of this young man to the family of the game-keeper proceeded. He ſupported the father, in order to corrupt the daughter, and preſerved the family from ſtarving, to bring one of them to ſhame and ruin. This is friendſhip! this is generoſity! As Sir Richard Steele ſays, Gluttons who give high prices for delicacies,

are very worthy to be called generous. In ſhort, I am reſolved, from this inſtance, never to give way to the weakneſs of human nature more, nor to think any thing virtue, which doth not exactly quadrate with the unerring rule of right.

The goodneſs of Allworthy had prevented thoſe conſiderations from occurring to himſelf; yet were they too plauſible to be abſolutely and haſtily rejected, when laid before his eyes by another. Indeed what Square had ſaid, ſunk very deeply into his mind, and the uneaſineſs which it there created, was very viſible to the other; though the good man would not acknowledge this, but made a very ſlight anſwer, and forcibly drove off the diſcourſe to ſome other ſubject. It was well, perhaps, for poor Tom, that no ſuch ſuggeſtions had been made before he was pardoned; for they certainly ſtamped in the mind of Allworthy the firſt bad impreſſion concerning Jones.

CHAP. XII.

Containing much clearer matters; but which flow from the ſame fountain with thoſe in the preceding chapter.

THE reader will be pleaſed, I believe, to return with me to Sophia. She paſſed the night, after we ſaw her laſt, in no very agreeable

manner. Sleep befriended her but little, and dreams leſs. In the morning, when Mrs. Honour her maid attended her, at the uſual hour, ſhe was found already up and dreſt.

Perſons who live two or three miles diſtance in the country are conſidered as next door neighbours, and tranſactions at the one houſe fly with incredible celerity to the other. Mrs. Honour, therefore, had heard the whole ſtory of Molly's ſhame; which ſhe, being of a very communicative temper, had no ſooner entered the apartment of her miſtreſs, than ſhe began to relate in the following manner:

La! Ma'am, what doth your la'ſhip think? the girl that your la'ſhip ſaw at church on ſunday, whom you thought ſo handſome; though you would not have thought her ſo handſome neither, if you had ſeen her nearer; but to be ſure ſhe hath been carried before the juſtice for being big with child. She ſeemed to me to look like a confident ſlut; and to be ſure ſhe hath laid the child to young Mr. Jones. And all the pariſh ſays Mr. Allworthy is ſo angry with young Mr. Jones, that he won't ſee him. To be ſure, one can't help pitying the poor young man, and yet he doth not deſerve much pity neither, for demeaning himſelf with ſuch kind of trumpery. Yet he is ſo pretty a gentleman, I ſhould be ſorry to have him turned out of doors. I dares to ſwear the wench was as willing as he; for ſhe was always

a forward kind of body. And when wenches are ſo coming, young men are not ſo much to be blamed neither: for to be ſure they do no more than what is natural. Indeed it is beneath them to meddle with ſuch dirty draggle-tails; and whatever happens to them, it is good enough for them. And yet to be ſure the vile baggages are moſt in fault. I wiſhes, with all my heart, they were well to be whipped at the cart's tail; for it is pity they ſhould be the ruin of a pretty young gentleman; and no body can deny but that Mr. Jones is one of the moſt handſomeſt young men that ever —

She was running on thus, when Sophia, with a more peeviſh voice than ſhe had ever ſpoken to her in before, cried: Prithee, why doſt thou trouble me with all this ſtuff? What concern have I in what Mr. Jones doth? I ſuppoſe you are all alike. And you ſeem to me to be angry it was not your own caſe.

I, Ma'am! anſwered Mrs. Honour, I am ſorry your la'ſhip ſhould have ſuch an opinion of me. I am ſure no body can ſay any ſuch thing of me. All the young fellows in the world may go to the devil, for me. Becauſe I ſaid he was a handſome man! Every body ſays it as well as I. — To be ſure, I never thought as it was any harm to ſay a young man was handſome; but to be ſure I ſhall never think

him ſo any more now; for handſome is that handſome does. A beggar wench! —

Stop thy torrent of impertinence, cries Sophia, and ſee whether my father wants me at breakfaſt.

Mrs. Honour then flung out of the room muttering much to herſelf, of which, Marry come up, I aſſure you, was all that could be plainly diſtinguiſhed.

Whether Mrs. Honour really deſerved that ſuſpicion, of which her miſtreſs gave her a hint, is a matter which we cannot indulge our reader's curioſity by reſolving. We will however make him amends, in diſcloſing what paſſed in the mind of Sophia.

The reader will be pleaſed to recollect, that a ſecret affection for Mr. Jones had inſenſibly ſtolen into the boſom of this young lady; that it had there grown to a pretty great height before ſhe herſelf had diſcovered it. When ſhe firſt began to perceive its ſymptoms, the ſenſations were ſo ſweet and pleaſing, that ſhe had not reſolution ſufficient to check or repel them; and thus ſhe went on cheriſhing a paſſion of which ſhe never once conſidered the conſequences.

This incident relating to Molly firſt opened her eyes. She now firſt perceived the weakneſs of which ſhe had been guilty; and though it cauſed the utmoſt perturbation in her mind, yet it had the effect of other nauſeous phyſic,

and for the time expelled her diſtemper. Its operation indeed was moſt wonderfully quick; and in the ſhort interval, while her maid was abſent, ſo entirely removed all ſymptoms, that when Mrs. Honour returned with a ſummons from her father, ſhe was become perfectly eaſy, and had brought herſelf to a thorough indifference for Mr. Jones.

The diſeaſes of the mind do in almoſt every particular imitate thoſe of the body. For which reaſon, we hope, that learned faculty, for whom we have ſo profound a reſpect, will pardon us the violent hands we have been neceſſitated to lay on ſeveral words and phraſes, which of right belong to them, and without which our deſcriptions muſt have been often unintelligible.

Now there is no one circumſtance in which the diſtempers of the mind bear a more exact analogy to thoſe which are called bodily, than that aptneſs which both have to a relapſe. This is plain, in the violent diſeaſes of ambition and avarice. I have known ambition, when cured at court by frequent diſappointments, (which are the only phyſic for it) to break out again in a conteſt for foreman of the grand jury at an aſſizes; and have heard of a man who had ſo far conquered avarice, as to give away many a ſix-pence, that comforted himſelf, at laſt, on his death-bed, by making a crafty and advantageous

bargain

bargain concerning his enſuing funeral, with an undertaker who had married his only child.

In the affair of love, which, out of ſtrict conformity with the ſtoic philoſophy, we ſhall here treat as a diſeaſe, this proneneſs to relapſe is no leſs conſpicuous. Thus it happened to poor Sophia; upon whom, the very next time ſhe ſaw young Jones, all the former ſymptoms returned, and from that time cold and hot fits alternately ſeized her heart.

The ſituation of this young lady was now very different from what it had ever been before. That paſſion, which had formerly been ſo exquiſitely delicious, became now a ſcorpion in her boſom. She reſiſted it therefore with her utmoſt force, and ſummoned every argument her reaſon (which was ſurpriſingly ſtrong for her age) could ſuggeſt, to ſubdue and expel it. In this ſhe ſo far ſucceeded, that ſhe began to hope from time and abſence a perfect cure. She reſolved therefore to avoid Tom Jones as much as poſſible; for which purpoſe ſhe began to conceive a deſign of viſiting her aunt, to which ſhe made no doubt of obtaining her father's conſent.

But fortune, who had other deſigns in her head, put an immediate ſtop to any ſuch proceeding, by introducing an accident, which will be related in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

A dreadful accident which befel Sophia. The gallant behaviour of Jones, and the more dreadful conſequence of that behaviour to the young lady; with a ſhort digreſſion in favour of the female ſex.

MR. Weſtern grew every day fonder and fonder of Sophia, inſomuch that his beloved dogs themſelves almoſt gave place to her in his affections; but as he could not prevail on himſelf to abandon theſe, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their company, together with that of his daughter, by inſiſting on her riding a hunting with him.

Sophia, to whom her father's word was a law, readily complied with his deſires, though ſhe had not the leaſt delight in a ſport, which was of too rough and maſculine a nature to ſuit with her diſpoſition. She had, however, another motive beſide her obedience, to accompany the old gentleman in the chace; for by her preſence ſhe hoped in ſome meaſure to reſtrain his impetuoſity, and to prevent him from ſo frequently expoſing his neck to the utmoſt hazard.

The ſtrongeſt objection was that which would have formerly been an inducement to her, namely,

the frequent meeting with young Jones, whom ſhe had determined to avoid; but as the end of the hunting ſeaſon now approached, ſhe hoped, by a ſhort abſence with her aunt, to reaſon herſelf entirely out of her unfortunate paſſion; and had not any doubt of being able to meet him in the field the ſubſequent ſeaſon, without the leaſt danger.

On the ſecond day of her hunting, as ſhe was returning from the chace, and was arrived within a little diſtance from Mr. Weſtern's houſe, her horſe, whoſe mettleſome ſpirit required a better rider, fell ſuddenly to prancing and capering in ſuch a manner, that ſhe was in the moſt imminent peril of falling. Tom Jones, who was at a little diſtance behind, ſaw this, and immediately galloped up to her aſſiſtance. As ſoon as he came up, he leapt from his own horſe, and caught hold of her's by the bridle. The unruly beaſt preſently reared himſelf an end on his hind legs, and threw his lovely burthen from his back, and Jones caught her in his arms.

She was ſo affected with the fright, that ſhe was not immediately able to ſatisfy Jones, who was very ſolicitous to know whether ſhe had received any hurt. She ſoon after, however, recovered her ſpirits, aſſured him ſhe was ſafe, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. Jones anſwered: If I have preſerved you,

Madam, I am ſufficiently repaid; for I promiſe you, I would have ſecured you from the leaſt harm, at the expence of a much greater misfortune to myſelf, than I have ſuffered on this occaſion.

What misfortune, replied Sophia, eagerly? I hope you have come to no miſchief?

Be not concerned, Madam, anſwered Jones; heaven be praiſed, you have eſcaped ſo well, conſidering the danger you was in. If I have broke my arm, I conſider it as a trifle, in compariſon of what I feared upon your account.

Sophia then ſcreamed out: Broke your arm! heaven forbid!

I am afraid I have, Madam, ſays Jones, but I beg you will ſuffer me firſt to take care of you. I have a right-hand yet at your ſervice, to help you into the next field, whence we have but a very little walk to your father's houſe.

Sophia ſeeing his left-arm dangling by his ſide, while he was uſing the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the truth. She now grew much paler than her fears for herſelf had made her before. All her limbs were ſeized with a trembling, inſomuch that Jones could ſcarce ſupport her; and as her thoughts were in no leſs agitation, ſhe could not refrain from giving Jones a look ſo full of tenderneſs, that it almoſt argued a ſtronger ſenſation in her mind, than even gratitude and pity united can raiſe in the gentleſt

female boſom, without the aſſiſtance of a third more powerful paſſion.

Mr. Weſtern, who was advanced at ſome diſtance when this accident happened, was now returned, as were the reſt of the horſemen. Sophia immediately acquainted them with what had befallen Jones, and begged them to take care of him. Upon which, Weſtern, who had been much alarmed by meeting his daughter's horſe without its rider, and was now overjoyed to find her unhurt, cried out: I am glad it is no worſe: if Tom hath broken his arm, we will get a joiner to mend un again.

The 'ſquire alighted from his horſe, and proceeded to his houſe on foot, with his daughter and Jones. An impartial ſpectator, who had met them on the way, would, on viewing their ſeveral countenances, have concluded Sophia alone to have been the object of compaſſion: for as to Jones, he exulted in having probably ſaved the life of the young lady, at the price only of a broken bone; and Mr. Weſtern, though he was not unconcerned at the accident which had befallen Jones, was, however, delighted in a much higher degree with the fortunate eſcape of his daughter.

The generoſity of Sophia's temper conſtrued this behaviour of Jones into great bravery; and it made a deep impreſſion on her heart: for certain it is, that there is no one quality which

ſo generally recommends men to women as this; proceeding, if we believe the common opinion, from that natural timidity of the ſex; which is, ſays Mr. Oſborne, ſo great, that a woman is the moſt cowardly of all the creatures god ever made. A ſentiment more remarkable for its bluntneſs than for its truth. Ariſtotle, in his Politics, doth them, I believe, more juſtice, when he ſays, the modeſty and fortitude of men differ from thoſe virtues in women; for the fortitude which becomes a woman, would be cowardice in a man; and the modeſty which becomes a man, would be pertneſs in a woman. Nor is there, perhaps, more of truth in the opinion of thoſe who derive the partiality which women are inclined to ſhew to the brave, from this exceſs of their fear. Mr. Bayle (I think, in his article of Helen) imputes this, and with greater probability, to their violent love of glory: for the truth of which, we have the authority of him, who, of all others, ſaw fartheſt into human nature; and who introduces the heroine of his Odyſſey, the great pattern of matrimonial love and conſtancy, aſſigning the glory of her huſband as the only ſource of her affection towards him *.

However this be, certain it is that the accident operated very ſtrongly on Sophia: and, indeed,

* The Engliſh reader will not find this in the poem, for the ſentiment is entirely left out in the tranſlation.

after much enquiry into the matter, I am inclined to believe, that at this very time, the charming Sophia made no leſs impreſſion on the heart of Jones: to ſay truth, he had for ſome time become ſenſible of the irreſiſtible power of her charms.

CHAP. XIV.

The arrival of a ſurgeon. His operations, and a long dialogue between Sophia and her maid.

When they arrived in Mr. Weſtern's hall, Sophia, who had tottered along with much difficulty, ſunk down in a chair: but by the aſſiſtance of hartſhorn and water, ſhe was prevented from fainting away, and had pretty well recovered her ſpirits, when the ſurgeon, who was ſent for to Jones, appeared. Mr. Weſtern, who imputed theſe ſymptoms in his daughter to her fall, adviſed her to be preſently blooded by way of prevention. In this opinion he was ſeconded by the ſurgeon, who gave ſo many reaſons for bleeding, and quoted ſo many caſes where perſons had miſcarried for want of it, that the 'ſquire became very importunate, and indeed inſiſted peremptorily that his daughter ſhould be blooded.

Sophia ſoon yielded to the commands of her father, though entirely contrary to her own inclinations: for ſhe ſuſpected, I believe, leſs

danger from the fright, than either the 'ſquire or the ſurgeon. She then ſtretched out her beautiful arm, and the operator began to prepare for his work.

While the ſervants were buſied in providing materials, the ſurgeon, who imputed the backwardneſs which had appeared in Sophia, to her fears, began to comfort her with aſſurances that there was not the leaſt danger; for no accident, he ſaid, could ever happen in bleeding, but from the monſtrous ignorance of pretenders to ſurgery, which he pretty plainly inſinuated was not at preſent to be apprehended. Sophia declared, ſhe was not under the leaſt apprehenſion; adding: If you open an artery, I promiſe you I'll forgive you. Will you? cries Weſtern. D—n me, if I will; if he does thee the leaſt miſchief, d—n me, if I don't ha' the heart's blood o'un out. The ſurgeon aſſented to bleed her upon theſe conditions, and then proceeded to his operation, which he performed with as much dexterity as he had promiſed, and with as much quickneſs: for he took but little blood from her, ſaying, it was much ſafer to bleed again and again, than to take away too much at once.

Sophia, when her arm was bound up, retired: for ſhe was not willing (nor was it, perhaps, ſtrictly decent) to be preſent at the operation on Jones. Indeed one objection which ſhe had

to bleeding, (though ſhe did not make it) was the delay which it would occaſion to ſetting the broken bone. For Weſtern, when Sophia was concerned, had no conſideration, but for her; and as for Jones himſelf, he ſat like Patience on a monument ſmiling at Grief. To ſay the truth, when he ſaw the blood ſpringing from the lovely arm of Sophia, he ſcarce thought of what had happened to himſelf.

The ſurgeon now ordered his patient to be ſtript to his ſhirt, and then entirely baring the arm, he began to ſtretch and examine it, in ſuch a manner, that the tortures he put him to, cauſed Jones to make ſeveral wry faces; which the ſurgeon obſerving, greatly wondered at, crying: What is the matter, Sir? I am ſure it is impoſſible I ſhould hurt you. And then holding forth the broken arm, he began a long and very learned lecture of anatomy, in which ſimple and double fractures were moſt accurately conſidered; and the ſeveral ways in which Jones might have broken his arm, were diſcuſſed, with proper annotations, ſhewing how many of theſe would have been better, and how many worſe than the preſent caſe.

Having at length finiſhed his laboured harangue, with which the audience, though it had greatly raiſed their attention and admiration, were not much edified, as they really underſtood not a

ſingle ſyllable of all he had ſaid, he proceeded to buſineſs, which he was more expeditious in finiſhing, than he had been in beginning.

Jones was then ordered into a bed, which Mr. Weſtern compelled him to accept at his own houſe, and ſentence of water-gruel was paſſed upon him.

Among the good company which had attended in the hall during the bone-ſetting, Mrs. Honour was one; who being ſummoned to her miſtreſs as ſoon as it was over, and aſked by her how the young gentleman did, preſently launched into extravagant praiſes on the magnimity, as ſhe called it, of his behaviour, which, ſhe ſaid, was ſo charming in ſo pretty a creature. She then burſt forth into much warmer encomiums on the beaury of his perſon; enumerating many particulars, and ending with the whiteneſs of his ſkin.

This diſcourſe had an effect on Sophia's countenance, which would not perhaps have eſcaped the obſervance of the ſagacious waiting-woman, had ſhe once looked her miſtreſs in the face, all the time ſhe was ſpeaking; but as a looking-glaſs, which was moſt commodiouſly placed oppoſite to her, gave her an opportunity of ſurveying thoſe features, in which, of all others, ſhe took moſt delight; ſo ſhe had not once removed her eyes from that amiable object during her whole ſpeech.

Mrs. Honour was ſo entirely wrapped up in the

ſubject on which ſhe exerciſed her tongue, and the object before her eyes, that ſhe gave her miſtreſs time to conquer her confuſion; which having done, ſhe ſmiled on her maid, and told her, ſhe was certainly in love with this young fellow. I in love, Ma'am! anſwers ſhe, upon my word, Ma'am, I aſſure you, Ma'am, upon my ſoul, Ma'am, I am not. Why if you was, cries her miſtreſs, I ſee no reaſon that you ſhould be aſhamed of it; for he is certainly a pretty fellow. —Yes, Ma'am, anſwered the other, that he is, the moſt handſomeſt man I ever ſaw in my life. Yes, to be ſure that he is, and, as your la'ſhip ſays, I don't know why I ſhould be aſhamed of loving him, though he is my betters. To be ſure gentle folks are but fleſh and blood no more than us ſervants. Beſides, as for Mr. Jones, thof 'ſquire Allworthy hath made a gentleman of him, he was not ſo good as myſelf by birth: for thof I am a poor body, I am an honeſt perſon's child, and my father and mother were married, which is more than ſome people can ſay, as high as they hold their heads. Marry come up! I aſſure you, my dirty couſin! thof his ſkin be ſo white, and to be ſure, it his the moſt whiteſt that ever was ſeen, I am a chriſtian as well as he, and no-body can ſay that I am baſe-born: my grandfather was a clergyman *, and would have been very angry,

* This is the ſecond perſon of low condition whom we

I believe, to have thought any of his family ſhould have taken up with Molly Seagrim's dirty leavings.

Perhaps Sophia might have ſuffered her maid to run on in this manner, from wanting ſufficient ſpirits to ſtop her tongue, which the reader may probably conjecture was no very eaſy taſk: for, certainly there were ſome paſſages in her ſpeech, which were far from being agreeable to the lady. However, ſhe now checked the torrent, as there ſeemed no end of its flowing. I wonder, ſays ſhe, at your aſſurance in daring to talk thus of one of my father's friends. As to the wench, I order you never to mention her name to me. And, with regard to the young gentleman's birth, thoſe who can ſay nothing more to his diſadvantage, may as well be ſilent on that head, as I deſire you will be for the future.

I am ſorry, I have offended your la'ſhip, anſwered Mrs. Honour; I am ſure I hate Molly Seagrim as much as your la'ſhip can, and as for abuſing 'ſquire Jones, I can call all the ſervants in the houſe to witneſs, that whenever any talk hath been about baſtards, I have always taken his part:

have recorded in this hiſtory, to have ſprung from the clergy. It is to be hoped ſuch inſtances will, in future ages, when ſome proviſion is made for the families of the inferior clergy, appear ſtranger than they can be thought at preſent.

for which of you, ſays I to the footmen, would not be a baſtard, if he could, to be made a gentleman of? And, ſays I, I am ſure he is a very fine gentleman; and he hath one of the whiteſt hands in the world: for, to be ſure, ſo he hath; and, ſays I, one of the ſweeteſt, temperedeſt, beſt naturedeſt men in the world he is; and, ſays I, all the ſervants and neighbours all round the country loves him. And, to be ſure, I could tell your la'ſhip ſomething, but that I am afraid it would offend you. — What could you tell me, Honour? ſays Sophia. Nay, Ma'am, to be ſure, he meant nothing by it; therefore I would not have your la'ſhip be offended. — Prithee, tell me, ſays Sophia. — I will know it this inſtant. Why, Ma'am, anſwered Mrs. Honour, he came into the room, one day laſt week when I was at work, and there lay your la'ſhip's muff on a chair, and to be ſure he put his hands into it, that very muff your la'ſhip gave me but yeſterday. La! ſays I, Mr. Jones, you will ſtretch my lady's muff and ſpoil it; but he ſtill kept his hands in it, and then he kiſſed it — to be ſure, I hardly ever ſaw ſuch a kiſs in my life as he gave it. — I ſuppoſe he did not know it was mine, replied Sophia. Your la'ſhip ſhall hear, Ma'am. He kiſſed it again and again, and ſaid it was the prettieſt muff in the world. La! Sir, ſays I, you have ſeen it a hundred times. — Yes, Mrs.

Honour, cry'd he; but who can ſee any thing beautiful in the preſence of your lady but herſelf? Nay, that's not all neither; but I hope your la'ſhip won't be offended, for to be ſure he meant nothing: one day as your la'ſhip was playing on harpſichord to my maſter, Mr. Jones was ſitting in the next room, and methought he looked melancholy. La! ſays I, Mr. Jones, what's the matter? A penny for your thoughts, ſays I. Why, huſſy, ſays he, ſtarting up from a dream, what can I be thinking of, when that angel your miſtreſs is playing? And then ſqueezing me by the hand: Oh! Mrs. Honour, ſays he, how happy will that man be! — and then he ſighed. Upon my troth, his breath is as ſweet as a noſegay: but to be ſure he meant no harm by it. So I hope your la'ſhip will not mention a word: for he gave me a crown never to mention it, and made me ſwear upon a book; but I believe, indeed, it was not the bible.

Till ſomething of a more beautiful red than vermilion be found out, I ſhall ſay nothing of Sophia's colour on this occaſion. Ho — nour, ſays ſhe, I — if you will not mention this any more to me, — nor to any body elſe, I will not betray you — I mean I will not be angry; but I am afraid of your tongue. Why, my girl, will you give it ſuch liberties? Nay, Ma'am, anſwered ſhe, to be ſure, I would ſooner cut out my tongue

than offend your la'ſhip — to be ſure, I ſhall never mention a word that your la'ſhip would not have me. —Why, I would not have you mention this any more, ſaid Sophia: for it may come to my father's ears, and he would be angry with Mr. Jones, though I really believe, as you ſay, he meant nothing. I ſhould be very angry myſelf if I imagined—Nay, Ma'am, ſays Honour, I proteſt I believe he meant nothing. I thought he talked as if he was out of his ſenſes; nay, he ſaid he believed he was beſide himſelf when he had ſpoken the words. Ay, Sir, ſays I, I believe ſo too. Yes, ſays he, Honour,—but I aſk your la'ſhip's pardon; I could tear my tongue out for offending you. Go on, ſays Sophia, you may mention any thing you have not told me before. Yes, Honour, ſays he, (this was ſome time afterwards when he gave me the crown) I am neither ſuch a coxcomb, or ſuch a villain as to think of her, in any other delight, but as my goddeſs; as ſuch I will always worſhip and adore her while I have breath. This was all, Ma'am, I will be ſworn, to the beſt of my remembrance; I was in a paſſion with him myſelf, till I found he meant no harm. Indeed, Honour, ſays Sophia, I believe you have a real affection for me; I was provoked the other day when I gave you warning; but if you have a deſire to ſtay with me, you ſhall. To be ſure, Ma'am, anſwered Mrs. Honour, I

ſhall never deſire to part with your la'ſhip. To be ſure I almoſt cried my eyes out when you gave me warning. It would be very ungrateful in me, to deſire to leave your la'ſhip; becauſe as why, I ſhould never get ſo good a place again. I am ſure I would live and die with your la'ſhip — for, as poor Mr. Jones ſaid, happy is the man —

Here the dinner-bell interrupted a converſation which had wrought ſuch an effect on Sophia, that ſhe was, perhaps, more obliged to her bleeding in the morning, than ſhe, at the time, had apprehended ſhe ſhould be. As to the preſent ſituation of her mind, I ſhall adhere to a rule of Horace, by not attempting to deſcribe it, from deſpair of ſucceſs. Moſt of my readers will ſuggeſt it eaſily to themſelves; and the few who cannot, would not underſtand the picture, or at leaſt would deny it to be natural, if ever ſo well drawn.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK V.

Containing a portion of time, ſomewhat longer than half a year.

CHAP. I.

Of THE SERIOUS *in writing; and for what purpoſe it is introduced.*

PERADVENTURE there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the reader leſs pleaſure in the peruſing, than thoſe which have given the author the greateſt pains in compoſing. Among theſe, probably, may be reckoned thoſe initial eſſays which we have prefixed to the hiſtorical matter contained in every book; and which we have determined to be eſſentially neceſſary to this kind of writing, of which we have ſet ourſelves at the head.

For this our determination we do not hold ourſelves ſtrictly bound to aſſign any reaſon; it being abundantly ſufficient that we have laid it down as a rule neceſſary to be obſerved in all

proſai-comi-epic writing. Who ever demanded the reaſons of that nice unity of time or place which is now eſtabliſhed to be ſo eſſential to dramatic poetry? What critic hath been ever aſked, why a play may not contain two days as well as one? Or, why the audience (provided they travel, like electors, without any expence) may not be wafted fifty miles as well as five? Hath any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an antient critic hath ſet to the drama, which he will have contain neither more nor leſs than five acts? Or hath any one living attempted to explain, what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word low; by which they have happily ſucceeded in baniſhing all humour from the ſtage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing-room? Upon all theſe occaſions, the world ſeems to have embraced a maxim of our law, viz. *Cuicumque in arte ſuâ perito credendum eſt:* for it ſeems, perhaps, difficult to conceive that any one ſhould have had enough of impudence, to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or ſcience without the leaſt foundation. In ſuch caſes, therefore, we are apt to conclude, there are ſound and good reaſons at the bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to ſee ſo far.

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined

them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaiſance, the critics have been emboldened to aſſume a dictatorial power, and have ſo far ſucceeded, that they are now become the maſters, and have the aſſurance to give laws to thoſe authors, from whoſe predeceſſors they originally received them.

The critic, rightly conſidered, is no more than the clerk, whoſe office it is to tranſcribe the rules and laws laid down by thoſe great judges, whoſe vaſt ſtrength of genius hath placed them in the light of legiſlators, in the ſeveral ſciences over which they preſided. This office was all which the critics of old aſpired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a ſentence, without ſupporting it by the authority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in proceſs of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power, and aſſume the dignity of his maſter. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic. The clerk became the legiſlator, and thoſe very peremptorily gave laws, whoſe buſineſs it was, at firſt, only to tranſcribe them.

Hence aroſe an obvious, and, perhaps, an unavoidable error: for theſe critics being men of ſhallow capacities, very eaſily miſtook mere form for ſubſtance. They acted as a judge would,

who ſhould adhere to the lifeleſs letter of law, and reject the ſpirit. Little circumſtances which were, perhaps, accidental in a great author, were by theſe critics conſidered to conſtitute his chief merit, and tranſmitted as eſſentials to be obſerved by all his ſucceſſors. To theſe encroachments, time and ignorance, the two great ſupporters of impoſture, gave authority; and thus, many rules for good writing have been eſtabliſhed, which have not the leaſt foundation in truth or nature; and which commonly ſerve for no other purpoſe than to curb and reſtrain genius, in the ſame manner as it would have reſtrained the dancing-maſter, had the many excellent treatiſes on that art laid it down as an eſſential rule, that every man muſt dance in chains.

To avoid, therefore, all imputation of laying down a rule for poſterity, founded only on the authority of *ipſe dixit*; for which, to ſay the truth, we have not the profoundeſt veneration; we ſhall here wave the privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the reader the reaſons which have induced us to interſperſe theſe ſeveral digreſſive eſſays in the courſe of this work.

And here we ſhall of neceſſity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which, if it hath been diſcovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any antient or modern writer. This

vein is no other than that of contraſt, which runs through all the works of the creation, and may probably have a large ſhare in conſtituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial: for what demonſtrates the beauty and excellence of any thing, but its reverſe? Thus the beauty of day, and that of ſummer, is ſet off by the horrors of night and winter. And, I believe, if it was poſſible for a man to have ſeen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But to avoid too ſerious an air: can it be doubted, but that the fineſt woman in the world would loſe all benefit of her charms, in the eye of a man who had never ſeen one of another caſt? The ladies themſelves ſeem ſo ſenſible of this, that they are all induſtrious to procure foils; nay, they will become foils to themſelves: for I have obſerved, (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as poſſible in the morning, in order to ſet off that beauty which they intend to ſhew you in the evening.

Moſt artiſts have this ſecret in practice, though ſome, perhaps, have not much ſtudied the theory. The jeweller knows that the fineſt brilliant requires a foil; and the painter, by the contraſt of his figures, often acquires great applauſe.

A great genius among us will illuſtrate this matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under

any general head of common artiſts, as he hath a title to be placed among thoſe

Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes.

Who by invented arts have life improv'd.

I mean here the inventor of that moſt exquiſite entertainment, called the Engliſh Pantomime.

This entertainment conſiſted of two parts, which the inventor diſtinguiſhed by the names of the ſerious and the comic. The ſerious exhibited a certain number of heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worſt and dulleſt company into which an audience was ever introduced; and (which was a ſecret known to few) were actually intended ſo to be, in order to contraſt the comic part of the entertainment, and to diſplay the tricks of Harlequin to the better advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil uſe of ſuch perſonages; but the contrivance was, nevertheleſs, ingenious enough, and had its effect. And this will now plainly appear, if inſtead of ſerious and comic, we ſupply the words duller and dulleſt: for the comic was certainly duller than any thing before ſhewn on the ſtage, and could be ſet off only by that ſuperlative degree of dulneſs, which compoſed the ſerious. So intolerably ſerious, indeed, were theſe gods and heroes, that Harlequin (though the Engliſh gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is

of a much more ſerious diſpoſition) was always welcome on the ſtage, as he relieved the audience from worſe company.

Judicious writers have always practiſed this art of contraſt with great ſucceſs. I have been ſurpriſed that Horace ſhould cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himſelf in the very next line.

Indignor quandòque bonus dormitat Homerus;
Verùm opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.

I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to ſleep,
Yet ſlumbers on long works have right to creep.

For we are not here to underſtand, as, perhaps, ſome have, that an author actually falls aſleep while he is writing. It is true that readers are too apt to be ſo overtaken; but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himſelf is too well entertained to be ſubject to the leaſt drowſineſs. He is, as Mr. Pope obſerves,

Sleepleſs himſelf to give his readers ſleep.

To ſay the truth, theſe ſoporific parts are ſo many ſcenes of ſerious artfully interwoven, in order to contraſt and ſet off the reſt; and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the public, that whenever he was dull, they might be aſſured there was a deſign in it.

In this light then, or rather in this darkneſs,

I would have the reader to conſider theſe initial eſſays. And after this warning, if he ſhall be of opinion, that he can find enough of ſerious in other parts of this hiſtory, he may paſs over theſe, in which we profeſs to be laborioufly dull, and begin the following books at the ſecond chapter.

CHAP. II.

In which Mr. Jones receives many friendly viſits during his confinement; with ſome fine touches of the paſſion of love, ſcarce viſible to the naked eye.

TOM Jones had many viſitors during his confinement, though ſome, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr. Allworthy ſaw him almoſt every day; but though he pitied Tom's ſufferings, and greatly approved the gallant behaviour which had occaſioned them; yet he thought this was a favourable opportunity to bring him to a ſober ſenſe of his indiſcreet conduct; and that wholeſome advice for that purpoſe could never be applied at a more proper ſeaſon than at the preſent; when the mind was ſoftened by pain and ſickneſs, and alarmed by danger; and when its attention was unembarraſſed with thoſe turbulent paſſions, which engage us in the purſuit of pleaſure.

At all ſeaſons, therefore, when the good man was alone with the youth, eſpecially when the

latter was totally at eaſe, he took occaſion to remind him of his former miſcarriages, but in the mildeſt and tendereſt manner, and only in order to introduce the caution, which he preſcribed for his future behaviour; on which alone, he aſſured him, would depend his own felicity, and the kindneſs which he might yet promiſe himſelf to receive at the hands of his father by adoption, unleſs he ſhould hereafter forfeit his good opinion: for as to what had paſt, he ſaid, it ſhould be all forgiven and forgotten. He, therefore, adviſed him to make a good uſe of this accident, that ſo in the end it might prove a viſitation for his own good.

Thwackum was likewiſe pretty aſſiduous in his viſits; and he too conſidered a ſick-bed to be a convenient ſcene for lectures. His ſtile, however, was more ſevere than Mr. Allworthy's: he told his pupil, that he ought to look on his broken limb as a judgment from heaven on his ſins; that it would become him to be daily on his knees, pouring forth thankſgivings that he had broken his arm only, and not his neck; which latter, he ſaid, was very probably reſerved for ſome future occaſion, and that, perhaps, not very remote. For his part, he ſaid, he had often wondered ſome judgment had not overtaken him before; but it might be perceived by this, that divine puniſhments, though ſlow, are always ſure.

Hence likewiſe he adviſed him, to foreſee, with equal certainty, the greater evils which were yet behind, and which were as ſure as this, of overtaking him in his ſtate of reprobacy. Theſe are, ſaid he, to be averted only by ſuch a thorough and ſincere repentance, as is not to be expected or hoped for, from one ſo abandoned in his youth, and whoſe mind, I am afraid, is totally corrupted. It is my duty, however, to exhort you to this repentance, though I too well know all exhortations will be vain and fruitleſs. But *liberavi animam meam.* I can accuſe my own conſcience of no neglect; though it is, at the ſame time, with the utmoſt concern I ſee you travelling on to certain miſery in this world, and to as certain damnation in the next.

Square talked in a very different ſtrain; he ſaid, ſuch accidents as a broken bone were below the conſideration of a wiſe man; that it was abundantly ſufficient to reconcile the mind to any of theſe miſchances, to reflect that they are liable to befall the wiſeſt of mankind, and are undoubtedly for the good of the whole. He ſaid, it was a mere abuſe of words, to call thoſe things evils, in which there was no moral unfitneſs; that pain, which was the worſt conſequence of ſuch accidents, was the moſt contemptible thing in the world; with more of the like ſentences, extracted out of the ſecond book of Tully's Tuſculan Queſtions, and

from the great lord Shafteſbury. In pronouncing theſe, he was one day ſo eager, that he unfortunately bit his tongue; and in ſuch a manner, that it not only put an end to his diſcourſe, but created much emotion in him, and cauſed him to mutter an oath or two: but what was worſt of all, this accident gave Thwackum, who was preſent, and who held all ſuch doctrine to be heatheniſh and atheiſtical, an opportunity to clap a judgment on his back. Now this was done with ſo malicious a ſneer, that it totally unhinged (if I may ſo ſay) the temper of the philoſopher, which the bite of his tongue had ſomewhat ruffled; and as he was diſabled from venting his wrath at his lips, he had poſſibly found a more violent method of revenging himſelf, had not the ſurgeon, who was then luckily in the room, contrary to his own intereſt, interpoſed, and preſerved the peace.

Mr. Blifil viſited his friend Jones but ſeldom, and never alone. This worthy young man, however, profeſſed much regard for him, and as great concern at his misfortune; but cautiouſly avoided any intimacy, leſt, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the ſobriety of his own character: for which purpoſe, he had conſtantly in his mouth that proverb in which Solomon ſpeaks againſt evil communication. Not that he was ſo bitter as Thwackum; for he always expreſſed ſome hopes of Tom's reformation; which, he ſaid, the

unparalleled goodneſs ſhewn by his uncle on this occaſion, muſt certainly effect in one not abſolutely abandoned; but concluded: If Mr. Jones ever offends hereafter, I ſhall not be able to ſay a ſyllable in his favour.

As to 'ſquire Weſtern, he was ſeldom out of the ſick-room; unleſs when he vas engaged either in the field, or over his bottle. Nay, he would ſometimes retire hither to take his beer, and it was not without difficulty, that he was prevented from forcing Jones to take his beer too: for no quack ever held his noſtrum to be a more general panacea, than he did this; which, he ſaid, had more virtues in it than was in all the phyſic in an apothecary's ſhop. He was, however, by much entreaty, prevailed on to forbear the application of this medicine; but from ſerenading his patient every hunting-morning with the horn under his window, it was impoſſible to with-hold him; nor did he ever lay aſide that hollow, with which he entered into all companies, when he viſited Jones, without any regard to the ſick perſon's being at that time either awake or aſleep.

This boiſterous behaviour, as it meant no harm, ſo happily it effected none, and was abundantly compenſated to Jones, as ſoon as he was able to ſit up, by the company of Sophia, whom the 'ſquire then brought to viſit him; nor was it, indeed, long before Jones was able to attend her to the

harpſichord, where ſhe would kindly condeſcend, for hours together, to charm him with the moſt delicious muſic, unleſs when the 'ſquire thought proper to interrupt her, by inſiſting on Old Sir Simon, or ſome other of his favourite pieces.

Notwithſtanding the niceſt guard which Sophia endeavoured to ſet on her behaviour, ſhe could not avoid letting ſome appearances now and then ſlip forth: for love may again be likened to a diſeaſe in this, that when it is denied a vent in one part, it will certainly break out in another. What her lips therefore concealed, her eyes, her bluſhes, and many little involuntary actions, betrayed.

One day when Sophia was playing on the harpſichord, and Jones was attending, the 'ſquire came into the room, crying: There, Tom, I have had a battle for thee below ſtairs with thick parſon Thwackum. He hath been a telling Allworthy, before my face, that the broken bone was a judgment upon thee. D — n it, ſays I, how can that be? Did not he come by it in defence of a young woman? A judgment indeed! Pox! if he never doth any thing worſe, he will go to heaven ſooner than all the parſons in the country. He hath more reaſon to glory in it, than to be aſhamed of it. Indeed, Sir, ſays Jones, I have no reaſon for either; but if it preſerved Miſs Weſtern, I ſhall always think it the happieſt

accident of my life. And to gu, ſaid the 'ſquire, to zet Allworthy againſt thee vor it. — D — n 'un, if the parſon had unt had his petticuoats on, I ſhould have lent un a flick; for I love thee dearly, my boy, and d — n me, if there is any thing in my power which I won't do for thee. Sha't take thy choice of all the horſes in my ſtable to-morrow morning, except only the Chevalier and Miſs Slouch. Jones thanked him, but declined accepting the offer. — Nay, added the 'ſquire, ſha't ha the ſorrel mare that Sophy rode. She coſt me fifty guineas, and comes ſix years old this graſs. If ſhe had coſt me a thouſand, cries Jones paſſionately, I would have given her to the dogs. Pooh! pooh! anſwered Weſtern. What becauſe ſhe broke thy arm? Shouldſt forget and forgive. I thought hadſt been more a man than to bear malice againſt a dumb creature. — Here Sophia interpoſed, and put an end to the converſation, by deſiring her father's leave to play to him; a requeſt which he never refuſed.

The countenance of Sophia had undergone more than one change during the foregoing ſpeeches; and probably ſhe imputed the paſſionate reſentment, which Jones had expreſſed againſt the mare, to a different motive from that from which her father had derived it. Her ſpirits were at this time in a viſible flutter; and ſhe played ſo intolerably ill, that, had not Weſtern ſoon fallen aſleep, he muſt

have remarked it. Jones, however, who was ſufficiently awake, and was not without an ear, any more than without eyes, made ſome obſervations; which being joined to all which the reader may remember to have paſſed formerly, gave him pretty ſtrong aſſurances, when he came to reflect on the whole, that all was not well in the tender boſom of Sophia. An opinion which many young gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confeſs the truth, he had rather too much diffidence in himſelf, and was not forward enough in ſeeing the advances of a young lady; a misfortune which can be cured only by that early town-education, which is at preſent ſo generally in faſhion.

When theſe thoughts had fully taken poſſeſſion of Jones, they occaſioned a perturbation in his mind, which, in a conſtitution leſs pure and firm than his, might have been, at ſuch a ſeaſon, attended with very dangerous conſequences. He was truly ſenſible of the great worth of Sophia. He extremely liked her perſon, no leſs admired her accompliſhments, and tenderly loved her goodneſs. In reality, as he had never once entertained any thought of poſſeſſing her, nor had ever given the leaſt voluntary indulgence to his inclinations, he had a much ſtronger paſſion for her than he himſelf was acquainted with. His

heart now brought forth the full ſecret, at the ſame time that it aſſured him the adorable object returned his affection.

CHAP. III.

Which all who have no heart, will think to contain much ado about nothing.

THE reader will perhaps imagine, the ſenſations which now aroſe in Jones to have been ſo ſweet and delicious, that they would rather tend to produce a chearful ſerenity in the mind, than any of thoſe dangerous effects which we have mentioned; but, in fact, ſenſations of this kind, however delicious, are, at their firſt recognition, of a very tumultuous nature, and have very little of the opiate in them. They were, moreover, in the preſent caſe, embittered with certain circumſtances, which being mixed with ſweeter ingredients, tended altogether to compoſe a draught that might be termed bitter-ſweet; than which, as nothing can be more diſagreeable to the palate, ſo nothing, in the metaphorical ſenſe, can be ſo injurious to the mind.

For firſt, though he had ſufficient foundation to flatter himſelf in what he had obſerved in Sophia, he was not yet free from doubt of miſconſtruing compaſſion, or, at beſt, eſteem, into a warmer regard. He was far from a ſanguine aſſurance that Sophia had

had any ſuch affection towards him, as might promiſe his inclinations that harveſt, which, if they were encouraged and nurſed, they would finally grow up to require. Beſides, if he could hope to find no bar to his happineſs from the daughter, he thought himſelf certain of meeting an effectual bar in the father; who, though he was a country-'ſquire in his diverſions, was perfectly a man of the world in whatever regarded his fortune; had the moſt violent affection for his only daughter, and had often ſignified, in his cups, the pleaſure he propoſed in ſeeing her married to one of the richeſt men in the county. Jones was not ſo vain and ſenſeleſs a coxcomb as to expect, from any regard which Weſtern had profeſſed for him, that he would ever be induced to lay aſide theſe views of advancing his daughter. He well knew, that fortune is generally the principal, if not the ſole conſideration, which operates on the beſt of parents in theſe matters: for friendſhip makes us warmly eſpouſe the intereſt of others; but it is very cold to the gratification of their paſſions. Indeed, to feel the happineſs which may reſult from this, it is neceſſary we ſhould poſſeſs the paſſion ourſelves. As he had therefore no hopes of obtaining her father's conſent; ſo he thought to endeavour to ſucceed without it, and by ſuch means to fruſtrate the great point of Mr. Weſtern's life, was to make a very ill uſe of his hoſpitality,

and a very ungrateful return to the many little favours received (however roughly) at his hands. If he ſaw ſuch a conſequence with horror and diſdain, how much more was he ſhocked with what regarded Mr. Allworthy; to whom, as he had more than filial obligations, ſo had he for him more than filial piety! He knew the nature of that good man to be ſo averſe to any baſeneſs or treachery, that the leaſt attempt of ſuch a kind would make the ſight of the guilty perſon for ever odious to his eyes, and his name a deteſtable ſound in his ears. The appearance of ſuch unſurmountable difficulties was ſufficient to have inſpired him with deſpair, however ardent his wiſhes had been; but even theſe were controuled by compaſſion for another woman. The idea of lovely Molly now intruded itſelf before him. He had ſworn eternal conſtancy in her arms, and ſhe had as often vowed never to outlive his deſerting her. He now ſaw her in all the moſt ſhocking poſtures of death; nay, he conſidered all the miſeries of proſtitution to which ſhe would be liable, and of which he would be doubly the occaſion; firſt by ſeducing, and then by deſerting her; for he well knew the hatred which all her neighbours, and even her own ſiſters, bore her, and how ready they would all be to tear her to pieces. Indeed he had expoſed her to more envy than ſhame, or rather to the latter by means of the former: for many women abuſed

her for being a whore, while they envied her her lover and her finery, and would have been themſelves glad to have purchaſed theſe at the ſame rate. The ruin, therefore, of the poor girl muſt, he foreſaw, unavoidably attend his deſerting her; and this thought ſtung him to the ſoul. Poverty and diſtreſs ſeemed to him to give none a right of aggravating thoſe misfortunes. The meanneſs of her condition did not repreſent her miſery as of little conſequence in his eyes, nor did it appear to juſtify, or even to palliate, his guilt, in bringing that miſery upon her. But why do I mention juſtification? His own heart would not ſuffer him to deſtroy a human creature, who, he thought, loved him, and had to that love ſacrificed her innocence. His own good heart pleaded her cauſe; not as a cold venal advocate; but as one intereſted in the event, and which muſt itſelf deeply ſhare in all the agonies its owner brought on another.

When this powerful advocate had ſufficiently raiſed the pity of Jones, by painting poor Molly in all the circumſtances of wretchedneſs; it artfully called in the aſſiſtance of another paſſion, and repreſented the girl in all the amiable colours of youth, health, and beauty; as one greatly the object of deſire, and much the more ſo, at leaſt to a good mind, from being, at the ſame time, the object of compaſſion.

Amidſt theſe thoughts, poor Jones paſſed a long ſleepleſs night, and in the morning the reſult of the whole was to abide by Molly, and to think no more of Sophia.

In this virtuous reſolution he continued all the next day till the evening, cheriſhing the idea of Molly, and driving Sophia from his thoughts; but in the fatal evening, a very trifling accident ſet all his paſſions again on float, and worked ſo total a change in his mind, that we think it decent to communicate it in a freſh chapter.

CHAP. IV.

A little chapter, in which is contained a little incident.

Among other viſitants, who paid their compliments to the young gentleman in his confinement, Mrs. Honour was one. The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on ſome expreſſions which have formerly dropt from her, may conceive that ſhe herſelf had a very particular affection for Mr. Jones; but, in reality, it was not ſuch thing. Tom was a handſome young fellow; and for that ſpecies of men Mrs. Honour had ſome regard; but this was perfectly indiſcriminate: for having been croſſed in the love which ſhe bore a certain nobleman's footman, who had baſely

deſerted her after a promiſe of marriage, ſhe had ſo ſecurely kept together the broken remains of her heart, that no man had ever ſince been able to poſſeſs himſelf of any ſingle fragment. She viewed all handſome men with that equal regard and benevolence, which a ſober and virtuous mind bears to all the good. — She might, indeed, be called a lover of men, as Socrates was a lover of mankind, preferring one to another for corporeal, as he for mental qualifications; but never carrying this preference ſo far as to cauſe any perturbation in the philoſophical ſerenity of her temper.

The day after Mr. Jones had had that conflict with himſelf, which we have ſeen in the preceding chapter, Mrs. Honour came into his room, and finding him alone, began in the following manner: La! Sir, where do you think I have been? I warrants you, you would not gueſs in fifty years; but if you did gueſs, to be ſure, I muſt not tell you neither. Nay, if it be ſomething which you muſt not tell me, ſaid Jones, I ſhall have the curioſity to enquire, and I know you will not be ſo barbarous as to refuſe me. I don't know, cries ſhe, why I ſhould refuſe you neither, for that matter; for to be ſure, you won't mention it any more. And for that matter, if you knew where I have been, unleſs you knew what I have been about, it would not ſignify much. Nay, I don't ſet why it ſhould be kept a ſecret, for my part; for to be ſure ſhe is the beſt lady in

the world. Upon this, Jones began to beg earneſtly to be let into this ſecret, and faithfully promiſed not to divulge it. She then proceeded thus: Why, you muſt know, Sir, my young lady ſent me to enquire after Molly Seagrim, and to ſee whether the wench wanted any thing; to be ſure, I did not care to go, methinks: but ſervants muſt do what they are ordered. — How could you undervalue yourſelf ſo, Mr. Jones? — So my lady bid me go, and carry her ſome linen, and other things. — She is too good. If ſuch forward ſluts were ſent to Bridewell, it would be better for them. I told my lady, ſays I, Ma'am, your la'ſhip is encouraging idleneſs. — And was my Sophia ſo good? ſays Jones. — My Sophia! I aſſure you, marry come up, anſwered Honour. And yet if you knew all, — indeed, if I was as Mr. Jones, I ſhould look a little higher than ſuch trumpery as Molly Seagrim. What do you mean by theſe words? replied Jones, If I knew all. I mean what I mean, ſays Honour. Don't you remember putting your hands in my lady's muff once? I vow I could almoſt find in my heart to tell, if I was certain my lady would never come to the hearing on't. — Jones then made ſeveral ſolemn proteſtations. And Honour proceeded: — Then, to be ſure, my lady gave me that muff; and afterwards, upon hearing what you had done — Then you told her what I had done? interrupted Jones. If I did, Sir, anſwered ſhe, you need not

be angry with me. Many's the man would have given his head to have had my lady told, if they had known — for, to be ſure, the biggeſt lord in the land might be proud — but, I proteſt, I have a great mind not to tell you. Jones fell to entreaties, and ſoon prevailed on her to go on thus: You muſt know then, Sir, that my lady had given this muff to me; but about a day or two after I had told her the ſtory, ſhe quarrels with her new muff, and to be ſure it is the prettieſt that ever was ſeen. Honour, ſays ſhe, — this is an odious muff; it is too big for me, — I can't wear it — till I can get another, you muſt let me have my old one again, and you may have this in the room on't — for ſhe's a good lady, and ſcorns to give a thing and take a thing, I promiſe you that. So, to be ſure, I fetched it her back again, and, I believe, ſhe hath worn it upon her arm almoſt ever ſince, and I warrants hath given it many a kiſs when no-body hath ſeen her.

Here the converſation was interrupted by Mr. Weſtern himſelf, who came to ſummon Jones to the harpſichord; whither the poor young fellow went all pale and trembling. This Weſtern obſerved, but on ſeeing Mrs. Honour, imputed it to a wrong cauſe; and having given Jones a hearty curſe between jeſt and earneſt, he bid him beat abroad, and not poach up the game in his warren.

Sophia looked this evening with more than uſual

beauty, and we may believe it was no ſmall addition to her charms, in the eye of Mr. Jones, that ſhe now happened to have on her right arm this very muff.

She was playing one of her father's favourite tunes, and he was leaning on her chair, when the muff fell over her fingers, and put her out. This ſo diſconcerted the 'ſquire, that he ſnatched the muff from her, and with a hearty curſe threw it into the fire. Sophia inſtantly ſtarted up, and with the utmoſt eagerneſs recovered it from the flames.

Though this incident will probably appear of little conſequence to many of our readers; yet, trifling as it was, it had ſo violent an effect on poor Jones, that we thought it our duty to relate it. In reality, there are many little circumſtances too often omitted by injudicious hiſtorians, from which events of the utmoſt importance ariſe. The world may indeed be conſidered as a vaſt machine, in which the great wheels are originally ſet in motion by thoſe which are very minute, and almoſt imperceptible to any but the ſtrongeſt eyes.

Thus, not all the charms of the incomparable Sophia; not all the dazzling brightneſs, and languiſhing ſoftneſs of her eyes; the harmony of her voice, and of her perſon; not all her wit, good humour, greatneſs of mind, or ſweetneſs

of diſpoſition, had been able ſo abſolutely to conquer and enſlave the heart of poor Jones, as this little incident of the muff. Thus the poet ſweetly ſings of Troy:

— Captique dolis, lachrymiſque coacti,
Quos neque Tydides, nec Lariſſæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

What Diomede, or Thetis' greater ſon,
A thouſand ſhips, nor ten years ſiege had done,
Falſe tears, and fawning words, the city won.

The citadel of Jones was now taken by ſurpriſe. All thoſe conſiderations of honour and prudence, which our hero had lately, with ſo much military wiſdom, placed as guards over the avenues of his heart, ran away from their poſts, and the god of love marched in in triumph.

CHAP. V.

A very long chapter, containing a very great incident.

But though this victorious deity eaſily expelled his avowed enemies from the heart of Jones, he found it more difficult to ſupplant the garriſon which he himſelf had placed there. To lay aſide all allegory, the concern for what muſt become of poor Molly, greatly diſturbed and perplexed the mind of the worthy youth. The ſuperior merit

of Sophia totally eclipſed, or rather extinguiſhed, all the beauties of the poor girl; but compaſſion inſtead of contempt ſucceeded to love. He was convinced the girl had placed all her affections, and all her proſpect of future happineſs, in him only. For this he had, he knew, given ſufficient occaſion, by the utmoſt profuſion of tenderneſs towards her: a tenderneſs which he had taken every means to perſuade her he would always maintain. She, on her ſide, had aſſured him of her firm belief in his promiſe, and had with the moſt ſolemn vows declared, that on his fulfilling, or breaking theſe promiſes, it depended, whether ſhe ſhould be the happieſt or the moſt miſerable of womankind. And to be the author of this higheſt degree of miſery to a human being, was a thought on which he could not bear to ruminate a ſingle moment. He conſidered this poor girl as having ſacrificed to him every thing in her little power; as having been at her own expence the object of his pleaſure; as ſighing and languiſhing for him even at that very inſtant. Shall then, ſays he, my recovery, for which ſhe hath ſo ardently wiſhed; ſhall my preſence, which ſhe hath ſo eagerly expected, inſtead of giving her that joy with which ſhe hath flattered herſelf, caſt her at once down into miſery and deſpair? Can I be ſuch a villain? Here, when the genius of poor Molly ſeemed triumphant, the love of

Sophia towards him, which now appeared no longer dubious, ruſhed upon his mind, and bore away every obſtacle before it.

At length it occurred to him, that he might poſſibly be able to make Molly amends another way; namely, by giving her a ſum of money. This, nevertheleſs, he almoſt deſpaired of her accepting, when he recollected the frequent and vehement aſſurances he had received from her, that the world put in balance with him, would make her no amends for his loſs. However, her extreme poverty, and chiefly her egregious vanity (ſomewhat of which hath been already hinted to the reader) gave him ſome little hope, that notwithſtanding all her avowed tenderneſs, ſhe might in time be brought to content herſelf with a fortune ſuperior to her expectation, and which might indulge her vanity, by ſetting her above all her equals. He reſolved therefore to take the firſt opportunity of making a propoſal of this kind.

One day accordingly, when his arm was ſo well recovered, that he could walk eaſily with it ſlung in a ſaſh, he ſtole forth, at a ſeaſon when the 'ſquire was engaged in his field-exerciſes, and viſited his fair one. Her mother and ſiſters, whom he found taking their tea, informed him firſt that Molly was not at home; but afterwards, the eldeſt ſiſter acquainted him, with a malicious ſmile, that

ſhe was above ſtairs a-bed. Tom had no objection to this ſituation of his miſtreſs, and immediately aſcended the ladder which led towards her bed-chamber; but when he came to the top, he, to his great ſurpriſe, found the door faſt; nor could he for ſome time obtain any anſwer from within; for Molly, as ſhe herſelf afterwards informed him, was faſt aſleep.

The extremes of grief and joy have been remarked to produce very ſimilar effects; and when either of theſe ruſhes on us by ſurpriſe, it is apt to create ſuch a total perturbation and confuſion, that we are often thereby deprived of the uſe of all our faculties. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the unexpected ſight of Mr. Jones ſhould ſo ſtrongly operate on the mind of Molly, and ſhould overwhelm her with ſuch confuſion, that for ſome minutes ſhe was unable to expreſs the great raptures, with which the reader will ſuppoſe ſhe was affected on this occaſion. As for Jones, he was ſo entirely poſſeſſed, and, as it were, enchanted by the preſence of his beloved object, that he for a while forgot Sophia, and conſequently the principal purpoſe of his viſit.

This, however, ſoon recurred to his memory; and after the firſt tranſports of their meeting were over, he found means by degrees to introduce a diſcourſe on the fatal conſequences which muſt attend their amour, if Mr. Allworthy, who had

ſtrictly forbidden him ever ſeeing her more, ſhould diſcover that he ſtill carried on this commerce. Such a diſcovery, which his enemies gave him reaſon to think would be unavoidable, muſt, he ſaid, end in his ruin, and conſequently in hers. Since therefore their hard fates had determined that they muſt ſeparate, he adviſed her to bear it with reſolution, and ſwore, he would never omit any opportunity through the courſe of his life, of ſhewing her the ſincerity of his affection, by providing for her in a manner beyond her utmoſt expectation, or even beyond her wiſhes, if ever that ſhould be in his power; concluding at laſt, that ſhe might ſoon find ſome man who would marry her, and who would make her much happier than ſhe could be by leading a diſreputable life with him.

Molly remained a few moments in ſilence, and then burſting into a flood of tears, ſhe began to upbraid him in the following words: And this is your love for me, to forſake me in this manner, now you have ruined me? How often, when I have told you that all men are falſe and perjury alike, and grow tired of us as ſoon as ever they have had their wicked wills of us, how often have you ſworn you would never forſake me? And can you be ſuch a perjury man after all? What ſignifies all the riches in the world to me without you, now you have gained my heart? So you have — you

have. — Why do you mention another man to me? I can never love any other man as long as I live. All other men are nothing to me. If the greateſt 'ſquire in all the country would come a ſuiting to me to-morrow, I would not give my company to him. No, I ſhall always hate and deſpiſe the whole ſex for your ſake. —

She was proceeding thus, when an accident put a ſtop to her tongue, before it had run out half its career. The room, or rather garret, in which Molly lay, being up one pair of ſtairs, that is to ſay, at the top of the houſe, was of a ſloping figure, reſembling the great Delta of the Greeks. The Engliſh reader may, perhaps, form a better idea of it, by being told, that it was impoſſible to ſtand upright any where but in the middle. Now, as this room wanted the conveniency of a cloſet, Molly had, to ſupply that defect, nailed up an old rug againſt the rafters of the houſe, which encloſed a little hole where her beſt apparel, ſuch as the remains of that ſack which we have formerly mentioned, ſome caps, and other things with which ſhe had lately provided herſelf, were hung up and ſecured from the duſt.

This encloſed place exactly fronted the foot of the bed, to which, indeed, the rug hung ſo near, that it ſerved, in a manner, to ſupply the want of curtains. Now, whether Molly, in the agonies

of her rage, puſhed this rug with her feet; or Jones might touch it; or whether the pin or nail gave way of its own accord, I am not certain; but as Molly pronounced thoſe laſt words, which are recorded above, the wicked rug got looſe from its faſtening, and diſcovered every thing hid behind it; where among other female utenſiles appeared — (with ſhame I write it, and with ſorrow will it be read) — the philoſopher Square, in a poſture (for the place would not near admit his ſtanding upright) as ridiculous as can poſſibly be conceived.

The poſture, indeed, in which he ſtood, was not greatly unlike that of a ſoldier, who is tied neck and heels; or rather reſembling the attitude in which we often ſee fellows in the public ſtreets of London, who are not ſuffering but deſerving puniſhment by ſo ſtanding. He had a night-cap belonging to Molly on his head, and his two large eyes, the moment the rug fell, ſtared directly at Jones; ſo that when the idea of philoſophy was added to the figure now diſcovered, it would have been very difficult for any ſpectator to have refrained from immoderate laughter.

I not queſtion but the ſurpriſe of the reader will be here equal to that of Jones; as the ſuſpicions which muſt ariſe from the appearance of this wiſe and grave man in ſuch a place, may ſeem ſo inconſiſtent with that character, which

he hath, doubtleſs, maintained hitherto, in the opinion of every one.

But to confeſs the truth, this inconſiſtency is rather imaginary than real. Philoſophers are compoſed of fleſh and blood as well as other human creatures; and however ſublimated and refined the theory of theſe may be, a little practical frailty is as incident to them as to other mortals. It is indeed, in theory only, and not in practice, as we have before hinted, that conſiſts the difference: for though ſuch great beings think much better and more wiſely, they always act exactly like other men. They know very well how to ſubdue all appetites and paſſions, and to deſpiſe both pain and pleaſure; and this knowledge affords much delightful contemplation, and is eaſily acquired: but the practice would be vexatious and troubleſome; and, therefore, the ſame wiſdom which teaches them to know this, teaches them to avoid carrying it into execution.

Mr. Square happened to be at church, on that ſunday, when, as the reader may be pleaſed to remember, the appearance of Molly in her ſack had cauſed all that diſturbance. Here he firſt obſerved her, and was ſo pleaſed with her beauty, that he prevailed with the young gentlemen to change their intended ride that evening, that he might paſs by the habitation of Molly, and, by that means, might obtain a ſecond chance of

ſeeing

ſeeing her. This reaſon, however, as he did not at that time mention to any, ſo neither did we think proper to communicate it then to the reader.

Among other particulars which conſtituted the unfitneſs of things in Mr. Square's opinion, danger and difficulty were two. The difficulty, therefore, which he apprehended there might be in corrupting this young wench, and the danger which would accrue to his character on the diſcovery, were ſuch ſtrong diſſuaſives, that it is probable, he at firſt intended to have contented himſelf with the pleaſing ideas which the ſight of beauty furniſhes us with. Theſe the graveſt men, after a full meal of ſerious meditation, often allow themſelves by way of deſert: for which purpoſe, certain books and pictures find their way into the moſt private receſſes of their ſtudy, and a certain liquoriſh part of natural philoſophy is often the principal ſubject of their converſation.

But when the philoſopher heard a day or two afterwards, that the fortreſs of virtue had already been ſubdued, he began to give a larger ſcope to his deſires. His appetite was not of that ſqueamiſh kind, which cannot feed on a dainty becauſe another hath taſted it. In ſhort, he liked the girl the better for the want of that chaſtity, which, if ſhe had poſſeſſed it, muſt have been a bar to his pleaſures; he purſued, and obtained her.

The reader will be miſtaken, if he thinks Molly gave Square the preference to her younger lover: on the contrary, had ſhe been confined to the choice of one only, Tom Jones would, undoubtedly, have been, of the two, the victorious perſon. Nor was it ſolely the conſideration, that two are better than one (though this had its proper weight) to which Mr. Square owed his ſucceſs: the abſence of Jones during his confinement was an unlucky circumſtance; and in that interval, ſome well choſen preſents from the philoſopher ſo ſoftened and unguarded the girl's heart, that a favourable opportunity became irreſiſtible, and Square triumphed over the poor remains of virtue which ſubſiſted in the boſom of Molly.

It was now about a fortnight ſince this conqueſt, when Jones paid the above-mentioned viſit to his miſtreſs, at a time when ſhe and Square were in bed together. This was the true reaſon why the mother denied her, as we have ſeen; for as the old woman ſhared in the profits ariſing from the iniquity of her daughter, ſhe encouraged and protected her in it to the utmoſt of her power: but ſuch was the envy and hatred which the eldeſt ſiſter bore towards Molly, that, notwithſtanding ſhe had ſome part of the booty, ſhe would willingly have parted with this to ruin her ſiſter, and ſpoil her trade. Hence ſhe had acquainted Jones with her being above ſtairs in bed, in hopes that he

might have caught her in Square's arms. This, however, Molly found means to prevent, as the door was faſtened; which gave her an opportunity of conveying her lover behind that rug or blanket where he now was unhappily diſcovered.

Square no ſooner made his appearance than Molly flung herſelf back in her bed, cried out ſhe was undone, and abandoned herſelf to deſpair. This poor girl, who was yet but a novice in her buſineſs, had not arrived to that perfection of aſſurance which helps off a town-lady in any extremity; and either prompts her with an excuſe, or elſe inſpires her to brazen out the matter with her huſband; who from love of quiet, or out of fear of his reputation, and ſometimes, perhaps, from fear of the gallant, who, like Mr. Conſtant in the play, wears a ſword, is glad to ſhut his eyes, and contented to put his horns in his pocket. Molly, on the contrary, was ſilenced by this evidence, and very fairly gave up a cauſe which ſhe had hitherto maintained with ſo many tears, and with ſuch ſolemn and vehement proteſtations of the pureſt love and conſtancy.

As to the gentleman behind the arras, he was not in much leſs conſternation. He ſtood for a while motionleſs, and ſeemed equally at a loſs what to ſay, or whither to direct his eyes. Jones, though perhaps the moſt aſtoniſhed of the three, firſt found his tongue; and, being immediately

recovered from thoſe uneaſy ſenſations, which Molly by her upbraidings had occaſioned, he burſt into a loud laughter, and then ſaluting Mr. Square, advanced to take him by the hand, and to relieve him from his place of confinement.

Square, being now arrived in the middle of the room, in which part only he could ſtand upright, looked at Jones with a very grave countenance, and ſaid to him: Well, Sir, I ſee you enjoy this mighty diſcovery, and, I dare ſwear, taſte great delight in the thoughts of expoſing me; but if you will conſider the matter fairly, you will find you are yourſelf only to blame. I am not guilty of corrupting innocence. I have done nothing for which that part of the world which judges of matters by the rule of right, will condemn me. Fitneſs is governed by the nature of things, and not by cuſtoms, forms, or municipal laws. Nothing is indeed unfit, which is not unnatural. Well reaſoned, old boy, anſwered Jones; but why doſt thou think that I ſhould deſire to expoſe thee? I promiſe thee, I was never better pleaſed with thee in my life; and unleſs thou haſt a mind to diſcover it thyſelf, this affair may remain a profound ſecret for me. Nay, Mr. Jones, replied Square, I would not be thought to undervalue reputation. Good fame is a ſpecies of the KALON, and it is by no means fitting to neglect it. Beſides, to murder one's own reputation is a kind of

ſuicide, a deteſtable and odious vice. If you think proper, therefore, to conceal any infirmity of mine, (for ſuch I may have, ſince no man is perfectly perfect) I promiſe you I will not betray myſelf. Things may be fitting to be done, which are not fitting to be boaſted of; for by the perverſe judgment of the world, that often becomes the ſubject of cenſures, which is, in truth, not only innocent but laudable. Right! cries Jones, what can be more innocent than the indulgence of a natural appetite? or what more laudable than the propagation of our ſpecies? To be ſerious with you, anſwered Square, I profeſs they always appeared ſo to me. And yet, ſaid Jones, you was of a different opinion, when my affair with this girl was firſt diſcovered. Why, I muſt confeſs, ſays Square, as the matter was miſrepreſented to me by that parſon Thwackum, I might condemn the corruption of innocence: it was that, Sir, it was that — and that — for you muſt know, Mr. Jones, in the conſideration of fitneſs, very minute circumſtances, Sir, very minute circumſtances cauſe great alteration. — Well, cries Jones, be that as it will, it ſhall be your own fault, as I have promiſed you, if you ever hear any more of this adventure. Behave kindly to the girl, and I will never open my lips concerning the matter to any one. And, Molly, do you be faithful to your friend, and I will not only forgive your infidelity

to me, but will do you all the ſervice I can. So ſaying, he took a haſty leave, and ſlipping down the ladder, retired with much expedition.

Square was rejoiced to find this adventure was likely to have no worſe concluſion, and as for Molly, being recovered from her confuſion, ſhe began at firſt to upbraid Square with having been the occaſion of her loſs of Jones; but that gentleman ſoon found the means of mitigating her anger, partly by careſſes, and partly by a ſmall noſtrum from his purſe, of wonderful and approved efficacy in purging off the ill humours of the mind, and in reſtoring it to a good temper.

She then poured forth a vaſt profuſion of tenderneſs towards her new lover; turned all ſhe had ſaid to Jones, and Jones himſelf, into ridicule, and vowed, though he once had had the poſſeſſion of her perſon, that none but Square had ever been maſter of her heart.

CHAP. VI.

By comparing which with the former, the reader may poſſibly correct ſome abuſe which he hath formerly been guilty of, in the application of the word LOVE.

THE infidelity of Molly, which Jones had now diſcovered, would, perhaps, have vindicated a much greater degree of reſentment, than he expreſſed

on the occaſion; and if he had abandoned her directly from that moment, very few, I believe, would have blamed him.

Certain, however, it is, that he ſaw her in the light of compaſſion; and though his love to her was not of that kind which could give him any great uneaſineſs at her inconſtancy; yet he was not a little ſhocked on reflecting that he had himſelf originally corrupted her innocence; for to this corruption he imputed all the vice, into which ſhe appeared now ſo likely to plunge herſelf.

This conſideration gave him no little uneaſineſs, till Betty, the elder ſiſter, was ſo kind ſome time afterwards entirely to cure him by a hint, that one Will Barnes, and not himſelf, had been the firſt ſeducer of Molly; and that the little child, which he had hitherto ſo certainly concluded to be his own, might very probably have an equal title, at leaſt, to claim Barnes for its father.

Jones eagerly purſued this ſcent when he had firſt received it; and in a very ſhort time was ſufficiently aſſured that the girl had told him truth, not only by the confeſſion of the fellow, but, at laſt, by that of Molly herſelf.

This Will Barnes was a country-gallant, and had acquired as many trophies of this kind as any enſign or attorney's clerk in the kingdom. He had, indeed, reduced ſeveral women to a ſtate of utter profligacy, had broke the hearts of ſome,

and had the honour of occaſioning the violent death of one poor girl, who had either drowned herſelf, or, what was rather more probable, had been drowned by him.

Among other of his conqueſts, this fellow had triumphed over the heart of Betty Seagrim. He had made love to her long before Molly was grown to be a fit object of that paſtime; but had afterwards deſerted her, and applied to her ſiſter, with whom he had almoſt immediate ſucceſs. Now Will had, in reality, the ſole poſſeſſion of Molly's affection, while Jones and Square were almoſt equally ſacrifices to her intereſt, and to her pride.

Hence had grown that implacable hatred which we have before ſeen raging in the mind of Betty; though we did not think it neceſſary to aſſign this cauſe ſooner, as envy itſelf alone was adequate to all the effects we have mentioned.

Jones was become perfectly eaſy by poſſeſſion of this ſecret with regard to Molly; but as to Sophia, he was far from being in a ſtate of tranquillity; nay, indeed, he was under the moſt violent perturbation: his heart was now, if I may uſe the metaphor, entirely evacuated, and Sophia took abſolute poſſeſſion of it. He loved her with an unbounded paſſion, and plainly ſaw the tender ſentiments ſhe had for him; yet could not this aſſurance leſſen his deſpair of obtaining the conſent

of her father, nor the horrors which attended his purſuit of her by any baſe or treacherous method.

The injury which he muſt thus do to Mr. Weſtern, and the concern which would accrue to Mr. Allworthy, were circumſtances that tormented him all day, and haunted him on his pillow at night. His life was a conſtant ſtruggle between honour and inclination, which alternately triumphed over each other in his mind. He often reſolved, in the abſence of Sophia, to leave her father's houſe, and to ſee her no more; and as often, in her preſence, forgot all thoſe reſolutions, and determined to purſue her at the hazard of his life, and at the forfeiture of what was much dearer to him.

This conflict began ſoon to produce very ſtrong and viſible effects: for he loſt all his uſual ſprightlineſs and gaiety of temper, and became not only melancholy when alone, but dejected and abſent in company; nay, if ever he put on a forced mirth, to comply with Mr. Weſtern's humour, the conſtraint appeared ſo plain, that he ſeemed to have been giving the ſtrongeſt evidence of what he endeavoured to conceal by ſuch oſtentation.

It may, perhaps, be a queſtion, whether the art which he uſed to conceal his paſſion, or the means which honeſt nature employed to reveal it, betrayed him moſt: for while art made him more than ever reſerved to Sophia, and forbad him to

addreſs any of his diſcourſe to her; nay, to avoid meeting her eyes, with the utmoſt caution; nature was no leſs buſy in counterplotting him. Hence, at the approach of the young lady, he grew pale; and if this was ſudden, ſtarted. If his eyes accidentally met hers, the blood ruſhed into his cheeks, and his countenance became all over ſcarlet. If common civility ever obliged him to ſpeak to her, as to drink her health at table, his tongue was ſure to faulter. If he touched her, his hand, nay, his whole frame trembled. And if any diſcourſe tended, however remotely, to raiſe the idea of love, an involuntary ſigh ſeldom failed to ſteal from his boſom. Moſt of which accidents nature was wonderfully induſtrious to throw daily in his way.

All theſe ſymptoms eſcaped the notice of the 'ſquire, but not ſo of Sophia. She ſoon perceived theſe agitations of mind in Jones, and was at no loſs to diſcover the cauſe; for indeed ſhe recognized it in her own breaſt. And this recognition is, I ſuppoſe, that ſympathy which hath been ſo often noted in lovers, and which will ſufficiently account for her being ſo much quicker-ſighted than her father.

But, to ſay the truth, there is a more ſimple and plain method of accounting for that prodigious ſuperiority of penetration which we muſt obſerve in ſome men over the reſt of the human ſpecies,

and one which will ſerve not only in the caſe of lovers, but of all others. For whence it is that the knave is generally ſo quick-ſighted to thoſe ſymptoms and operations of knavery, which often dupe an honeſt man of a much better underſtanding? There ſurely is no general ſympathy among knaves, nor have they, like free-maſons, any common ſign of communication. In reality, it is only becauſe they have the ſame thing in their heads, and their thoughts are turned the ſame way. Thus, that Sophia ſaw, and that Weſtern did not ſee, the plain ſymptoms of love in Jones, can be no wonder, when we conſider that the idea of love never entered into the head of the father, whereas the daughter, at preſent, thought of nothing elſe.

When Sophia was well ſatisfied of the violent paſſion which tormented poor Jones, and no leſs certain that ſhe herſelf was its object, ſhe had not the leaſt difficulty in diſcovering the true cauſe of his preſent behaviour. This highly endeared him to her, and raiſed in her mind two of the beſt affections which any lover can wiſh to raiſe in a miſtreſs. Theſe were eſteem and pity; for ſure the moſt outrageouſly rigid among her ſex will excuſe her pitying a man, whom ſhe ſaw miſerable on her own account; nor can they blame her for eſteeming one who viſibly, from the moſt honourable motives, endeavoured to

ſmother a flame in his own boſom, which, like the famous Spartan theft, was preying upon, and conſuming, his very vitals. Thus his backwardneſs, his ſhunning her, his coldneſs and his ſilence, were the forwardeſt, the moſt diligent, the warmeſt, and moſt eloquent advocates; and wrought ſo violently on her ſenſible and tender heart, that ſhe ſoon felt for him all thoſe gentle ſenſations which are conſiſtent with a virtuous and elevated female mind. — In ſhort, all which eſteem, gratitude, and pity, can inſpire in ſuch, towards an agreeable man — Indeed, all which the niceſt delicacy can allow — In a word, — ſhe was in love with him to diſtraction.

One day this young couple accidentally met in the garden, at the end of two walks, which were both bounded by that canal in which Jones had formerly riſqued drowning to retrieve the little bird that Sophia had there loſt.

This place had been of late much frequented by Sophia. Here ſhe uſed to ruminate, with a mixture of pain and pleaſure, on an incident, which, however trifling in itſelf, had poſſibly ſown the firſt ſeeds of that affection which was now arrived to ſuch maturity in her heart.

Here then this young couple met. They were almoſt cloſe together, before either of them knew any thing of the other's approach. A by-ſtander would have diſcovered ſufficient marks of

confuſion in the countenance of each; but they felt too much themſelves to make any obſervation. As ſoon as Jones had a little recovered his firſt ſurpriſe, he accoſted the young lady with ſome of the ordinary forms of ſalutation, which ſhe in the ſame manner returned, and their converſation began, as uſual, on the delicious beauty of the morning. Hence they paſt to the beauty of the place, on which Jones launched forth very high encomiums. When they came to the tree whence he had formerly tumbled into the canal, Sophia could not help reminding him of that accident, and ſaid: I fancy, Mr. Jones, you have ſome little ſhuddering when you ſee that water. I aſſure you, Madam, anſwered Jones, the concern you felt at the loſs of your little bird, will always appear to me the higheſt circumſtance in that adventure. Poor little Tommy! there is the branch he ſtood upon. How could the little wretch have the folly to fly away from that ſtate of happineſs in which I had the honour to place him? His fate was a juſt puniſhment for his ingratitude. Upon my word, Mr. Jones, ſaid ſhe, your gallantry very narrowly eſcaped as ſevere a fate. Sure, the remembrance muſt affect you. Indeed, Madam, anſwered he, if I have any reaſon to reflect with ſorrow on it, it is, perhaps, that the water had not been a little deeper, by which I might have eſcaped many bitter heart-achs, that fortune ſeems

to have in ſtore for me. Fie, Mr. Jones, replied Sophia, I am ſure you cannot be in earneſt now. This affected contempt of life is only an exceſs of your complaiſance to me. You would endeavour to leſſen the obligation of having twice ventured it for my ſake. Beware the third time. — She ſpoke theſe laſt words with a ſmile and a ſoftneſs inexpreſſible. Jones anſwered with a ſigh, he feared it was already too late for caution; — and then looking tenderly and ſtedfaſtly on her, he cry'd: Oh! Miſs Weſtern, — Can you deſire me to live? Can you wiſh me ſo ill? — Sophia looking down on the ground, anſwered with ſome heſitation: Indeed, Mr. Jones, I do not wiſh you ill. — Oh! I know too well that heavenly temper, cries Jones, that divine goodneſs which is beyond every other charm. Nay, now, anſwered ſhe, I underſtand you not. — I can ſtay no longer. — I, — I would not be underſtood, cries he, nay, I can't be underſtood. I know not what I ſay. Meeting you here ſo unexpectedly — I have been unguarded — For heaven's ſake pardon me, if I have ſaid any thing to offend you — I did not mean it — indeed, I would rather have died — nay, the very thought would kill me. You ſurpriſe me, anſwered ſhe. — How can you poſſibly think you have offended me? Fear, Madam, ſays he, eaſily runs into madneſs; and there is no degree of fear like that which I feel

of offending you. How can I ſpeak then? Nay, don't look angrily at me; one frown will deſtroy me. — I mean nothing. — Blame my eyes, or blame thoſe beauties — What am I ſaying? Pardon me if I have ſaid too much. My heart overflowed. I have ſtruggled with my love to the utmoſt, and have endeavoured to conceal a fever which preys on my vitals, and will, I hope, ſoon make it impoſſible for me ever to offend you more.

Mr. Jones now fell a-trembling as if he had been ſhaken with the fit of an ague. Sophia, who was in a ſituation not very different from his, anſwered in theſe words: Mr. Jones, I will not affect to miſunderſtand you; indeed I underſtand you too well; but, for heaven's ſake, if you have any affection for me, let me make the beſt of my way into the houſe. I wiſh I may be able to ſupport myſelf thither.

Jones, who was hardly able to ſupport himſelf, offered her his arm, which ſhe condeſcended to accept, but begged he would not mention a word more to her of this nature at preſent. He promiſed he would not, inſiſting only on her forgiveneſs of what love, without the leave of his will, had forced from him: this, ſhe told him, he knew how to obtain, by his future behaviour; and thus this young pair tottered and trembled along, the lover not once daring to ſqueeze the

hand of his miſtreſs, though it was locked in his.

Sophia immediately retired to her chamber, where Mrs. Honour and the hartſhorn were ſummoned to her aſſiſtance. As to poor Jones, the only relief to his diſtempered mind was an unwelcome piece of news, which, as it opens a ſcene of a different nature from thoſe in which the reader hath lately been converſant, will be communicated to him in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mr. Allworthy appears on a ſick-bed.

MR. Weſtern was become ſo fond of Jones, that he was unwilling to part with him, though his arm had been long ſince cured; and Jones, either from the love of ſport, or from ſome other reaſon, was eaſily perſuaded to continue at his houſe, which he did ſometimes for a fortnight together, without paying a ſingle viſit at Mr. Allworthy's; nay, without ever hearing from thence.

Allworthy had been for ſome days indiſpoſed with a cold, which had been attended with a little fever. This he had, however, neglected, as it was uſual with him to do all manner of diſorders which did not confine him to his bed, or prevent his ſeveral faculties from performing their ordinary functions.

functions. A conduct which we would by no means be thought to approve or recommend to imitation: for ſurely the gentlemen of the Æſculapian art are in the right in adviſing, that the moment the diſeaſe is entered at one door, the phyſician ſhould be introduced at the other. What elſe is meant by that old adage: *Venienti occurrite morbo?* Oppoſe a diſtemper at its firſt approach. Thus the doctor and the diſeaſe meet in fair and equal conflict; whereas, by giving time to the latter, we often ſuffer him to fortify and entrench himſelf, like a French army; ſo that the learned gentleman finds it very difficult, and ſometimes impoſſible, to come at the enemy. Nay, ſometimes, by gaining time, the diſeaſe applies to the French military politics, and corrupts nature over to his ſide, and then all the powers of phyſic muſt arrive too late. Agreeable to theſe obſervations was, I remember, the complaint of the great doctor Miſaubin, who uſed very pathetically to lament the late applications which were made to his ſkill, ſaying: Bygar, me believe my pation take me for de undertaker: for dey never ſend for me till de phyſicion have kill dem.

Mr. Allworthy's diſtemper, by means of this neglect, gained ſuch ground, that, when the increaſe of his fever obliged him to ſend for aſſiſtance, the doctor at his firſt arrival ſhook his head, wiſhed he had been ſent for ſooner, and

intimated that he thought him in very imminent danger. Mr. Allworthy, who had ſettled all his affairs in this world, and was as well prepared as it is poſſible for human nature to be, for the other, received this information with the utmoſt calmneſs and unconcern. He could, indeed, whenever he laid himſelf down to reſt, ſay with Cato in the tragical Poem:

——— Let guilt or fear
Diſturb man's reſt, Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent is his choice, to ſleep or die.

In reality, he could ſay this with ten times more reaſon and confidence than Cato, or any other proud fellow among the antient or modern heroes: for he was not only devoid of fear, but might be conſidered as a faithful labourer, when at the end of harveſt he is ſummoned to receive his reward at the hands of a bountiful maſter.

The good man gave immediate orders for all his family to be ſummoned round him. None of theſe were then abroad, but Mrs. Blifil, who had been ſome time in London, and Mr. Jones, whom the reader hath juſt parted from at Mr. Weſtern's, and who received this ſummons juſt as Sophia had left him.

The news of Mr. Allworthy's danger (for the ſervant told him he was dying) drove all thoughts of love out of his head. He hurried inſtantly into

the chariot which was ſent for him, and ordered the coachman to drive with all imaginable haſte; nor did the idea of Sophia, I believe, once occur to him on the way.

And now, the whole family, namely, Mr. Blifil, Mr. Jones, Mr. Thwackum, Mr. Square, and ſome of the ſervants (for ſuch were Mr. Allworthy's orders) being all aſſembled round his bed, the good man ſat up in it, and was beginning to ſpeak, when Blifil fell to blubbering; and began to expreſs very loud and bitter lamentations. Upon this Mr. Allworthy ſhook him by the hand, and ſaid: Do not ſorrow thus, my dear nephew, at the moſt ordinary of all human occurrences. When misfortunes befal our friends, we are juſtly grieved: for thoſe are accidents which might often have been avoided, and which may ſeem to render the lot of one man more peculiarly unhappy than that of others; but death is certainly unavoidable, and is that common lot, in which alone the fortunes of all men agree; nor is the time when this happens to us very material. If the wiſeſt of men hath compared life to a ſpan, ſurely we may be allowed to conſider it as a day. It is my fate to leave it in the evening; but thoſe who are taken away earlier, have only loſt a few hours, at the beſt little worth lamenting, and much oftner hours of labour and fatigue, of pain and ſorrow. One of the Roman poets, I remember,

likens our leaving life to our departure from a feaſt. A thought which hath often occurred to me, when I have ſeen men ſtruggling to protract an entertainment, and to enjoy the company of their friends a few moments longer. Alas! how ſhort is the moſt protracted of ſuch enjoyments! How immaterial the difference between him who retires the ſooneſt, and him who ſtays the lateſt! This is ſeeing life in the beſt view, and this unwillingneſs to quit our friends is the moſt amiable motive, from which we can derive the fear of death; and yet the longeſt enjoyment which we can hope for of this kind, is of ſo trivial a duration, that it is to a wiſe man truly contemptible. Few men, I own, think in this manner: for, indeed, few men think of death 'till they are in its jaws. However gigantic and terrible an object this may appear when it approaches them, they are nevertheleſs incapable of ſeeing it at any diſtance; nay, though they have been ever ſo much alarmed and frightened when they have apprehended themſelves in danger of dying, they are no ſooner cleared from this apprehenſion, than even the fears of it are eraſed from their minds. But, alas! he who eſcapes from death, is not pardoned; he is only reprieved, and reprieved to a ſhort day.

Grieve, therefore, no more, my dear child, on this occaſion; an event which may happen every hour, which every element, nay, almoſt every

particle of matter that ſurrounds us is capable of producing, and which muſt and will moſt unavoidably reach us all at laſt, ought neither to occaſion our ſurpriſe, nor our lamentation.

My phyſician having acquainted me (which I take very kindly of him) that I am in danger of leaving you all very ſhortly, I have determined to ſay a few words to you at this our parting, before my diſtemper, which I find grows very faſt upon me, puts it out of my power.

But I ſhall waſte my ſtrength too much. — I intended to ſpeak concerning my will, which though I have ſettled long ago, I think proper to mention ſuch heads of it as concern any of you, that I may have the comfort of perceiving you are all ſatisfied with the proviſion I have there made for you.

Nephew Blifil, I leave you the heir to my whole eſtate, except only 500 l. a year, which is to revert to you after the death of your mother, and except one other eſtate of 500 l. a year, and the ſum of 6000 l. which I have beſtowed in the following manner.

The eſtate of 500 l. a year I have given to you, Mr. Jones. And as I know the inconvenience which attends the want of ready money, I have added 1000 l. in ſpecie. In this I know not whether I have exceeded or fallen ſhort of your expectation. Perhaps you will think I have given you too little,

and the world will be as ready to condemn me for giving you too much; but the latter cenſure I deſpiſe, and as to the former, unleſs you ſhould entertain that common error, which I have often heard in my life pleaded as an excuſe for a total want of charity; namely, that inſtead of raiſing gratitude by voluntary acts of bounty, we are apt to raiſe demands, which of all others are the moſt boundleſs and moſt difficult to ſatisfy — Pardon me the bare mention of this; I will not ſuſpect any ſuch thing.

Jones flung himſelf at his benefactor's feet, and taking eagerly hold of his hand, aſſured him, his goodneſs to him, both now and at all other times, had ſo infinitely exceeded not only his merit, but his hopes, that no words could expreſs his ſenſe of it. And I aſſure you, Sir, ſaid he, your preſent generoſity hath left me no other concern than for the preſent melancholy occaſion. — Oh, my friend! my father! — Here his words choaked him, and he turned away to hide a tear which was ſtarting from his eyes.

Allworthy then gently ſqueezed his hand, and proceeded thus: I am convinced, my child, that you have much goodneſs, generoſity, and honour in your temper; if you will add prudence and religion to theſe, you muſt be happy: for the three former qualities, I admit, make you worthy of happineſs; but they are the latter only which will put you in poſſeſſion of it.

One thouſand pound I have given to you, Mr. Thwackum; a ſum, I am convinced, which greatly exceeds your deſires, as well as your wants. However, you will receive it as a memorial of my friendſhip; and whatever ſuperfluities may redound to you, that piety which you ſo rigidly maintain, will inſtruct you how to diſpoſe of them.

A like ſum, M. Square, I have bequeathed to you. This, I hope, will enable you to purſue your profeſſion with better ſucceſs than hitherto. I have often obſerved with concern, that diſtreſs is more apt to excite contempt than commiſeration, eſpecially among men of buſineſs, with whom poverty is underſtood to indicate want of ability. But the little I have been able to leave you, will extricate you from thoſe difficulties with which you have formerly ſtruggled: and then I doubt not but you will meet with ſufficient proſperity to ſupply whata man of your philoſophical temper will require.

I find myſelf growing faint, ſo I ſhall refer you to my will for my diſpoſition of the reſidue. My ſervants will there find ſome tokens to remember me by; and there are a few charities, which, I truſt, my executors will ſee faithfully performed. Bleſs you all. I am ſetting out a little before you. —

Here a footman came haſtily into the room,

and ſaid, there was an attorney from Saliſbury, who had a particular meſſage, which, he ſaid, he muſt communicate to Mr. Allworthy himſelf: that he ſeemed in a violent hurry, and proteſted he had ſo much buſineſs to do, that if he could cut himſelf into four quarters, all would not be ſufficient.

Go, child, ſaid Allworthy to Blifil, ſee what the gentleman wants. I am not able to do any buſineſs now, nor can he have any with me, in which you are not at preſent more concerned than myſelf. Beſides I really am — I am incapable of ſeeing any one at preſent, or of any longer attention. He then ſaluted them all, ſaying, perhaps he ſhould be able to ſee them again, but he ſhould be now glad to compoſe himſelf a little, finding that he had too much exhauſted his ſpirits in diſcourſe.

Some of the company ſhed tears at their parting; and even the philoſopher Square wiped his eyes; *albeit unuſed to the melting mood.* As to Mrs. Wilkins, ſhe dropt her pearls as faſt *as the Arabian trees their medicinal gums;* for this was a ceremonial which that gentlewoman never omitted on a proper occaſion.

After this Mr. Allworthy again laid himſelf down on his pillow, and endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing matter rather natural than pleaſing.

BESIDES grief for her maſter, there was another ſource for that briny ſtream which ſo plentifully roſe above the two mountainous cheek-bones of the houſe-keeper. She was no ſooner retired, than ſhe began to mutter to herſelf in the following pleaſant ſtrain: Sure maſter might have made ſome difference, methinks, between me and the other ſervants. I ſuppoſe he hath left me mourning; but, ifackins! if that be all, the devil ſhall wear it for him for me. I'd have his worſhip know I am no beggar. I have ſaved five hundred pound in his ſervice, and after all to be uſed in this manner. — It is a fine encouragement to ſervants to be honeſt; and to be ſure, if I have taken a little ſomething now and then, others have taken ten times as much; and now we are all put in a lump together. If ſo be that, it be ſo, the legacy may go to the devil with him that gave it. No, I won't give it up neither, becauſe that will pleaſe ſome folks. No, I'll buy the gayeſt gown I can get, and dance over the old curmudgeon's grave in it. This is my reward for taking his part ſo often, when all the country have cried ſhame of him, for breeding up his baſtard in that manner;

but he is going now where he muſt pay for all. It would have become him better to have repented of his ſins on his death bed, than to glory in them, and give away his eſtate out of his own family to a miſbegotten child. Found in his bed, forſooth! a pretty ſtory! Ay, ay, thoſe that hide, know where to find. Lord forgive him, I warrant he hath many more baſtards to anſwer for, if the truth was known. One comfort is, they will all be known where he is a going now. The ſervants will find ſome token to remember me by. Thoſe were the very words; I ſhall never forget them, if I was to live a thouſand years. Ay, ay, I ſhall remember you for huddling me among the ſervants. One would have thought he might have mentioned my name as well as that of Square; but he is a gentleman forſooth, though he had not cloaths on his back when he came hither firſt. Marry come up with ſuch gentlemen! Though he hath lived here theſe many years, I don't believe there is arrow a ſervant in the houſe ever ſaw the colour of his money. The devil ſhall wait upon ſuch gentlemen for me. Much more of the like kind ſhe muttered to herſelf; but this taſte ſhall ſuffice to the reader.

Neither Thwackum nor Square were much better ſatisfied with their legacies. Though they breathed not their reſentment ſo loud, yet from the diſcontent which appeared in their countenances, as well as from the following dialogue, we collect

that no great pleaſure reigned in their minds.

About an hour after they had left the ſick-room, Square met Thwackum in the hall, and accoſted him thus: Well, Sir, have you heard any news of your friend ſince we parted from him? If you mean Mr. Allworthy, anſwered Thwackum, I think you might rather give him the appellation of your friend: for he ſeems to me to have deſerved that title. The title is as good on your ſide, replied Square, for his bounty, ſuch as it is, hath been equal to both. I ſhould not have mentioned it firſt, cries Thwackum, but ſince you begin, I muſt inform you I am of a different opinion. There is a wide diſtinction between voluntary favours and rewards. The duty I have done in his family, and the care I have taken in the education of his two boys, are ſervices for which ſome men might have expected a greater return. I would not have you imagine I am therefore diſſatisfied; for St. Paul hath taught me to be content with the little I have. Had the modicum been leſs, I ſhould have known my duty. But though the ſcripture obliges me to remain contented, it doth not enjoin me to ſhut my eyes to my own merit, nor reſtrain me from ſeeing, when I am injured by an unjuſt compariſon. Since you provoke me, returned Square, that injury is done to me: nor did I ever imagine Mr. Allworthy had held my friendſhip ſo light, as to put me in balance with one who

received his wages : I know to what it is owing; it proceeds from thoſe narrow principles which you have been ſo long endeavouring to infuſe into him, in contempt of every thing which is great and noble. The beauty and lovelineſs of friendſhip is too ſtrong for dim eyes, nor can it be perceived by any other medium, than that unerring rule of right, which you have ſo often endeavoured to ridicule, that you have perverted my friend's underſtanding. I wiſh, cries Thwackum, in a rage, I wiſh for the ſake of his ſoul, your damnable doctrines have not perverted his faith. It is to this I impute his preſent behaviour ſo unbecoming a chriſtian. Who but an atheiſt could think of leaving the world without having firſt made up his account? without confeſſing his ſins, and receiving that abſolution which he knew he had one in the houſe duly authoriſed to give him? He will feel the want of theſe neceſſaries when it is too late. When he is arrived at that place where there is wailing and gnaſhing of teeth; it is then he will find in what mighty ſtead that heathen goddeſs, that virtue, which you and all other deiſts of the age adore, will ſtand him. He will then ſummon his prieſt when there is none to be found, and will lament the want of that abſolution, without which no ſinner can be ſafe. If it be ſo material, ſays Square, why don't you preſent it him of your own accord? It hath no

virtue, cries Thwackum, but to thoſe who have ſufficient grace to require it. But why do I talk thus to a heathen and an unbeliever? It is you that taught him this leſſon, for which you have been well rewarded in this world, as I doubt not your diſciple will ſoon be in the other. I know not what you mean by reward, ſaid Square, but if you hint at that pitiful memorial of our friendſhip, which he hath thought fit to bequeath me, I deſpiſe it; and nothing but the unfortunate ſituation of my circumſtances ſhould prevail on me to accept of it.

The phyſician now arrived, and began to enquire of the two diſputants, how we all did above ſtairs? In a miſerable way, anſwered Thwackum. It is no more than I expected, cries the doctor: but pray what ſymptoms have appeared ſince I left you? No good ones, I am afraid, replied Thwackum, after what paſt at our departure, I think there were little hopes. The bodily phyſician, perhaps, miſunderſtood the curer of ſouls, and before they came to an explanation, Mr. Blifil came to them with a moſt melancholy countenance, and acquainted them, that he brought ſad news: for that his mother was dead at Saliſbury. That ſhe had been ſeized on the road home with the gout in her head and ſtomach, which had carried her off in a few hours. Good-lack-a-day, ſays the doctor, one cannot anſwer for events: but I wiſh I had

been at hand to have been called in. The gout is a diſtemper which it is difficult to treat; yet I have been remarkably ſucceſsful in it. Thwackum and Square both condoled with Mr. Blifil for the loſs of his mother, which the one adviſed him to bear like a man, and the other like a chriſtian. The young gentleman ſaid, he knew very well we were all mortal, and he would endeavour to ſubmit to his loſs as well as he could. That he could not, however, help complaining a little againſt the peculiar ſeverity of his fate, which brought the news of ſo great a calamity to him by ſurpriſe, and that, at a time when he hourly expected the ſevereſt blow he was capable of feeling from the malice of fortune. He ſaid, the preſent occaſion would put to the teſt thoſe excellent rudiments which he had learned from Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square, and it would be entirely owing to them, if he was enabled to ſurvive ſuch misfortunes.

It was now debated whether Mr. Allworthy ſhould be informed of the death of his ſiſter: this the doctor violently oppoſed; in which, I believe, the whole college would agree with him: but Mr. Blifil ſaid, he had received ſuch poſitive and repeated orders from his uncle, never to keep any ſecret from him, for fear of the diſquietude which it might give him, that he durſt not think of diſobedience, whatever might be the conſequence. He ſaid, for his part, conſidering the religious

and philoſophic temper of his uncle, he could not agree with the doctor in his apprehenſions. He was therefore reſolved to communicate it to him: for if his uncle recovered, (as he heartily prayed he might) he knew he would never forgive an endeavour to keep a ſecret of this kind from him.

The phyſician was forced to ſubmit to theſe reſolutions, which the two other learned gentlemen very highly commended. So together moved Mr. Blifil and the doctor towards the ſick-room; where the phyſician firſt entered, and approached the bed, in order to feel his patient's pulſe, which he had no ſooner done, than he declared, he was much better; that the laſt application had ſucceeded to a miracle, and had brought the fever to intermit: ſo that, he ſaid, there appeared now to be as little danger as he had before apprehended there were hopes.

To ſay the truth, Mr. Allworthy's ſituation had never been ſo bad, as the great caution of the doctor had repreſented it: but as a wiſe general never deſpiſes his enemy, however inferior that enemy's force may be, ſo neither doth a wiſe phyſician ever deſpiſe a diſtemper, however inconſiderable. As the former preſerves the ſame ſtrict diſcipline, places the ſame guards, employs the ſame ſcouts, though the enemy be never ſo weak; ſo the latter maintains the ſame gravity of countenance, and ſhakes his head with the ſame ſignificant ir,

let the diſtemper be never ſo trifling. And both, among many other good ones, may aſſign this ſolid reaſon for their conduct, that by theſe means the greater glory redounds to them if they gain the victory, and the leſs diſgrace if, by any unlucky accident, they ſhould happen to be conquered.

Mr. Allworthy had no ſooner lifted up his eyes, and thanked heaven for theſe hopes of his recovery, than Mr. Blifil drew near, with a very dejected aſpect, and having applied his handkerchief to his eye, either to wipe away his tears, or to do, as Ovid ſomewhere expreſſes himſelf on another occaſion,

— *Si nullus erit, tamen excute nullum.*

If there be none, then wipe away that none.

he communicated to his uncle what the reader hath been juſt before acquainted with.

Allworthy received the news with concern, with patience, and with reſignation. He dropt a tender tear, then compoſed his countenance, and at laſt cried: The lord's will be done in every thing.

He now enquired for the meſſenger; but Blifil told him, it had been impoſſible to detain him a moment; for he appeared by the great hurry he was in, to have ſome buſineſs of importance on his hands: that he complained of being hurried, and driven and torn out of his life, and repeated many

many times, that if he could divide himſelf into four quarters, he knew how to diſpoſe of every one.

Allworthy then deſired Blifil to take care of the funeral. He ſaid, he would have his ſiſter depoſited in his own chapel; and as to the particulars, he left them to his own diſcretion, only mentioning the perſon whom he would have employed on this occaſion.

CHAP. IX.

Which, among other things, may ſerve as a comment on that ſaying of Æſchines, that DRUNKENNESS SHEWS THE MIND OF A MAN, AS A MIRROUR REFLECTS HIS PERSON.

THE reader may, perhaps, wonder at hearing nothing of Mr. Jones in the laſt chapter. In fact, his behaviour was ſo different from that of the perſons there mentioned, that we choſe not to confound his name with theirs.

When the good man had ended his ſpeech, Jones was the laſt who deſerted the room. Thence he retired to his own apartment, to give vent to his concern; but the reſtleſsneſs of his mind would not ſuffer him to remain long there; he ſlipped ſoftly, therefore, to Mr. Allworthy's chamber door, where he liſtened a conſiderable time, without hearing any kind of motion within, unleſs a violent

ſnoring, which at laſt his fears miſrepreſented as groans. This ſo alarmed him, that he could not forbear entering the room; where he found the good man in the bed, in a ſweet compoſed ſleep, and his nurſe ſnoring in the above-mentioned hearty manner, at the bed's feet. He immediately took the only method of ſilencing this thorough baſs, whoſe muſick he feared might diſturb Allworthy; and then ſitting down by the nurſe, he remained motionleſs till Blifil and the doctor came in together, and waked the ſick man, in order that the doctor might feel his pulſe, and that the other might communicate to him that piece of news, which, had Jones been apprized of it, would have had great difficulty of finding its way to Mr. Allworthy's ear at ſuch a ſeaſon.

When he firſt heard Mr. Blifil tell his uncle this ſtory, Jones could hardly contain the wrath which kindled in him at the other's indiſcretion, eſpecially as the doctor ſhook his head, and declared his unwillingneſs to have the matter mentioned to his patient. But as his paſſion did not ſo far deprive him of all uſe of his underſtanding, as to hide from him the conſequences which any violent expreſſions towards Blifil might have on the ſick, this apprehenſion ſtilled his rage, at the preſent; and he grew afterwards ſo ſatisfied with finding that this news had, in fact, produced no miſchief, that he ſuffered his anger to die in his own

boſom, without ever mentioning it to Blifil.

The phyſician dined that day at Mr. Allworthy's; and having after dinner viſited his patient, he returned to the company, and told them, that he had now the ſatisfaction to ſay, with aſſurance, that his patient was out of all danger; that he had brought his fever to a perfect intermiſſion, and doubted not by throwing in the bark to prevent its return.

This account ſo pleaſed Jones, and threw him into ſuch immoderate exceſs of rapture, that he might be truly ſaid to be drunk with joy. An intoxication which greatly forwards the effects of wine; and as he was very free too with the bottle on this occaſion, (for he drank many bumpers to the doctor's health, as well as to other toaſts) he became very ſoon literally drunk.

Jones had naturally violent animal ſpirits: theſe being ſet on float, and augmented by the ſpirit of wine, produced moſt extravagant effects. He kiſſed the doctor, and embraced him with the moſt paſſionate endearments; ſwearing that, next to Mr. Allworthy himſelf, he loved him of all men living. Doctor, added he, you deſerve a ſtatue to be erected to you at the public expence, for having preſerved a man, who is not only the darling of all good men who know him, but a bleſſing to ſociety, the glory of his country, and an honour to human nature. D — n me if I don't love him better than my own ſoul.

More ſhame for you, cries Thwackum; though I think you have reaſon to love him, for he hath provided very well for you. And, perhaps, it might have been better for ſome folks, that he had not lived to ſee juſt reaſon of revoking his gift.

Jones now, looking on Mr. Thwackum with inconceivable diſdain, anſwered: And doth thy mean ſoul imagine, that any ſuch conſiderations could weigh with me? No, let the earth open and ſwallow her own dirt (if I had millions of acres, I would ſay it) rather than ſwallow up my dear glorious friend!

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis *!

The doctor now interpoſed, and prevented the effects of a wrath which was kindling between Jones and Thwackum; after which the former gave a looſe to mirth, ſang two or three amorous ſongs, and fell into every frantic diſorder, which unbridled joy is apt to inſpire; but ſo far was he from any diſpoſition to quarrel, that he was ten times better humoured, if poſſible, than when he was ſober.

To ſay truth, nothing is more erroneous than

* What modeſty or meaſure can ſet bounds to our deſire of ſo dear a friend! The word *deſiderium* here cannot be eaſily tranſlated. It includes our deſire of enjoying our friend again, and the grief which attends that deſire.

the common obſervation, that men who are ill-natured and quarrelſome when they are drunk, are very worthy perſons when they are ſober: for drink, in reality, doth not reverſe nature, or create paſſions in men, which did not exiſt in them before. It takes away the guard of reaſon, and conſequently forces us to produce thoſe ſymptoms which many, when ſober, have art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our paſſions; (generally indeed that paſſion which is uppermoſt in our mind) ſo that the angry temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-humoured, the avaricious, and all other diſpoſitions of men, are in their cups heightened and expoſed.

And yet as no nation produces ſo many drunken quarrels, eſpecially among the lower people, as England; (for, indeed, with them, to drink and to fight together, are almoſt ſynonymous terms) I would not, methinks, have it thence concluded, that the Engliſh are the worſt-natured people alive. Perhaps the love of glory only is at the bottom of this; ſo that the fair concluſion ſeems to be, that our countrymen have more of that love, and more of bravery, than any other plebeians. And this the rather, as there is ſeldom any thing ungenerous, unfair, or ill-natured, exerciſed on thoſe occaſions: nay, it is common for the combatants to expreſs good-will for each other, even at the time of the conflict; and as their drunken mirth generally

ends in a battle, ſo do moſt of their battles end in friendſhip.

But to return to our hiſtory: though Jones had ſhewn no deſign of giving offence, yet Mr. Blifil was highly offended at a behaviour which was ſo inconſiſtent with the ſober and prudent reſerve of his own temper. He bore it too with the greater impatience, as it appeared to him very indecent at this ſeaſon; when, as he ſaid, the houſe was a houſe of mourning, on the account of his dear mother; and if it had pleaſed heaven to give him ſome proſpect of Mr. Allworthy's recovery, it would become them better to expreſs the exultations of their hearts in thankſgiving, than in drunkenneſs and riots; which were properer methods to increaſe the divine wrath, than to avert it. Thwackum, who had ſwallowed more liquor than Jones, but without any ill effect on his brain, ſeconded the pious harangue of Blifil: but Square, for reaſons which the reader may probably gueſs, was totally ſilent.

Wine had not ſo totally overpowered Jones, as to prevent his recollecting Mr. Blifil's loſs, the moment it was mentioned. As no perſon, therefore, was more ready to confeſs and condemn his own errors, he offered to ſhake Mr. Blifil by the hand, and begged his pardon, ſaying, his exceſſive joy for Mr. Allworthy's recovery had driven every other thought out of his mind.

Blifil ſcornfully rejected his hand; and, with much

indignation, anſwered, it was little to be wondered at, if tragical ſpectacles made no impreſſion on the blind; but, for his part, he had the misfortune to know who his parents were, and conſequently muſt be affected with their loſs.

Jones, who, notwithſtanding his good-humour, had ſome mixture of the iraſcible in his conſtitution, leaped haſtily from his chair, and catching hold of Blifil's collar, cried out: D — n you for a raſcal, do you inſult me with the misfortune of my birth? He accompanied theſe words with ſuch rough actions, that they ſoon got the better of Mr. Blifil's peaceful temper; and a ſcuffle immediately enſued, which might have produced miſchief, had it not been prevented by the interpoſition of Thwackum and the phyſician; for the philoſophy of Square rendered him ſuperior to all emotions, and he very calmly ſmoaked his pipe, as was his cuſtom in all broils, unleſs when he apprehended ſome danger of having it broke in his mouth.

The two combatants being now prevented from executing preſent vengeance on each other, betook themſelves to the common reſources of diſappointed rage, and vented their wrath in threats and defiance. In this kind of conflict, fortune, which in the perſonal attack ſeemed to incline to Jones, was now altogether as favourable to his enemy.

A truce, nevertheleſs, was at length agreed on, by the mediation of the neutral parties, and the

whole company again ſat down at the table; where Jones being prevailed on to aſk pardon, and Blifil to give it, peace was reſtored, and every thing ſeemed in *Statu quo*.

But though the quarrel was, in all appearance, perfectly reconciled, the good-humour which had been interrupted by it, was by no means reſtored. All merriment was now at an end, and the ſubſequent diſcourſe conſiſted only of grave relations of matters of fact, and of as grave obſervations upon them. A ſpecies of converſation, in which, though there is much of dignity and inſtruction, there is but little entertainment. As we preſume, therefore, to convey only this laſt to the reader, we ſhall paſs by whatever was ſaid, till the reſt of the company having, by degrees, dropped off, left only Square and the phyſician together; at which time the converſation was a little heightened by ſome comments on what had happened between the two young gentlemen; both of whom the doctor declared to be no better than ſcoundrels; to which appellation the philoſopher, very ſagaciouſly ſhaking his head, agreed.

CHAP. X.

Shewing the truth of many obſervations of Ovid, and of other more grave writers, who have proved, beyond contradiction, that wine is often the forerunner of incontinency.

JONES retired from the company, in which we have ſeen him engaged, into the fields, where he intended to cool himſelf, by a walk in the open air, before he attended Mr. Allworthy. There, whilſt he renewed thoſe meditations on his Sophia, which the dangerous illneſs of his friend and benefactor had for ſome time interrupted, an accident happened, which with ſorrow we relate, and with ſorrow, doubtleſs, will it be read: however, that hiſtoric truth to which we profeſs ſo inviolable an attachment, obliges us to communicate it to poſterity.

It was now a pleaſant evening in the latter end of june, when our hero was walking in a moſt delicious grove, where the gentle breezes fanning the leaves, together with the ſweet trilling of a murmuring ſtream, and the melodious notes of nightingales, formed altogether the moſt enchanting harmony. In this ſcene, ſo ſweetly accommodated to love, he meditated on his dear Sophia. While his wanton fancy roved unbounded over all her

beauties, and his lively imagination painted the charming maid in various raviſhing forms, his warm heart melted with tenderneſs, and at length throwing himſelf on the ground, by the ſide of a gently murmuring brook, he broke forth into the following ejaculation:

O Sophia, would heaven give thee to my arms, how bleſt would be my condition! Curſt be that fortune which ſets a diſtance between us! Was I but poſſeſſed of thee, one only ſuit of rags thy whole eſtate, is there a man on earth whom I would envy! How contemptible would the brighteſt Circaſſian beauty, dreſt in all the jewels of the Indies, appear to my eyes! But why do I mention another woman? Could I think my eyes capable of looking at any other with tenderneſs, theſe hands ſhould tear them from my head. No, my Sophia, if cruel fortune ſeparates us for ever, my ſoul ſhall doat on thee alone. The chaſteſt conſtancy will I ever preſerve to thy image. Though I ſhould never have poſſeſſion of thy charming perſon, ſtill ſhalt thou alone have poſſeſſion of my thoughts, my love, my ſoul. Oh! my fond heart is ſo wrapt in that tender boſom, that the brighteſt beauties would for me have no charms, nor would a hermit be colder in their embraces. Sophia, Sophia alone ſhall be mine. What raptures are in that name! I will engrave it on every tree.

At theſe words he ſtarted up, and beheld — not

his Sophia — no, nor a Circaſſian maid richly and elegantly attired for the grand ſignior's ſeraglio. No; without a gown, in a ſhift that was ſomewhat of the coarſeſt, and none of the cleaneſt, bedewed likewiſe with ſome odoriferous effluvia, the produce of the day's labour, with a pitch-fork in her hand, Molly Seagrim approached. Our hero had his penknife in his hand, which he had drawn for the before mentioned purpoſe, of carving on the bark; when the girl coming near him, cry'd out, with a ſmile: You don't intend to kill me, 'ſquire, I hope. Why ſhould you think I would kill you? anſwered Jones. Nay, replied ſhe, after your cruel uſage of me when I ſaw you laſt, killing me would, perhaps, be too great kindneſs for me to expect.

Here enſued a parley, which, as I do not think myſelf obliged to relate it, I ſhall omit. It is ſufficient that it laſted a full quarter of an hour, at the concluſion of which they retired into the thickeſt part of the grove.

Some of my readers may be inclined to think this event unnatural. However, the fact is true; and, perhaps, may be ſufficiently accounted for, by ſuggeſting, that Jones probably thought one woman better than none, and Molly as probably imagined two men to be better than one. Beſides the before mentioned motive aſſigned to the preſent behaviour of Jones, the reader will be likewiſe

pleaſed to recollect in his favour, that he was not at this time perfect maſter of that wonderful power of reaſon, which ſo well enables grave and wiſe men to ſubdue their unruly paſſions, and to decline any of theſe prohibited amuſements. Wine now had totally ſubdued this power in Jones. He was, indeed, in a condition, in which if reaſon had interpoſed, though only to adviſe, ſhe might have received the anſwer which one Cleoſtratus gave many years ago to a ſilly fellow, who aſked him, if he was not aſhamed to be drunk? Are not you, ſaid Cleoſtratus, aſhamed to admoniſh a drunken man? — To ſay the truth, in a court of juſtice, drunkenneſs might not be an excuſe, yet in a court of conſcience it is greatly ſo; and therefore Ariſtotle, who commends the laws of Pittacus, by which drunken men received double puniſhment for their crimes, allows there is more of policy than juſtice in that law. Now, if there are any tranſgreſſions pardonable from drunkenneſs, they are certainly ſuch as Mr. Jones was at preſent guilty of; on which head I could pour forth a vaſt profuſion of learning, if I imagined it would either entertain my reader, or teach him any thing more than he knows already. For his ſake, therefore, I ſhall keep my learning to myſelf, and return to my hiſtory.

It hath been obſerved, that fortune ſeldom doth things by halves. To ſay truth, there is no end to

her freaks whenever ſhe is diſpoſed to gratify or diſpleaſe. No ſooner had our hero retired with his Dido, but

Speluncam Blifil, *dux & divinus eamdem*
Deveniunt ——

the parſon and the young 'ſquire, who were taking a ſerious walk, arrived at the ſtile which leads into the grove, and the latter caught a view of the lovers, juſt as they were ſinking out of ſight.

Blifil knew Jones very well, though he was at above a hundred yards diſtance, and he was as poſitive to the ſex of his companion, though not to the individual perſon. He ſtarted, bleſſed himſelf, and uttered a very ſolemn ejaculation.

Thwackum expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe at theſe ſudden motions, and aſked the reaſon of them. To which Blifil anſwered, he was certain he had ſeen a fellow and a wench retire together among the buſhes, which he doubted not was with ſome wicked purpoſe. As to the name of Jones, he thought proper to conceal it, and why he did ſo, muſt be left to the judgment of the ſagacious reader: for we never chuſe to aſſign motives to the actions of men, when there is any poſſibility of our being miſtaken.

The parſon, who was not only ſtrictly chaſte in his own perſon, but a great enemy to the oppoſite vice in all others, fired at this information. He

deſired Mr. Blifil to conduct him immediately to the place, which as he approached, he breathed forth vengeance mixed with lamentations: nor did he refrain from caſting ſome oblique reflections on Mr. Allworthy; inſinuating that the wickedneſs of all the country was principally owing to the encouragement he had given to vice, by having exerted ſuch kindneſs to a baſtard, and by having mitigated that juſt and wholeſome rigour of the law, which allots a very ſevere puniſhment to looſe wenches.

The way, through which our hunters were to paſs in purſuit of their game, was ſo beſet with briars, that it greatly obſtructed their walk, and cauſed, beſides, ſuch a ruſtling, that Jones had ſufficient warning of their arrival, before they could ſurpriſe him; nay, indeed, ſo incapable was Thwackum of concealing his indignation, and ſuch vengeance did he mutter forth every ſtep he took, that this alone muſt have abundantly ſatisfied Jones, that he was (to uſe the language of ſportſmen) found ſitting.

CHAP. XI.

In which a ſimile in Mr. Pope's period of a mile, introduces as bloody a battle as can poſſibly be fought, without the aſſiſtance of ſteel or cold iron.

AS in the ſeaſon of RUTTING, (an uncouth phraſe, by which the vulgar denote that gentle dalliance, which, in the * well-wooded foreſt of Hampſhire, paſſes between lovers of the ferine kind) if, while the lofty-creſted ſtag meditates the amorous ſport, a couple of puppies, or any other beaſts of hoſtile note, ſhould wander ſo near the temple of Venus Ferina, that the fair hind ſhould ſhrink from the place, touched with that ſomewhat, either of fear or frolic, of nicety or ſkittiſhneſs, with which nature hath bedecked all females, or hath, at leaſt, inſtructed them how to put it on; leſt, through the indelicacy of males, the Samian myſteries ſhould be pryed into by unhallowed eyes: for at the celebration of theſe rites, the female prieſteſs cries out with her in Virgil, (who was then, probably, hard at work on ſuch celebration)

—— *Procul, o procul eſte, profani!*
Proclamat vates, totoque abſiſtite luco.

* This is an ambiguous phraſe, and may mean either a foreſt well cloathed with wood, or well ſtript of it.

— Far hence be ſouls prophane,
The Sibyl cry'd, and from the grove abſtain.

DRYDEN.

If, I ſay, while theſe ſacred rites, which are in common to *Genus omne Animantûm*, are in agitation between the ſtag and his miſtreſs, any hoſtile beaſts ſhould venture too near, on the firſt hint given by the frighted hind, fierce and tremendous ruſhes forth the ſtag to the entrance of the thicket; there ſtands he centinel over his love, ſtamps the ground with his foot, and with his horns brandiſhed aloft in air, proudly provokes the apprehended foe to combat.

Thus, and more terrible, when he perceived the enemy's approach, leaped forth our hero. Many a ſtep advanced he forwards, in order to conceal the trembling hind, and, if poſſible, to ſecure her retreat. And now Thwackum having firſt darted ſome livid lightning from his fiery eyes, began to thunder forth: Fie upon it! Fie upon it! Mr. Jones. Is it poſſible you ſhould be the perſon! You ſee, anſwered Jones, it is poſſible I ſhould be here. And who, ſaid Thwackum, is that wicked ſlut with you? If I have any wicked ſlut with me, cries Jones, it is poſſible I ſhall not let you know who ſhe is. I command you to tell me immediately, ſays Thwackum, and I would not have you imagine, young man, that your age, though it hath ſomewhat abridged

abridged the purpoſe of tuition, hath totally taken away the authority of the maſter. The relation of the maſter and ſcholar is indelible, as, indeed, all other relations are: for they all derive their original from heaven. I would have you think yourſelf, therefore, as much obliged to obey me now, as when I taught you your firſt rudiments. I believe you would, cries Jones, but that will not happen, unleſs you had the ſame birchen argument to convince me. Then I muſt tell you plainly, ſaid Thwackum, I am reſolved to diſcover the wicked wretch. And I muſt tell you plainly, returned Jones, I am reſolved you ſhall not. Thwackum then offered to advance, and Jones laid hold of his arms; which Mr. Blifil endeavoured to reſcue, declaring, he would not ſee his old maſter inſulted.

Jones now finding himſelf engaged with two, thought it neceſſary to rid himſelf of one of his antagoniſts as ſoon as poſſible. He, therefore, applied to the weakeſt firſt; and letting the parſon go, he directed a blow at the young 'ſquire's breaſt, which luckily tacking place, reduced him to meaſure his length on the ground.

Thwackum was ſo intent on the diſcovery, that the moment he found himſelf at liberty, he ſtept forward directly into the fern, without any great conſideration of what might, in the mean time, befal his friend; but he had advanced a very few paces into the thicket, before Jones having

defeated Blifil, overtook the parſon, and dragged him backward by the ſkirt of his coat.

This parſon had been a champion in his youth, and had won much honour by his fiſt, both at ſchool and at the univerſity. He had now, indeed, for a great number of years, declined the practice of that noble art; yet was his courage full as ſtrong as his faith, and his body no leſs ſtrong than either. He was moreover, as the reader may, perhaps, have conceived, ſomewhat iraſcible in his nature. When he looked back, therefore, and ſaw his friend ſtretched out on the ground, and found himſelf at the ſame time ſo roughly handled by one who had formerly been only paſſive in all conflicts between them, (a circumſtance which highly aggravated the whole) his patience at length gave way; he threw himſelf into a poſture of offence, and collecting all his force, attacked Jones in the front, with as much impetuoſity as he had formerly attacked him in the rear.

Our hero received the enemy's attack with the moſt undaunted intrepidity, and his boſom reſounded with the blow. This he preſently returned with no leſs violence, aiming likewiſe at the parſon's breaſt: but he dextrouſly drove down the fiſt of Jones, ſo that it reached only his belly, where two pounds of beef and as many of pudding were then depoſited, and vhence conſequently no hollow ſound could proceed. Many luſty blows, much more

pleaſant as well as eaſy to have ſeen, than to read or deſcribe, were given on both ſides; at laſt a violent fall, in which Jones had thrown his knees into Thwackum's breaſt, ſo weakened the latter, that victory had been no longer dubious, had not Blifil, who had now recovered his ſtrength, again renewed the fight, and, by engaging with Jones, given the parſon a moment's time to ſhake his ears, and to regain his breath.

And now both together attacked our hero, whoſe blows did not retain that force with which they had fallen at firſt; ſo weakened was he by his combat with Thwackum: for though the pedagogue choſe rather to play ſolos on the human inſtrument, and had been lately uſed to thoſe only, yet he ſtill retained enough of his antient knowledge to perform his part very well in a duet.

The victory, according to modern cuſtom, was like to be decided by numbers, when, on a ſudden, a fourth pair of fiſts appeared in the battle, and immediately paid their compliments to the parſon; the owner of them, at the ſame time, crying out: Are you not aſhamed, and be d—n'd to you, to fall two of you upon one?

The battle, which was of the kind, that for diſtinction's ſake is called Royal, now raged with the utmoſt violence, during a few minutes; till Blifil being a ſecond time laid ſprawling by Jones, Thwackum condeſcended to apply for quarter to his

new antagoniſt, who was now found to be Mr. Weſtern himſelf; for in the heat of the action none of the combatants had recognized him.

In fact, that honeſt 'ſquire, happening in his afternoon's walk with ſome company, to paſs through the field where the bloody battle was fought, and having concluded from ſeeing three men engaged, that two of them muſt be on a ſide, he haſtened from his companions, and with more gallantry than policy, eſpouſed the cauſe of the weaker party. By which generous proceeding, he very probably prevented Mr. Jones from becoming a victim to the wrath of Thwackum, and to the pious friendſhip which Blifil bore his old maſter: for beſides the diſadvantage of ſuch odds, Jones had not yet ſufficiently recovered the former ſtrength of his broken arm. This reinforcement, however, ſoon put an end to the action, and Jones with his ally obtained the victory.

CHAP. XII.

In which is ſeen a more moving ſpectacle, than all the blood in the bodies of Thwackum and Blifil, and of twenty other ſuch, is capable of producing.

THE reſt of Mr. Weſtern's company were now come up, being juſt at the inſtant when the action was over. Theſe were the honeſt clergyman, whom we have formerly ſeen at Mr. Weſtern's table; Mrs.

Weſtern, the aunt of Sophia; and laſtly, the lovely Sophia herſelf.

At this time, the following was the aſpect of the bloody field. In one place lay on the ground, all pale and almoſt breathleſs, the vanquiſhed Blifil. Near him ſtood the conqueror Jones, almoſt covered with blood, part of which was naturally his own, and part had been lately the property of the Reverend Mr. Thwackum. In a third place ſtood the ſaid Thwackum, like king Porus, ſullenly ſubmitting to the conqueror. The laſt figure in the piece was Weſtern the Great, moſt gloriouſly forbearing the vanquiſhed foe.

Blifil, in whom there was little ſign of life, was at firſt the principal object of the concern of every one, and particularly of Mrs. Weſtern, who had drawn from her pocket a bottle of hartſhorn, and was herſelf about to apply it to his noſtrils; when, on a ſudden, the attention of the whole company was diverted from poor Blifil, whoſe ſpirit, if it had any ſuch deſign, might have now taken an opportunity of ſtealing off to the other world, without any ceremony.

For now a more melancholy and a more lovely object lay motionleſs before them. This was no other than the charming Sophia herſelf, who, from the ſight of blood, or from fear for her father, or from ſome other reaſon, had fallen down in a ſwoon, before any one could get to her aſſiſtance.

Mrs. Weſtern firſt ſaw her, and ſcreamed. Immediately two or three voices cried out: Miſs Weſtern is dead. Hartſhorn, water, every remedy was called for, almoſt at one and the ſame inſtant.

The reader may remember, that in our deſcription of this grove, we mentioned a murmuring brook; which brook did not come there, as ſuch gentle ſtreams flow through vulgar romances, with no other purpoſe than to murmur. No; fortune had decreed to ennoble this little brook with a higher honour than any of thoſe which waſh the plains of Arcadia, ever deſerved.

Jones was rubbing Blifil's temples: for he began to fear he had given him a blow too much, when the words, Miſs Weſtern and dead, ruſhed at once on his ear. He ſtarted up, left Blifil to his fate, and flew to Sophia, whom, while all the reſt were running againſt each other backward and forward, looking for water in the dry paths, he caught up in his arms, and then ran away with her over the field to the rivulet above-mentioned; where, plunging himſelf into the water, he contrived to beſprinkle her face, head, and neck very plentifully.

Happy was it for Sophia, that the ſame confuſion which prevented her other friends from ſerving her, prevented them likewiſe from obſtructing Jones. He had carried her half way before they knew what he was doing, and he had actually reſtored

her to life before they reached the water-ſide: ſhe ſtretched out her arms, opened her eyes, and cried: Oh, heavens! juſt as her father, aunt, and the parſon came up.

Jones, who had hitherto held this lovely burthen in his arms, now relinquiſhed his hold; but gave her at the ſame inſtant a tender careſs, which, had her ſenſes been then perfectly reſtored, could not have eſcaped her obſervation. As ſhe expreſſed, therefore, no diſpleaſure at this freedom, we ſuppoſe ſhe was not ſufficiently recovered from her ſwoon at the time.

This tragical ſcene was now converted into a ſudden ſcene of joy. In this, our hero was, moſt certainly, the principal character: for as he probably felt more ecſtatic delight in having ſaved Sophia, than ſhe herſelf received from being ſaved; ſo neither were the congratulations paid to her equal to what were conferred on Jones, eſpecially by Mr. Weſtern himſelf, who, after having once or twice embraced his daughter, fell to hugging and kiſſing Jones. He called him the preſerver of Sophia, and declared, there was nothing, except her, or his eſtate, which he would not give him; but upon recollection, he afterwards excepted his fox-hounds, the Chevalier, and Miſs Slouch (for ſo he called his favourite mare.)

All fear for Sophia being now removed, Jones became the object of the 'ſquire's conſideration.

Come, my lad, ſays Weſtern, D'off thy quoat, and waſh thy feace : for art in a deviliſh pickle, I promiſe thee. Come, come, waſh thyſelf, and ſhat go huome with me ; and we'l zee to vind thee another quoat.

Jones immediately complied, threw off his coat, went down to the water, and waſhed both his face and boſom : for the latter was as much expoſed, and as bloody, as the former : but though the water could clear off the blood, it could not remove the black and blue marks which Mr. Thwackum had imprinted on both his face and breaſt, and which, being diſcerned by Sophia, drew from her a ſigh, and a look full of inexpreſſible tenderneſs.

Jones received this full in his eyes, and it had infinitely a ſtronger effect on him than all the contuſions which he had received before : an effect, however, widely different ; for ſo ſoft and balmy was it, that, had all his former blows been ſtabs, it would for ſome minutes have prevented his feeling their ſmart.

The company now moved backwards, and ſoon arrived where Thwackum had got Mr. Blifil again on his legs. Here we cannot ſuppreſs a pious wiſh, that all quarrels were to be decided by thoſe weapons only, with which nature, knowing what is proper for us, hath ſupplied us ; and that cold iron was to be uſed in digging no bowels, but thoſe of the earth. Then would war, the noble paſtime of

monarchs, be almoſt inoffenſive, and battles between great armies might be fought at the particular deſire of ſeveral ladies of quality; who, together with the kings themſelves, might be actual ſpectators of the conflict. Then might the field be this moment well ſtrewed with human carcaſſes, and the next, the dead men, or infinitely the greateſt part of them, might get up, like Mr. Bayes's troops, and march off either at the ſound of a drum or fiddle, as ſhould be previouſly agreed on.

I would avoid, if poſſible, treating this matter ludicrouſly, leſt grave men and politicians, whom I know to be offended at a jeſt, may cry piſh at it; but, in reality, might not a battle be as well decided by the greater number of broken heads, bloody noſes, and black eyes, as by the greater heaps of mangled and murdered human bodies? Might not towns be contended for in the ſame manner? Indeed, this may be thought too detrimental a ſcheme to the French intereſt, ſince they would thus loſe the advantage they have over other nations, in the ſuperiority of their engineers: but when I conſider the gallantry and generoſity of that people, I am perſuaded they would never decline putting themſelves upon a par with their adverſary; or, as the phraſe is, making themſelves his match.

But ſuch reformations are rather to be wiſhed than hoped for: I ſhall content myſelf, therefore, with this ſhort hint, and return to my narrative.

Weſtern began now to enquire into the original riſe of this quarrel. To which neither Blifil nor Jones gave any anſwer; but Thwackum ſaid ſurlily: I believe, the cauſe is not far off: if you beat the buſhes well, you may find her. Find her! replied Weſtern, what, have you been fighting for a wench? Aſk the gentleman in his waiſtcoat there, ſaid Thwackum, he beſt knows. Nay, then, cries Weſtern, it is a wench certainly. — Ah! Tom, Tom! thou art a liquoriſh dog — but come, gentlemen, be all friends, and go huome with me, and make a final peace over a bottle. I aſk your pardon, Sir, ſays Thwackum, it is no ſuch ſlight matter for a man of my character to be thus injuriouſly treated, and buffeted by a boy; only becauſe I would have done my duty in endeavouring to detect and bring to juſtice a wanton harlot; but, indeed, the principal fault lies in Mr. Allworthy and yourſelf: for, if you put the laws in execution, as you ought to do, you would ſoon rid the country of theſe vermin.

I would as ſoon rid the country of foxes, cries Weſtern. I think we ought to encourage the recruiting thoſe numbers which we are every day loſing in the war: but where is ſhe? — Prithee, Tom, ſhew me. He then began to beat about, in the ſame language, and in the ſame manner, as if he had been beating for a hare, and at laſt cried out: Soho! Puſs is not far off. Here's her form, upon my ſoul; I believe I may cry: Stole away. And indeed ſo he

might: for he had now diſcovered the place whence the poor girl had, at the beginning of the fray, ſtolen away, upon as many feet as a hare generally uſes in travelling.

Sophia now deſired her father to return home; ſaying, ſhe found herſelf very faint, and apprehended a relapſe. The 'ſquire immediately complied with his daughter's requeſt (for he was the fondeſt of parents.) He earneſtly endeavoured to prevail with the whole company to go and ſup with him: but Blifil and Thwackum abſolutely refuſed; the former ſaying, there were more reaſons than he could then mention, why he muſt decline this honour; and the latter declaring (perhaps rightly) that it was not proper for a perſon of his function to be ſeen at any place in his preſent condition.

Jones was incapable of refuſing the pleaſure of being with his Sophia. So on he marched with 'ſquire Weſtern and his ladies, the parſon bringing up the rear. This had, indeed, offered to tarry with his brother Thwackum, profeſſing, his regard for the cloth would not permit him to depart; but Thwackum would not accept the favour, and, with no great civility, puſhed him after Mr. Weſtern.

Thus ended this bloody fray; and thus ſhall end the fifth book of this hiſtory.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.